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. . . THE . . .

WHITE RIBBON HYMNAL

OR

ECHOES OF THE CRUSADE

COMPILED FOR

The National and World's Woman's Christian Temperance Unions

BY

ANNA A. GORDON.

PUBLISHED BY
WOMAN'S TEMPERANCE PUBLISHING ASSOCIATION
THE TEMPLE,
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TO THE BLESSED MEMORY

OF

Mrs. Mary E. Hill Willard,

"SAINT COURAGEOUS."

"Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by."

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PREFACE.

To the steadfast, loyal women of the White Ribbon Army:

DEAR SISTERS:

In the abundance of your faith you have requested me by unanimous vote of the National Convention to prepare a temperance hymnal which should embody the "psalms, hymns and spiritual songs" that have inspired the white ribbon women since the Crusade, and which the pen of experience might mark "Tried and Proved." In addition to these blessed hymns which are as sacredly familiar as a mother's lullaby, the White Ribbon Hymnal contains some new selections of decided merit and a number of original songs set to well-known airs, by writers in our own ranks. The quiet prayer meeting and earnest gospel temperance gathering; the great mass meetings and temperance entertainments, the memorial service, pledge-signing meeting and rousing prohibition and home protection rallies, have all been held in loyal remembrance during the compilation of this book; but it still falls far short of my ideal Hymnal, because the engrossing duties of "private secretary" have rendered anything beyond fragmentary attention to its make-up, quite impossible.

I have no pecuniary interest in its sale, having prepared it gratuitously and arranged that the profits which would otherwise accrue to me, shall be paid to the treasurer of the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union, for use in the children's work.

To those who have in the following pages generously given their musical inspirations to our blessed cause, and notably to our white ribbon "prima-donna," Mrs. Alice J. Harris, of Boston, for invaluable help freely rendered, our sincere gratitude is here recorded.

And now, dear sisters of the local unions for whose use our Hymnal has been especially prepared, let me earnestly beseech you to welcome your speakers to their evening's work by its sweet songs.

How many times in Miss Willard's pilgrimage has the power of her meeting been enhanced by music that harmonized with the spirit of the hour; and it is no exaggeration to claim that the effectiveness of a meeting for religious or reformatory purposes is imperiled by the failure to provide intelligently for the service of song. Chorus or congregational singing with an occasional solo best meets the requirement. Let us make it a matter of conscience to bring to the people in all our gatherings the blessed *gospel of song*.

With earnest hopes, yours in a sacred cause,

ANNA A. GORDON.

Rest Cottage, Evanston, Ill., Aug. 22, 1892.

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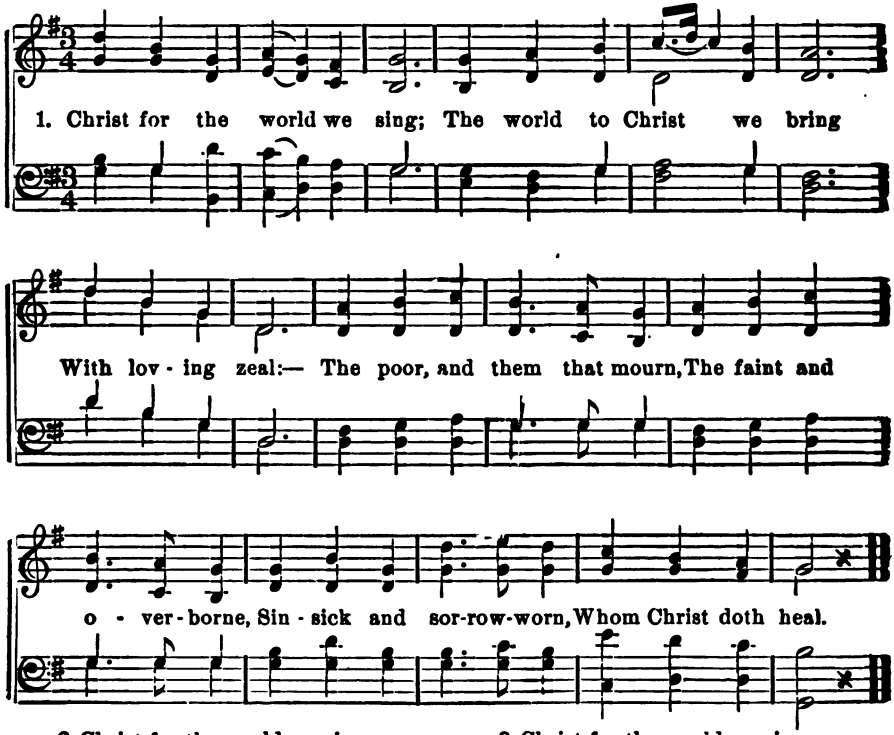
White Ribbon Hymnal.

Christ for the World We Sing.

S. WOLCOTT. F. GIARDINI.



2 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With fervent prayer:—
The wayward and the lost,
By restless passion tossed,
Redeemed at countless cost,
From dark despair.

3 Christ for the world we sing;
The world to Christ we bring
With one accord—
With us the work to share,
With us reproach to dare,
With us the cross to bear,
For Christ our Lord.

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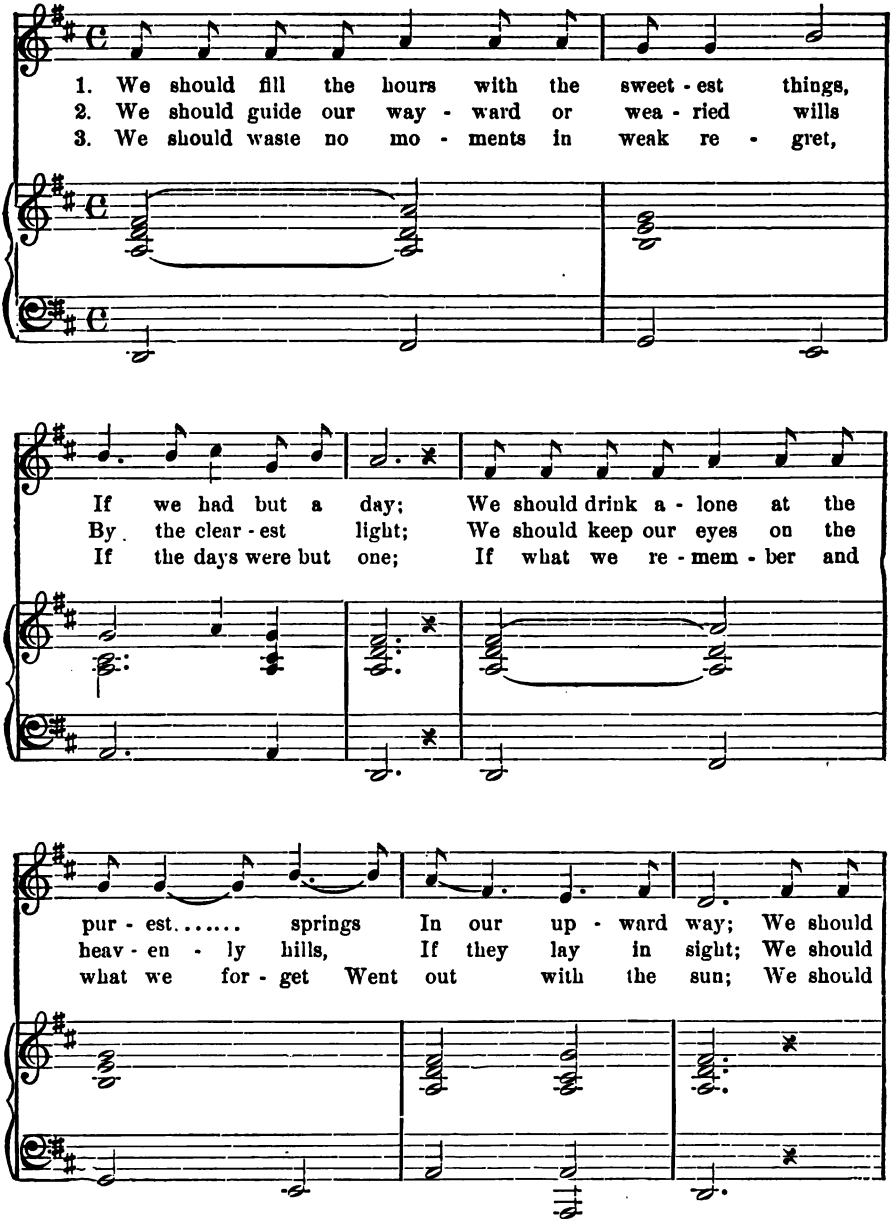
If We Had but a Day.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.



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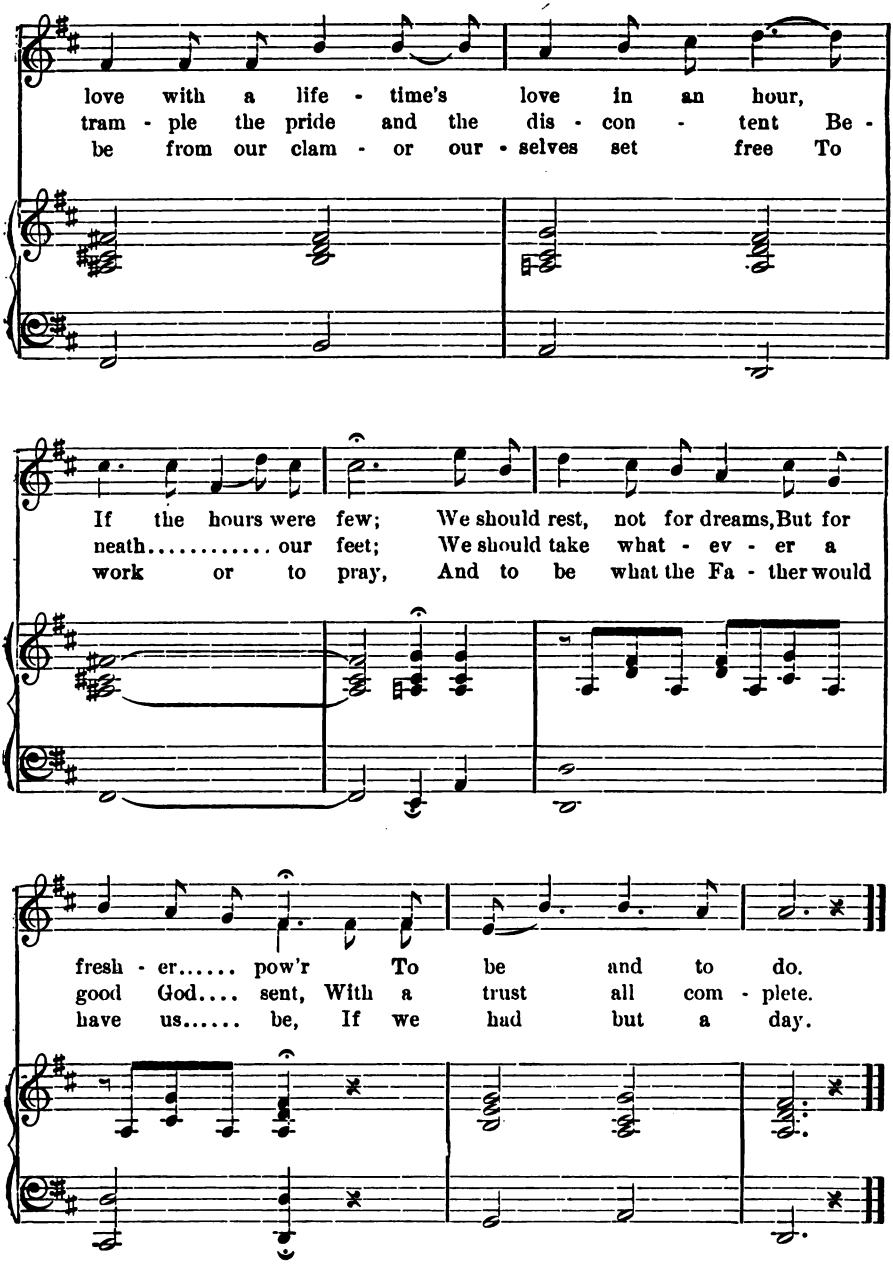

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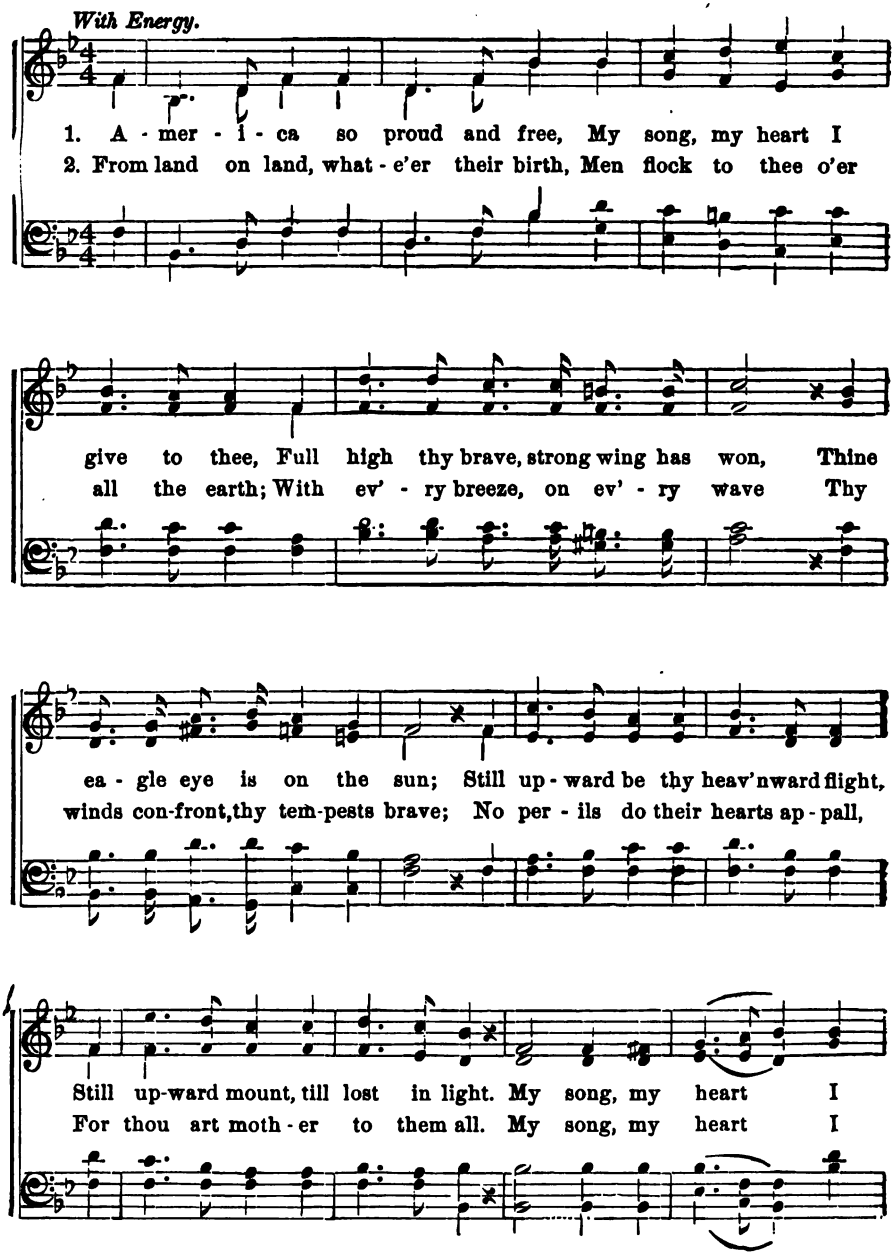
Long Live, Long Live America!

DR. J. E. RANKIN. DIE WACHT AM RHEIN.

With Energy.



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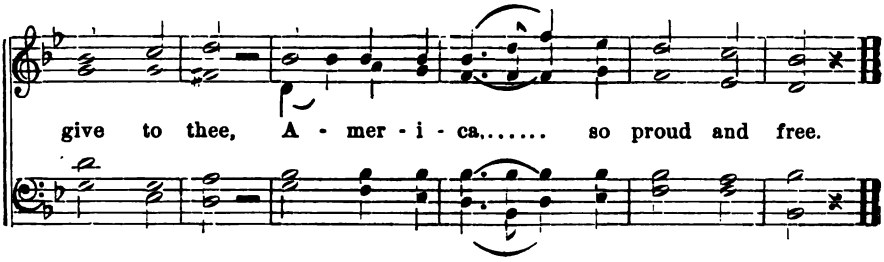
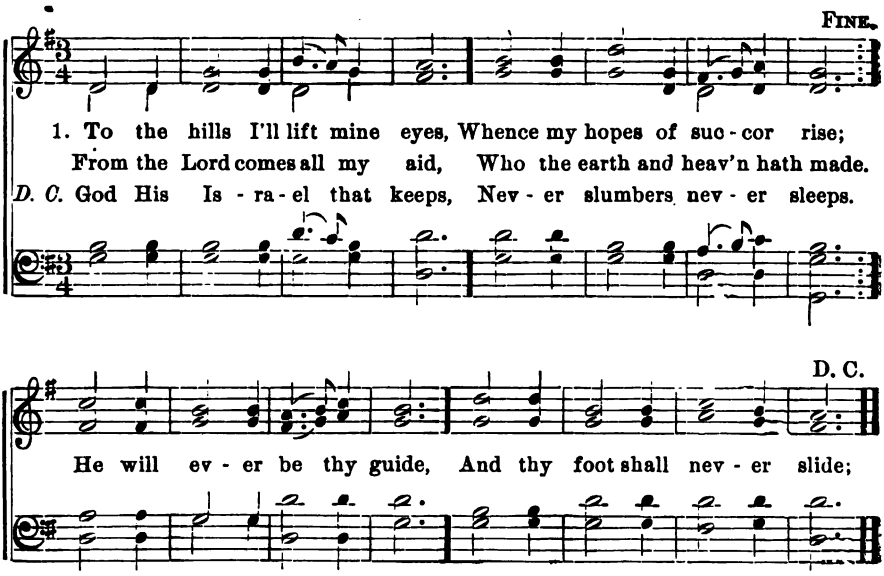
Long Live, Long Live America! Concluded.



3 Dear Native Land, so fair and great,
Thee many conflicts still await;
To God and thine own self be true,
Rise up, fresh-girt, for labors new.
Till wrong's dark tide on earth is stemm'd,
And right by God's hand diademed
My song, my heart I give to thee,
America, so proud and free.

4 America, so proud and free,
I give my song, my heart to thee;
Still let thy heav'n-born symbol fly
In every clime, 'neath every sky;
Still rise a yeoman race, to stand
For God and home, and native land!
My song, my heart I give to thee,
America, so proud and free.

Psalm. (121)



2 God thy keeper still shall stand,
As a shade on thy right hand;
Neither sun by day shall smite,
Nor the silent moon by night.

God shall guide from every ill,
Keep thy soul in safety still;
Both without and in thy door,
He will keep thee evermore.

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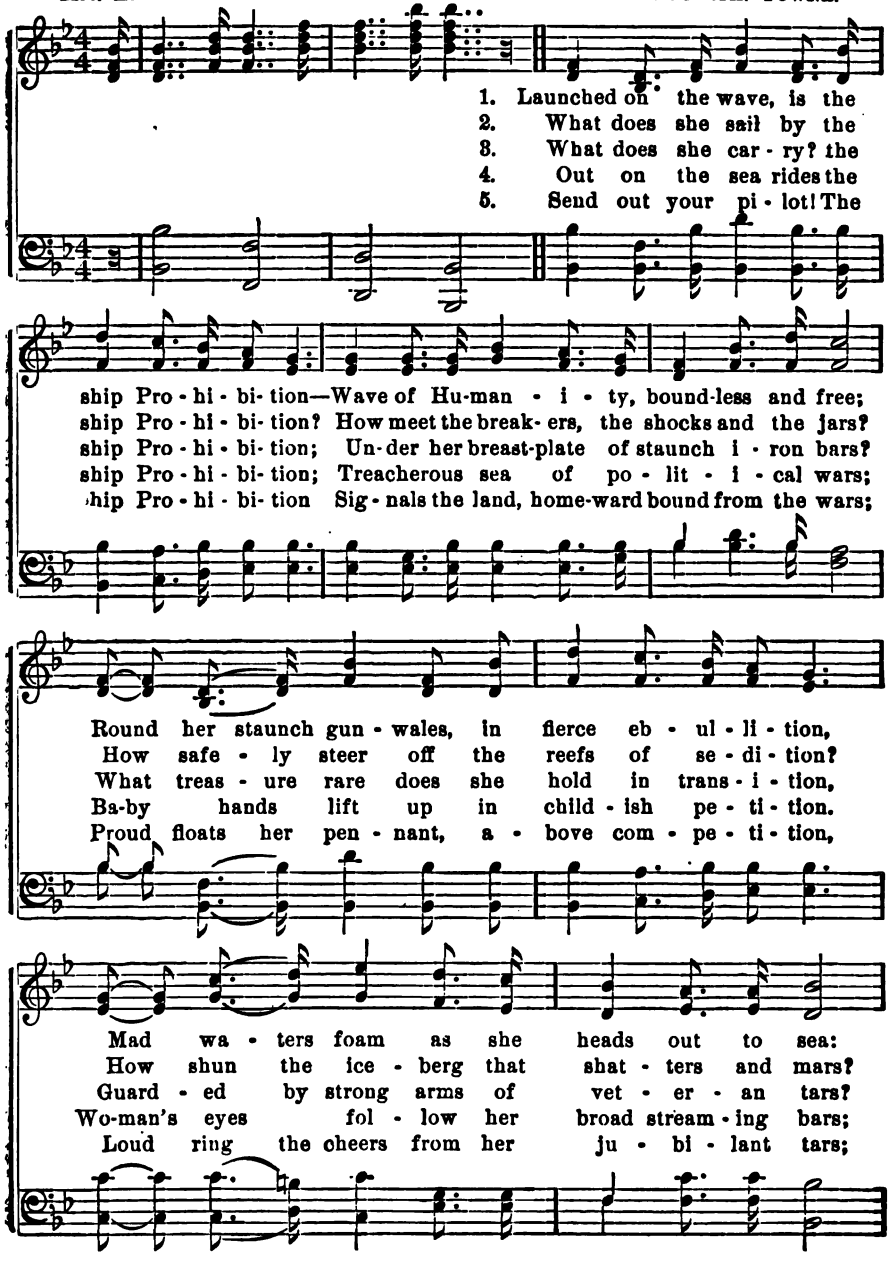
She Sails by the Stars.

Prohibition Rallying Cry.

Mrs. Lide Meriwether. T. Martin Towne.



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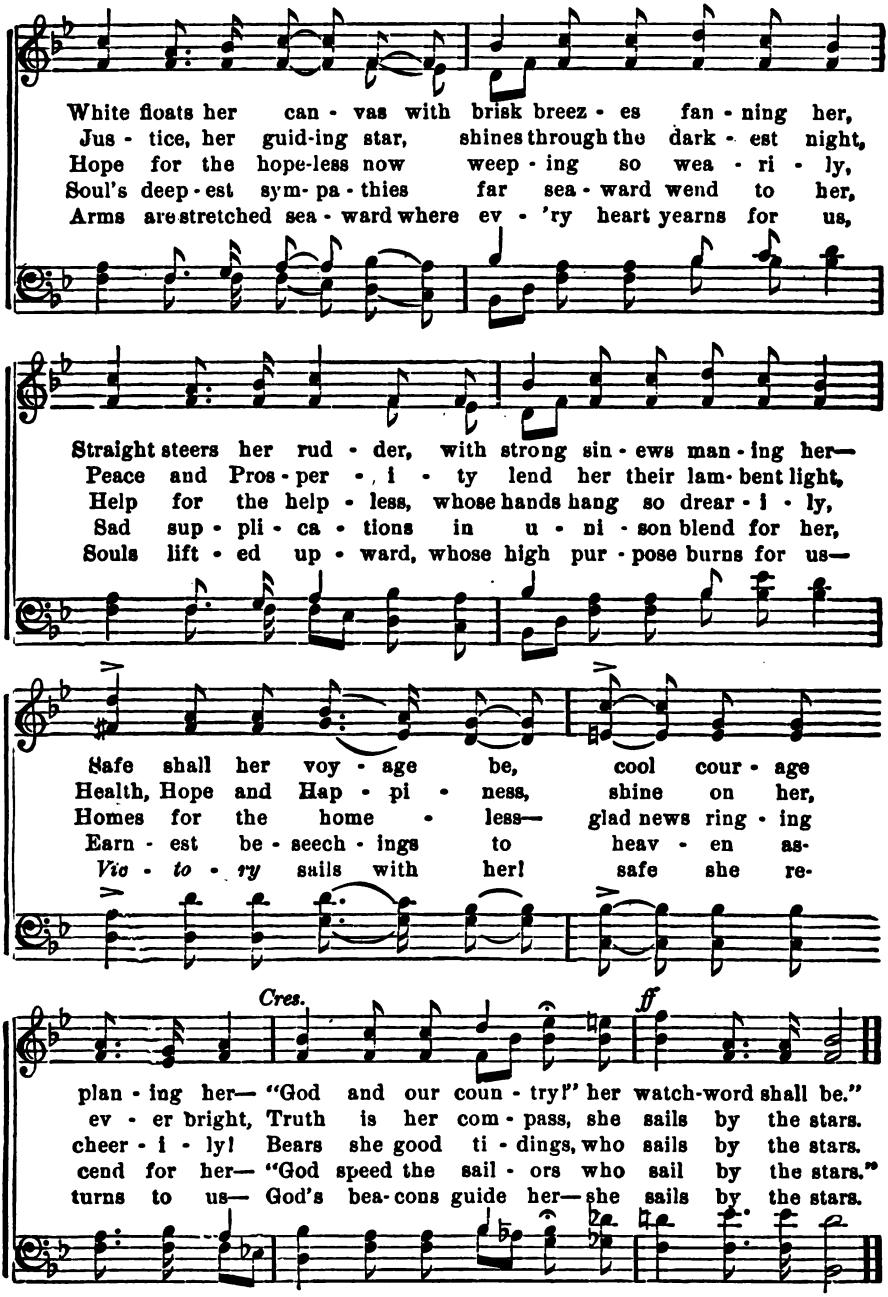

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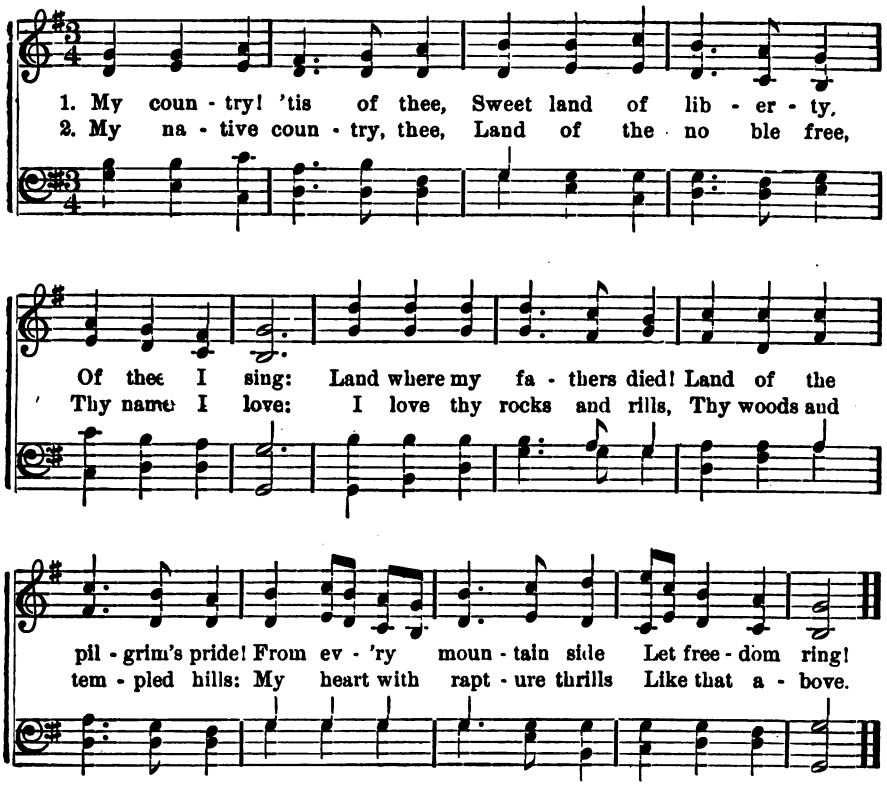
America.

Dr. S. F. Smith.



3 Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees
Sweet freedom's song:
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

4 Our fathers' God, to Thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing:
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King!

Our Native Land.

1 God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night:
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

2 For her our prayer shall rise
To God above the skies;
On Him we wait:
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To Thee aloud we cry,
God save the State!

John S. Dwight.

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Our Fathers' Land.

1 God bless our fathers' land!
Keep her in heart and hand
One with our own.
From all her foes defend,
Be her brave people's friend,
On all her realms descend,
Protect her throne!

2 Father, with loving care
Guard Thou her kingdom's heir,
Guide all his ways:
Thine arm his shelter be,
From him by land and sea
Bid storm and danger flee,
Prolong his days.

3 Lord, let war's tempest cease,
Fold the whole earth in peace
Under Thy wings!
Make all Thy nations one,
All hearts beneath the sun,
Till Thou shalt reign alone,
Great King of kings.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

God Save the Queen.

1 God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen.
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us,
God save the Queen.

2 O Lord our God, arise,
Scatter her enemies
And make them fall.
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix,
O save us all.

3 Thy choicest gifts in store
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign.
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen.

The New Auld Lang Syne.

For tune see page 101.

1 It singeth low in every heart,
We hear it, each and all,
A song for those who answer not,
However we may call.
They throng the silent loneliness,
We see them as before,
The brave, the kind, the true, the sweet,
Who walk with us no more.

2 'Tis hard to take life's burden up,
When these have laid it down,
They sweetened every joy of life,
They softened every frown.
But oh! 'tis good to think of them
When we are troubled sore;
Thanks be to God that such have been,
Although they are no more.

3 More friendly seems the great Unknown,
Since they have entered there;
To follow them were not so hard,
However they may fare.
They cannot be where God is not,
On any sea or shore,
Whate'er betides, Thy love abides,
Our God forever more.

JOHN W. CHADWICK, D.D.

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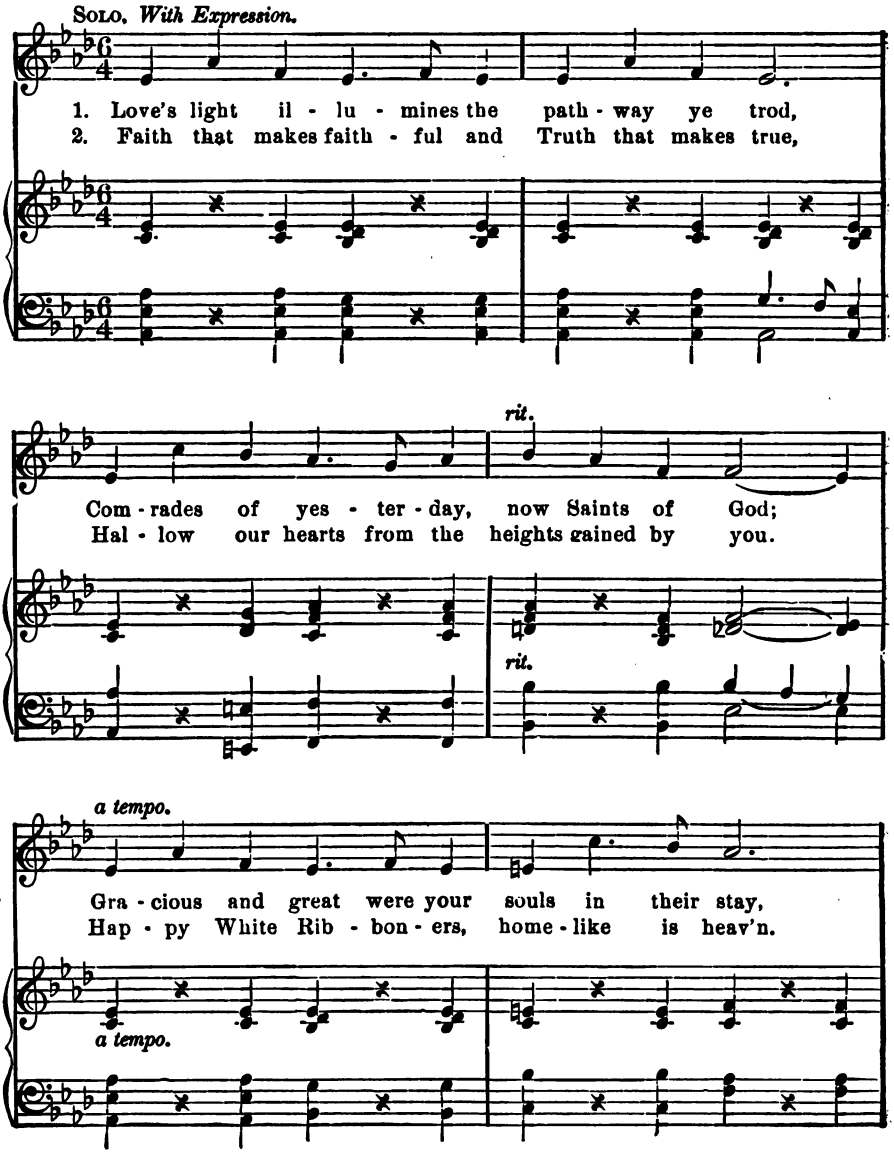
On Heights of Power.

Memorial Hymn of the White Ribboners.

(Written Aug. 25, 1892.)

FRANCES E. WILLARD. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.



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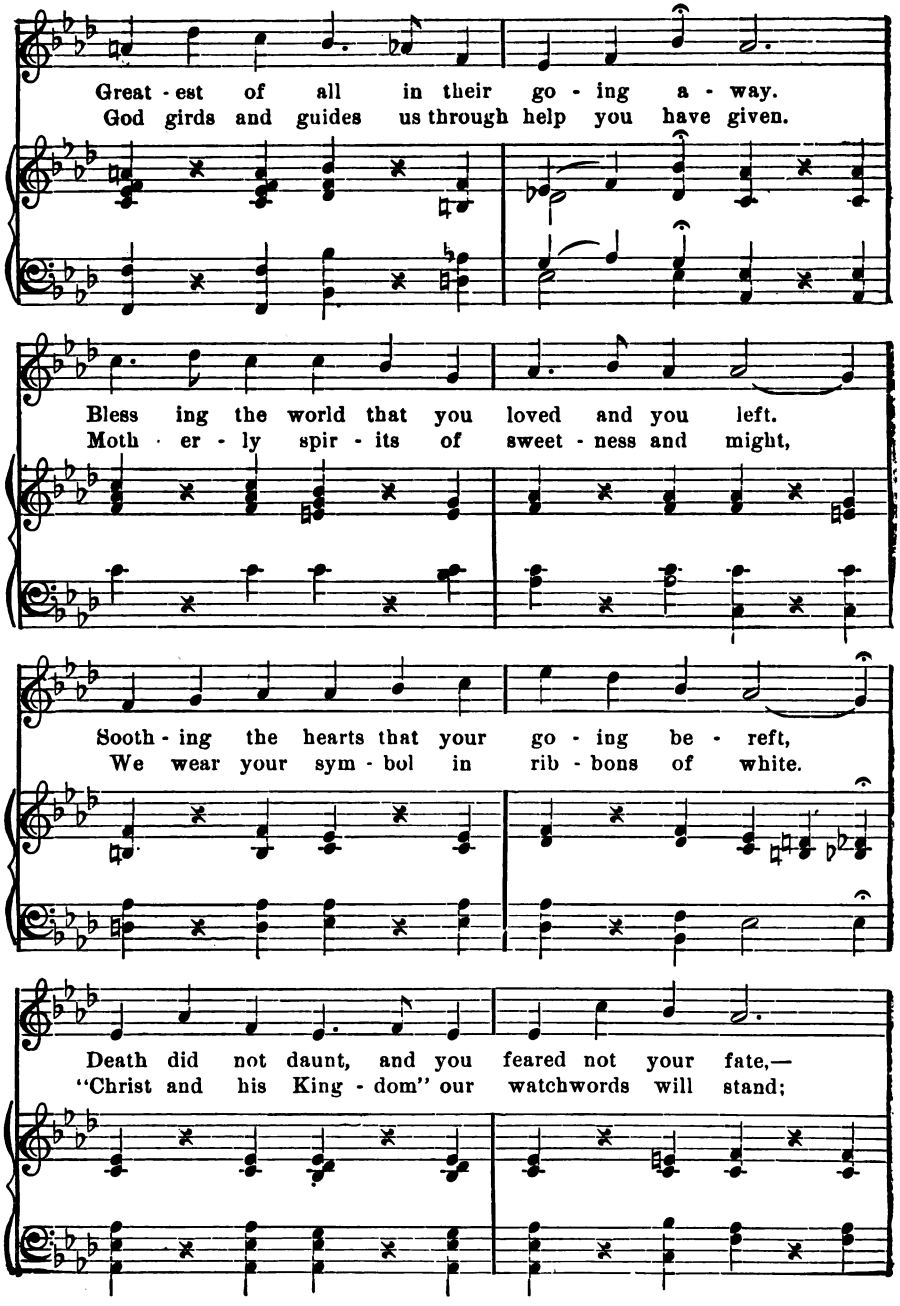

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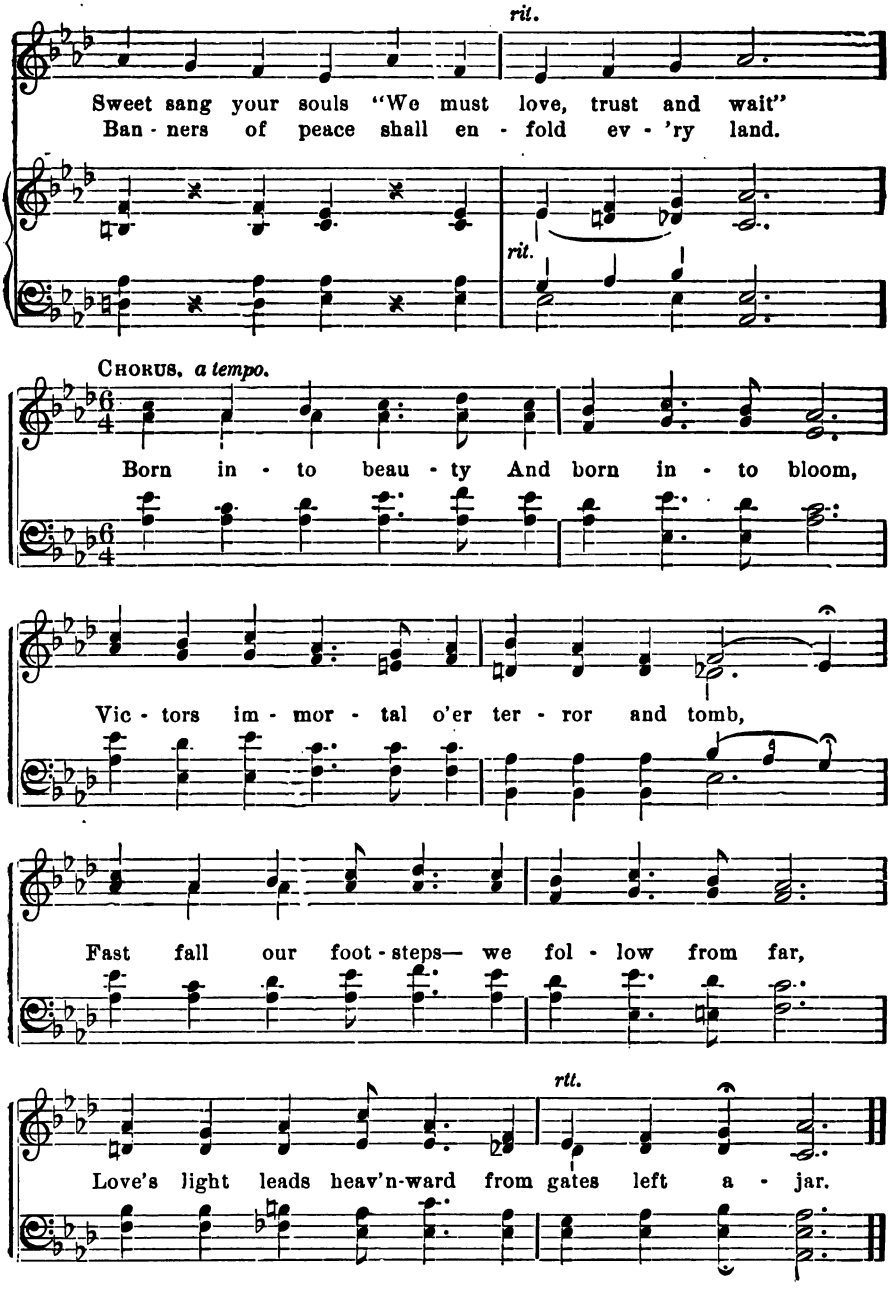

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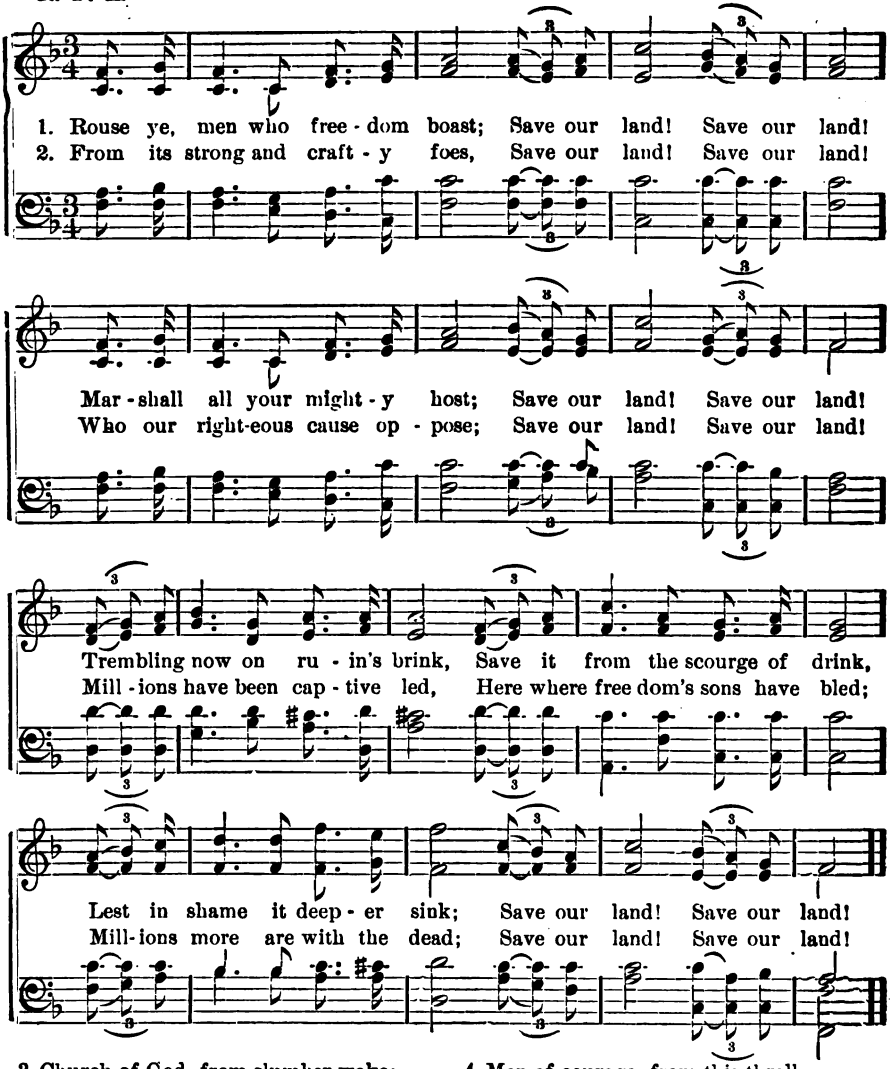
Save Our Land.

R. F. L. ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



3 Church of God, from slumber wake;
Save our land! Save our land!
By thy might oppression break;
Save our land! Save our land!
Save our homes from sorrow's might;
Save our youth from error's blight;
Raise the standard of the right;
Save our land! Save our land!

4 Men of courage, from this thrall;
Save our land! Save our land!
Answer to your country's call;
Save our land! Save our land!
Light the camp-fires burning low,
Close the ranks and forward go;
On, to victory o'er the foe;
Save our land! Save our land!

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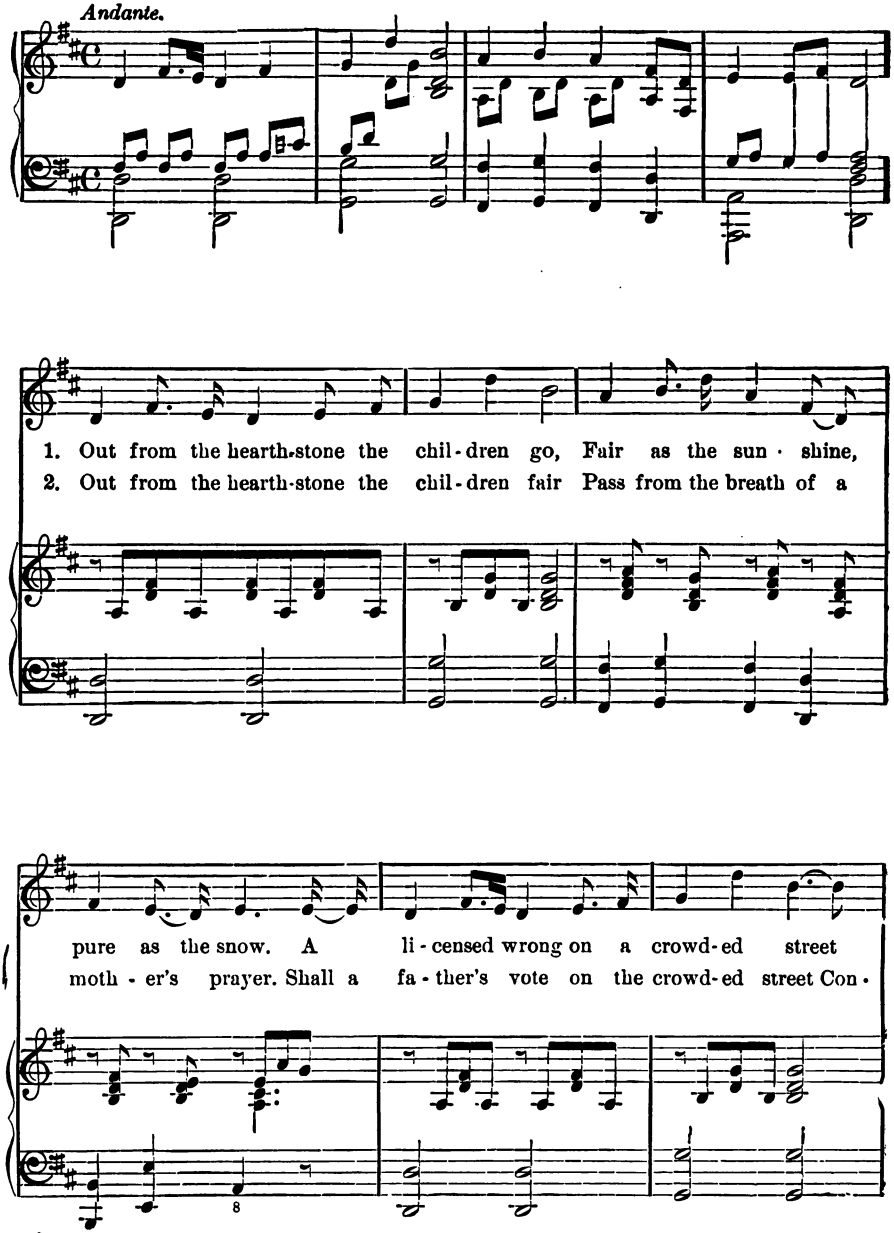
Will It Pay?

MARY T. LATHRAP. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

Andante.



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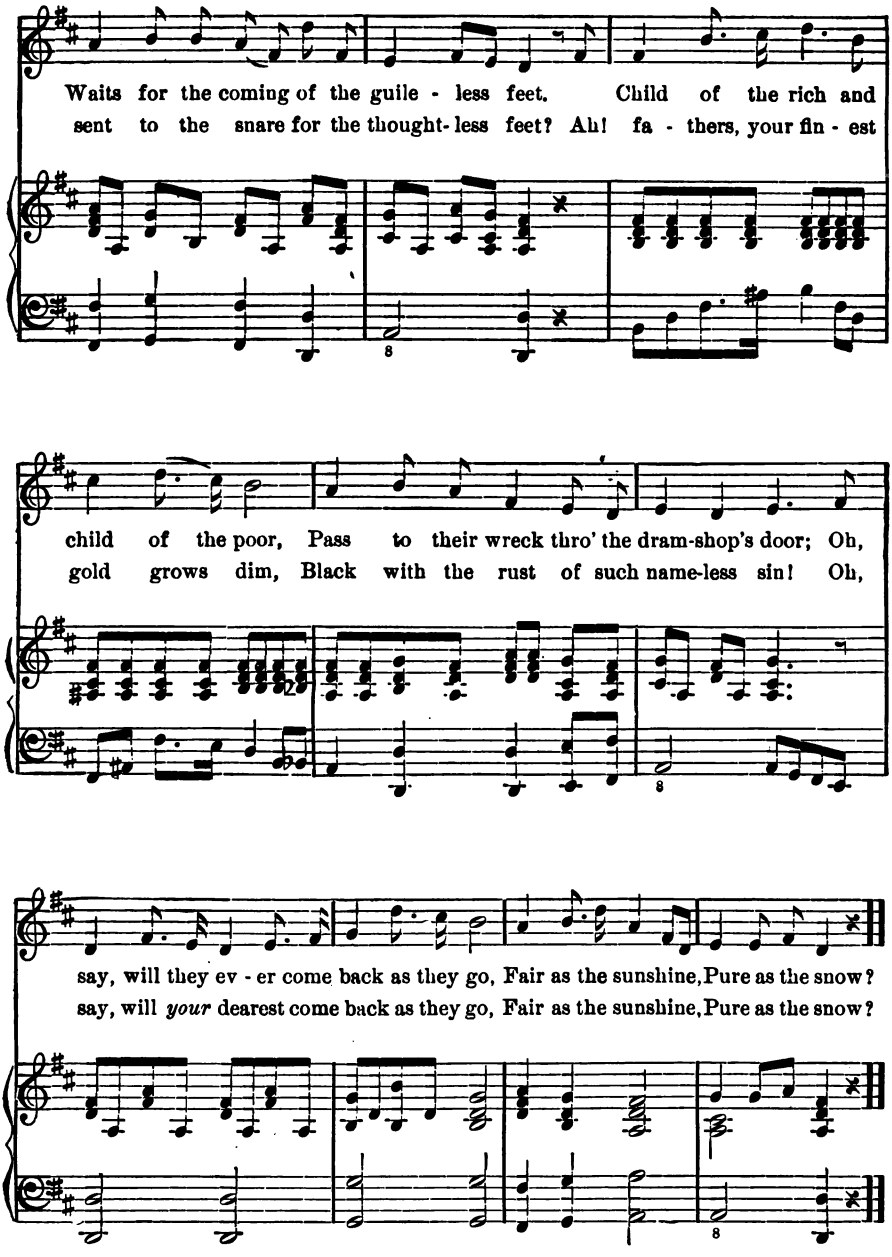

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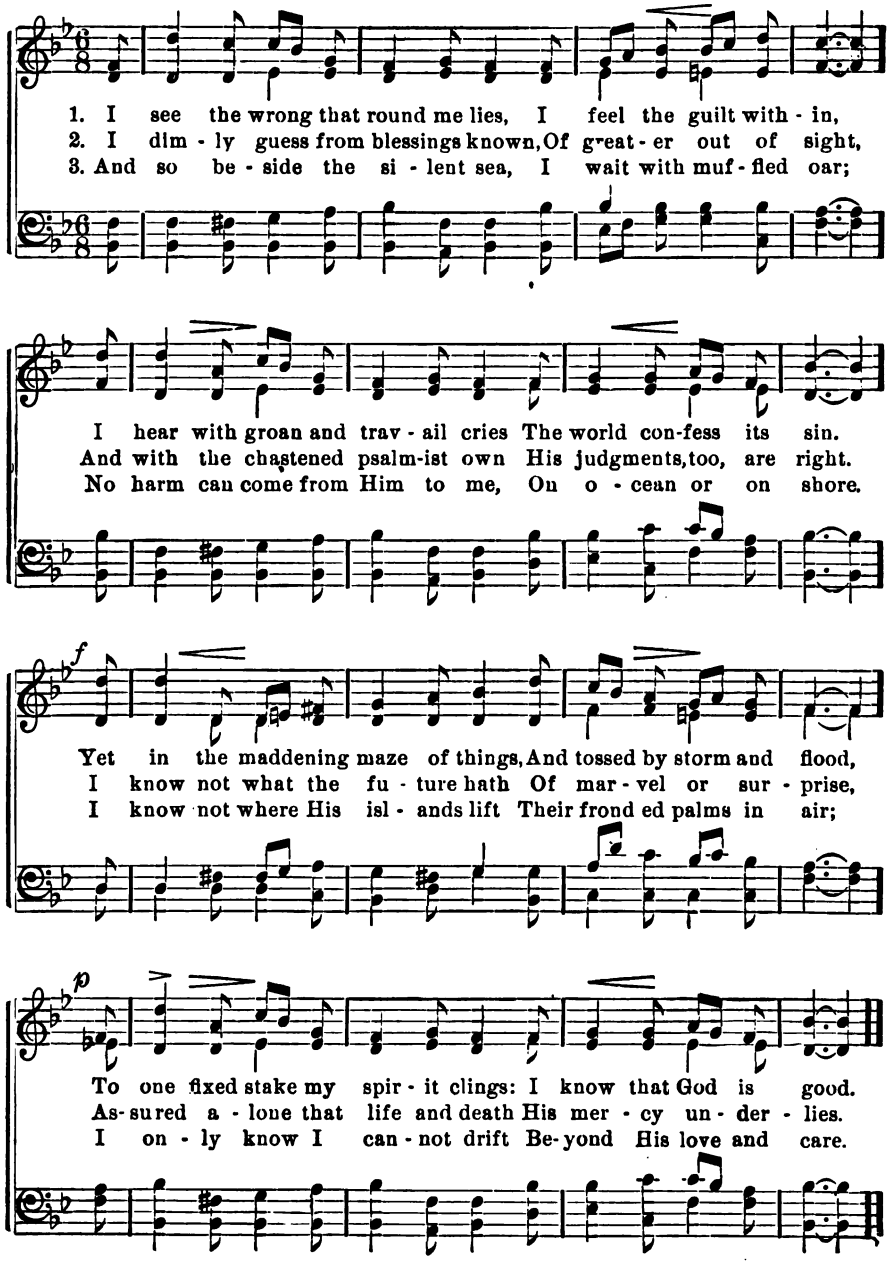
The Eternal Goodness.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. RICHARD STORRS WILLIS. 1849.



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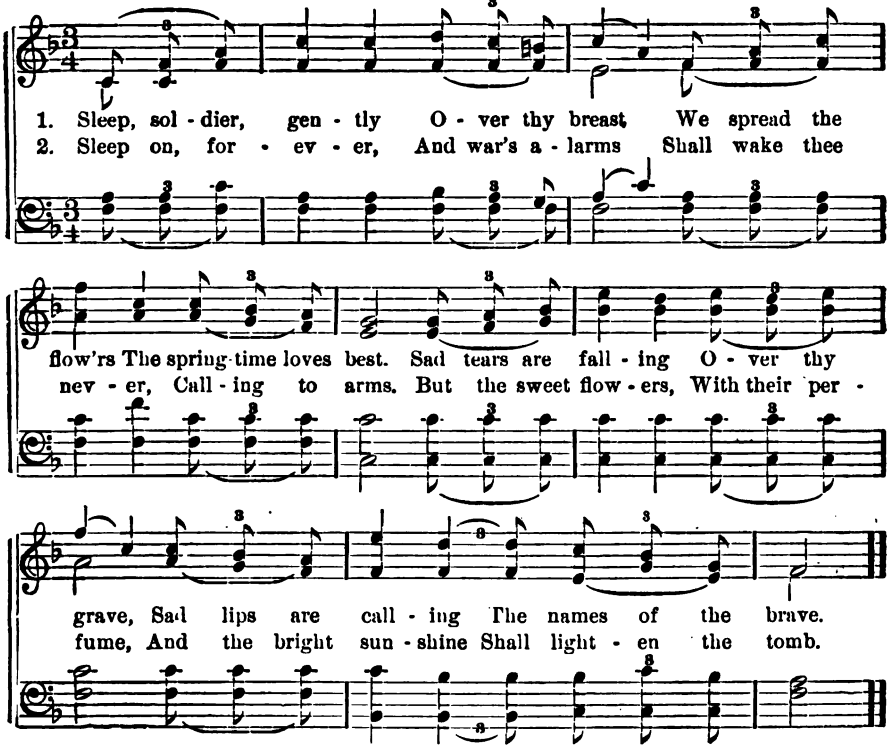

The Valley of Peace.

For Decoration Day.

M. E. Servoss.

Tune:—On Heights of Power. Page 16.

1 Come with bright garlands, sweet-scented and rare,
Cover these mounds while you whisper a prayer
For the dear friends who know not where they lie,
Resting today 'neath the clear vaulted sky:
Over these hearts once so fervent and true.
Scatter sweet roses and violets blue,
Never a flower for their graves is too fair,
Twining them lovingly, drape them with care.

Chorus. Down in the evergreen valley of peace,
Waiting the hour when earth's warfare shall cease,
Waiting in silence, nor weary nor worn,
Rest the brave heroes our loyal hearts mourn.

2 Birds of the woodland, your joyous notes raise,
Singing your beautiful songs to their praise.
Flag of the nation they died to uphold,
Wave in their honor your every bright fold:
Stars of the firmament shining on high,
Bend to those heroes whose deeds cannot die!
Stars of the firmament shining on high,
Bend to those heroes whose deeds cannot die! Chc.

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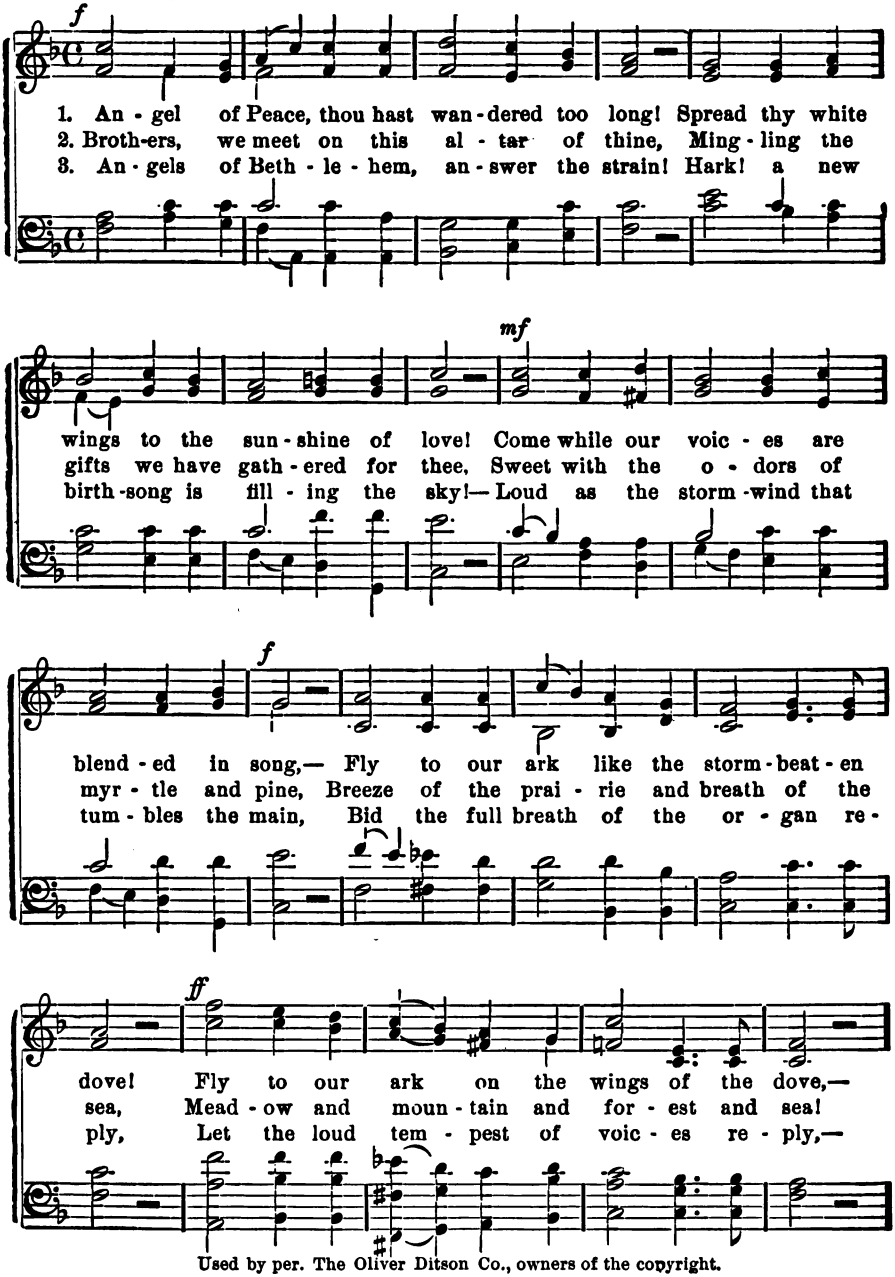
Angel of Peace.

Dr. O. W. Holmes. M. Keller.



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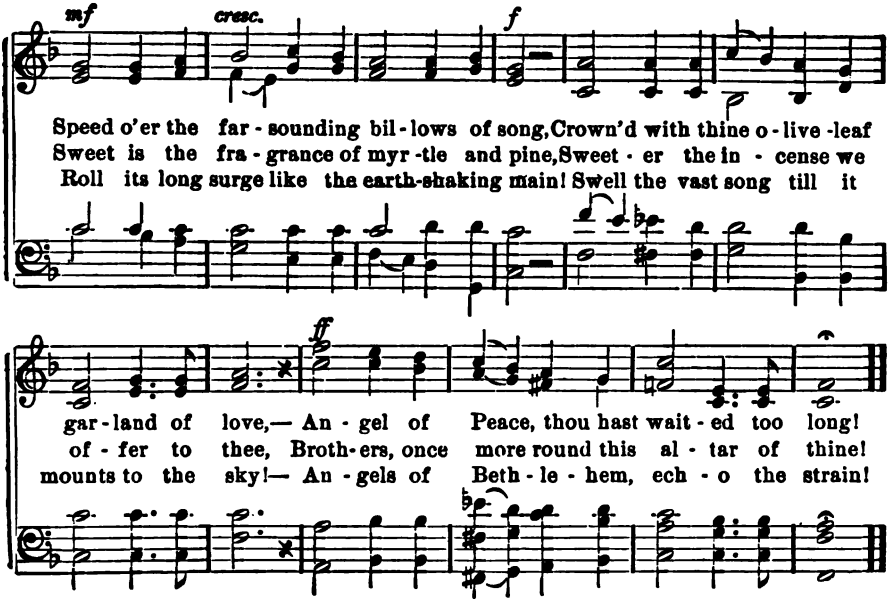
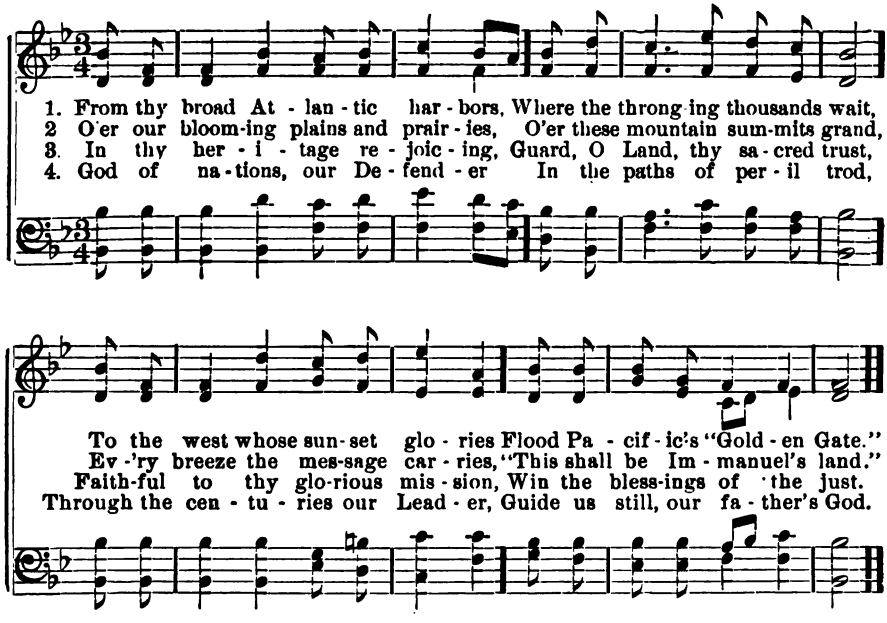


From Thy Broad Atlantic Harbors.

ANON.



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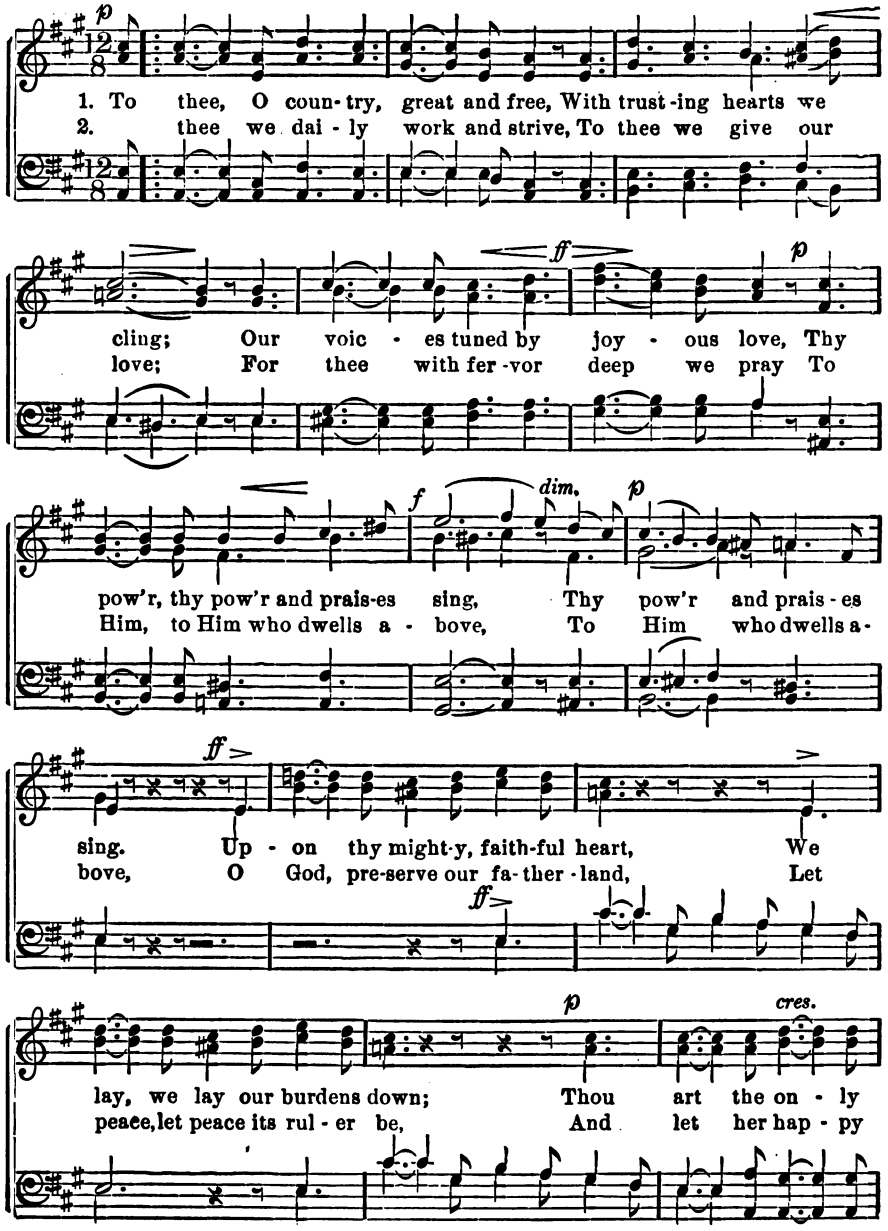
To Thee, O Country! National Hymn.

ANNA P. EICHBERG. JULIUS EICHBERG.



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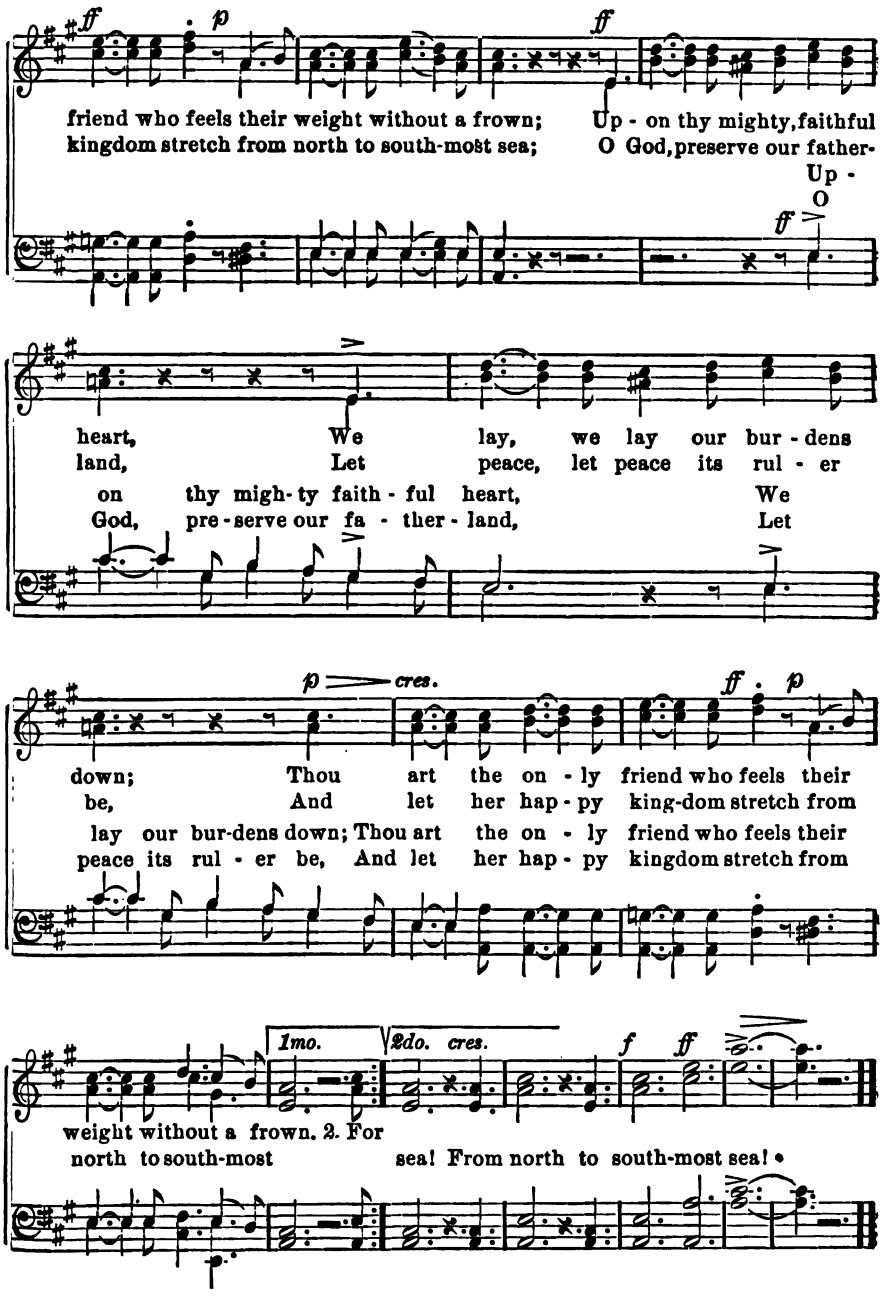
To Thee, O Country! Concluded.



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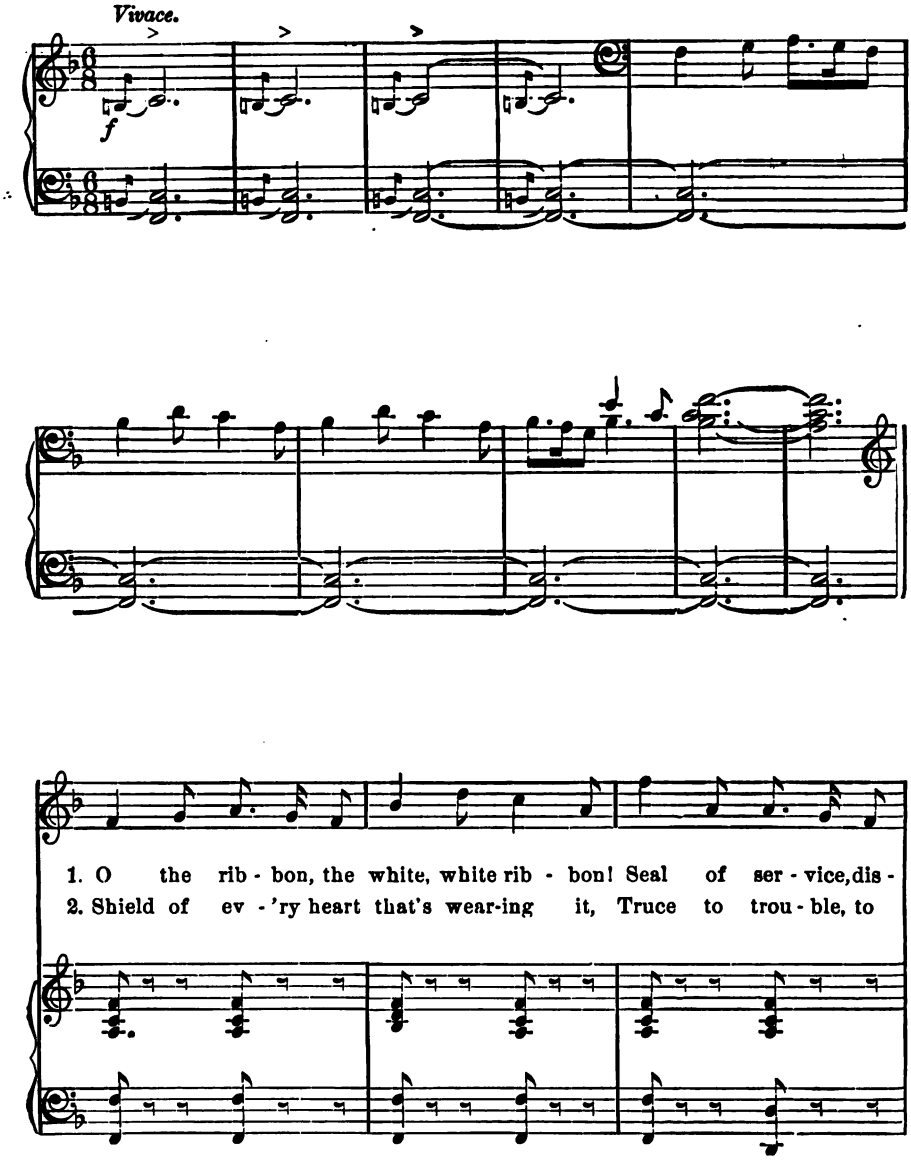
The Ribbon White.

MARY A. LATHBURY. J. L. MOLLOY.



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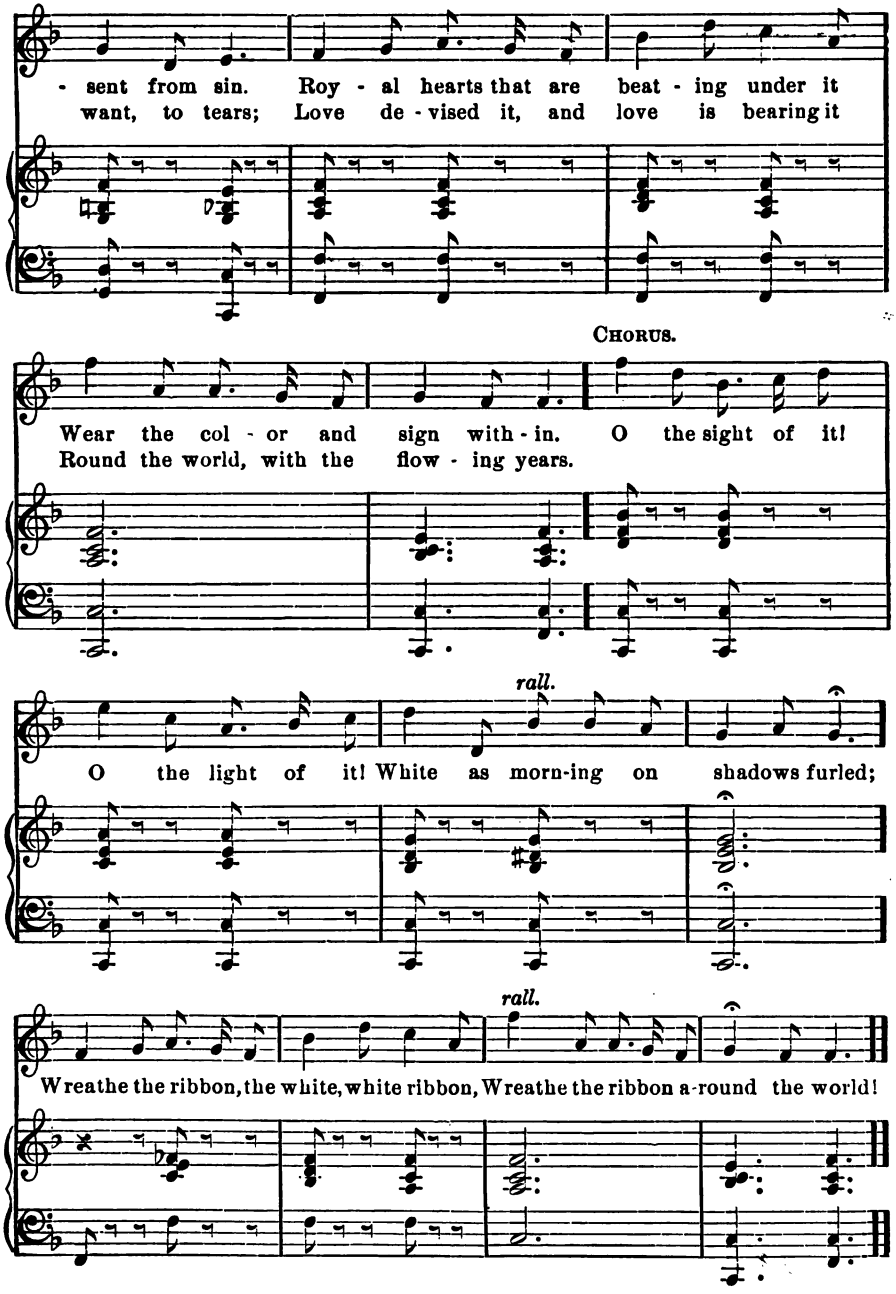

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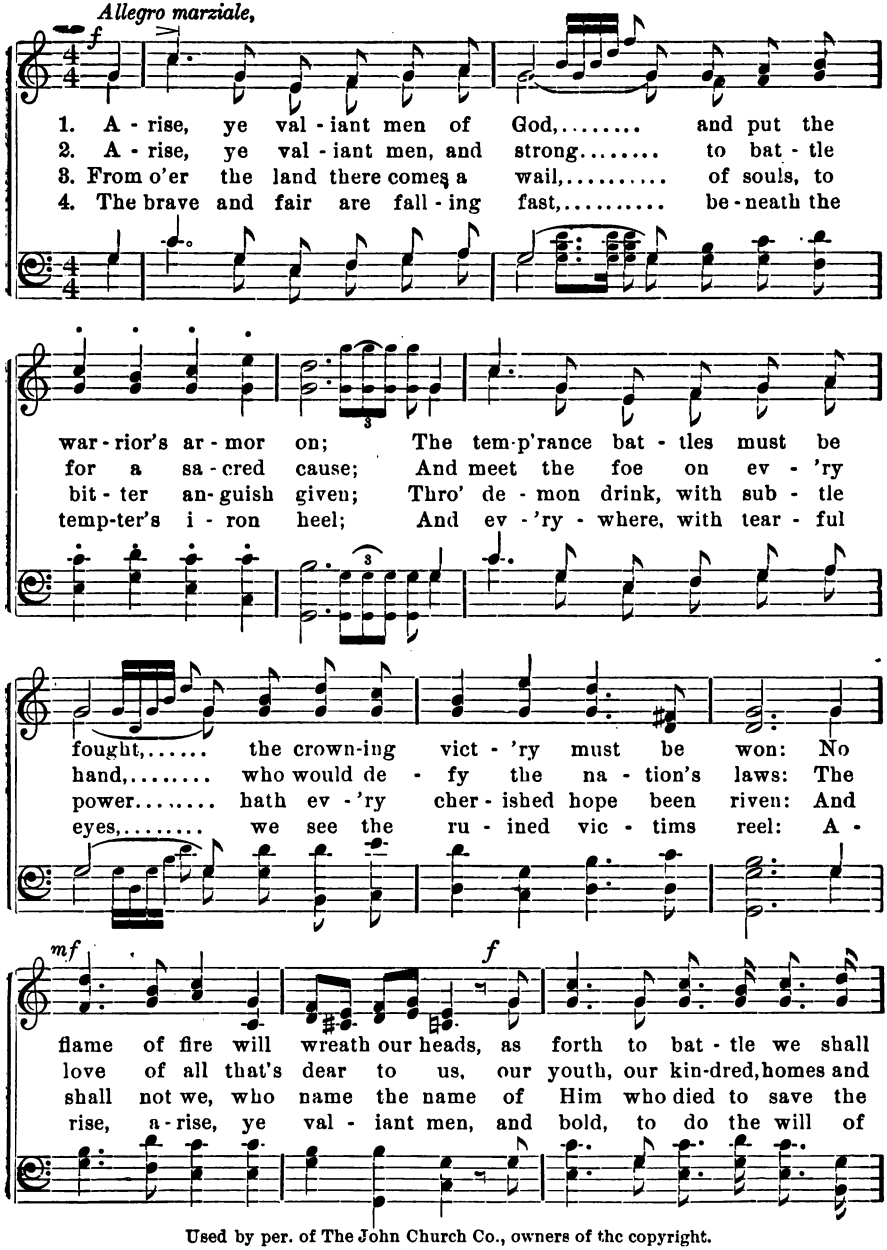
Temperance Battle Hymn.

Dedicated by permission, to Miss Frances E. Willard.

R. L. F. W. E. VAN CURT.

Allegro marziale,



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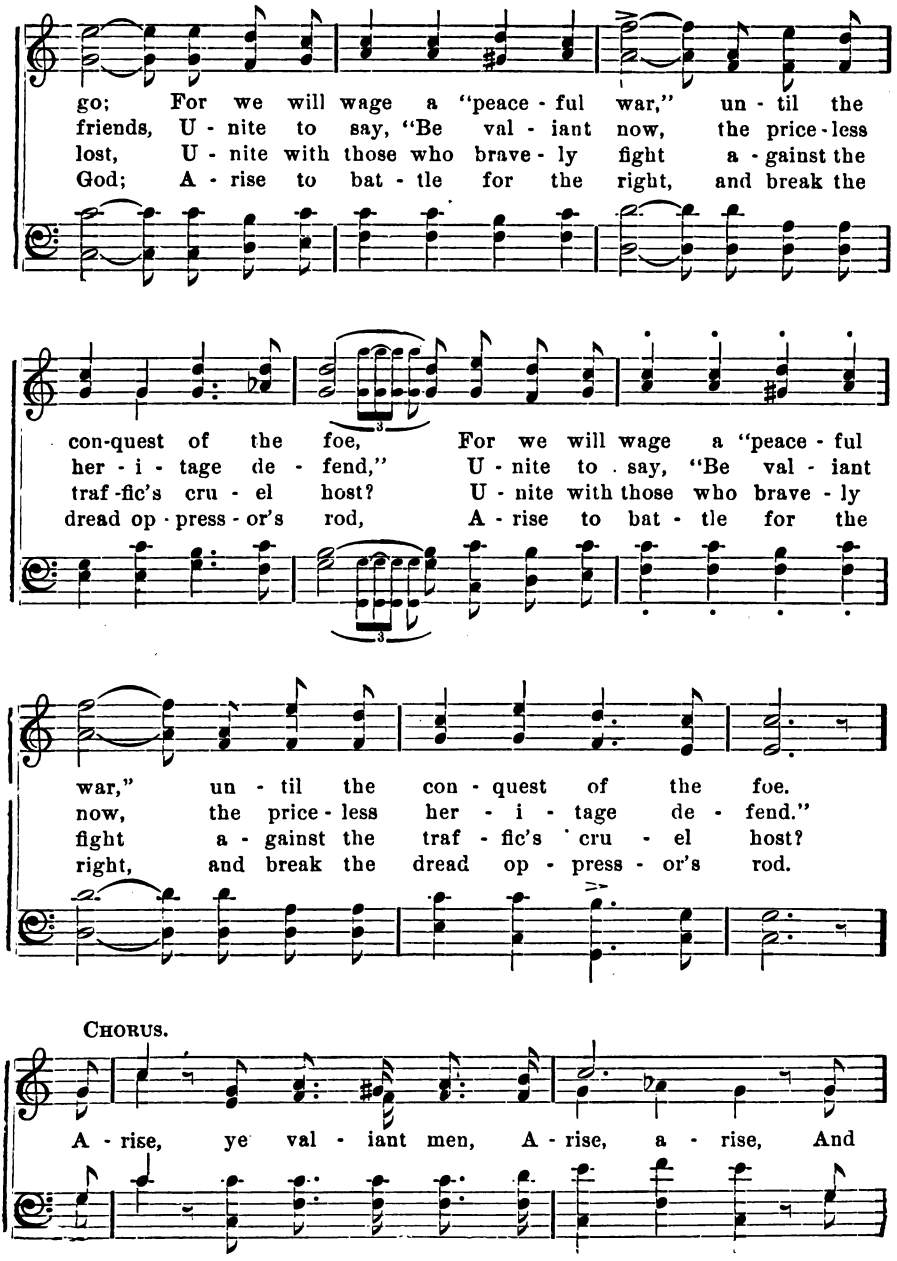

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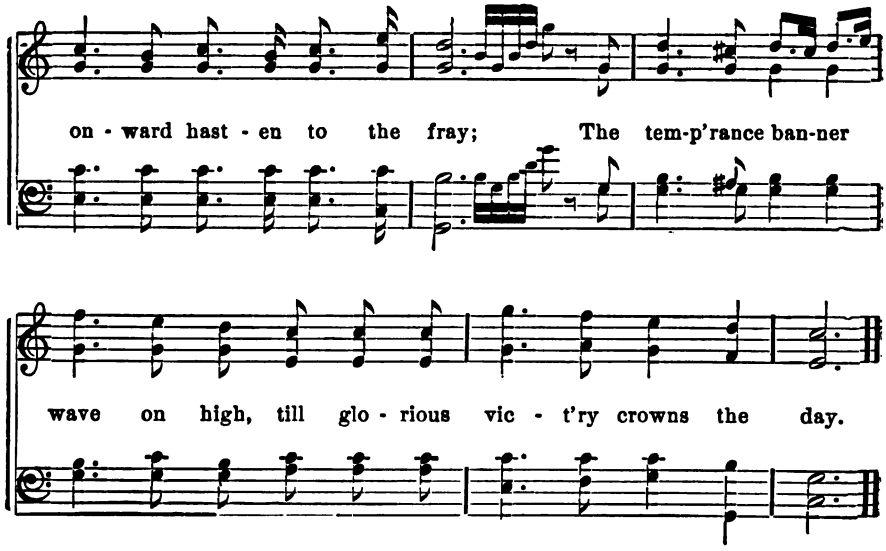

The March of Reforms.

Tune—CORONATION.

1 For God, and home and every land,
We wage a peaceful war,
The cross, the banner of reforms,
Forever at the fore.

2 With Christ invincible we march,
Man's direst foes to slay;
His word the sword of victory,
Our allies, all who pray.

3 To save the holy land of home
We press our high crusade;
Our leader, Judah's Lion-heart,
On whom our trust is stayed:

4 In step with Him we conquer lust
And appetite and fraud;
Defeat, retreat bring no despair,
Our courage is in God,

5 We thank Him for the victories won,
And hail the triumph sure;
At peace amid the battle's brunt,
The happy that endure.

Rev. WILBUR F. CRAFTS.

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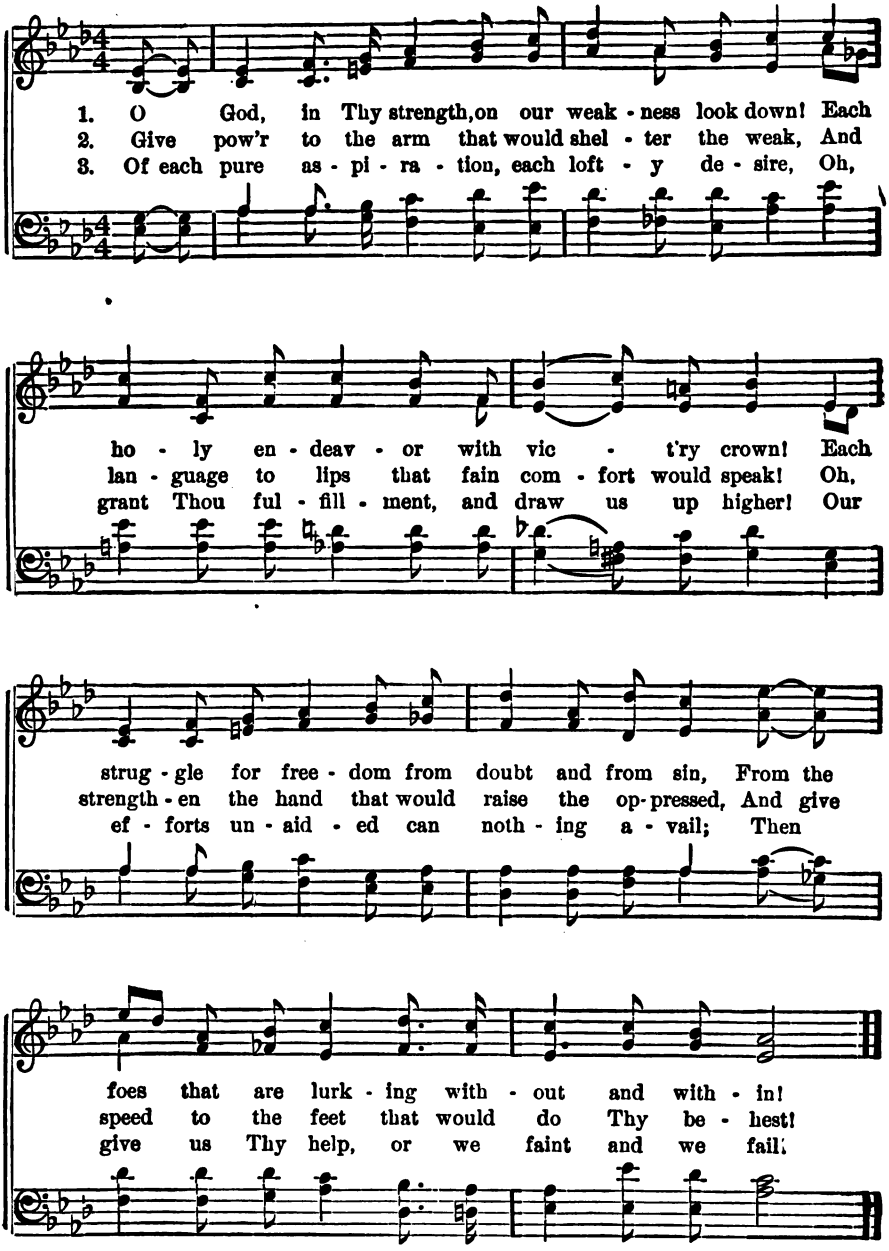
Hymn for Help.

JULIA ANNA WOLCOTT. LULU E. TYLER.



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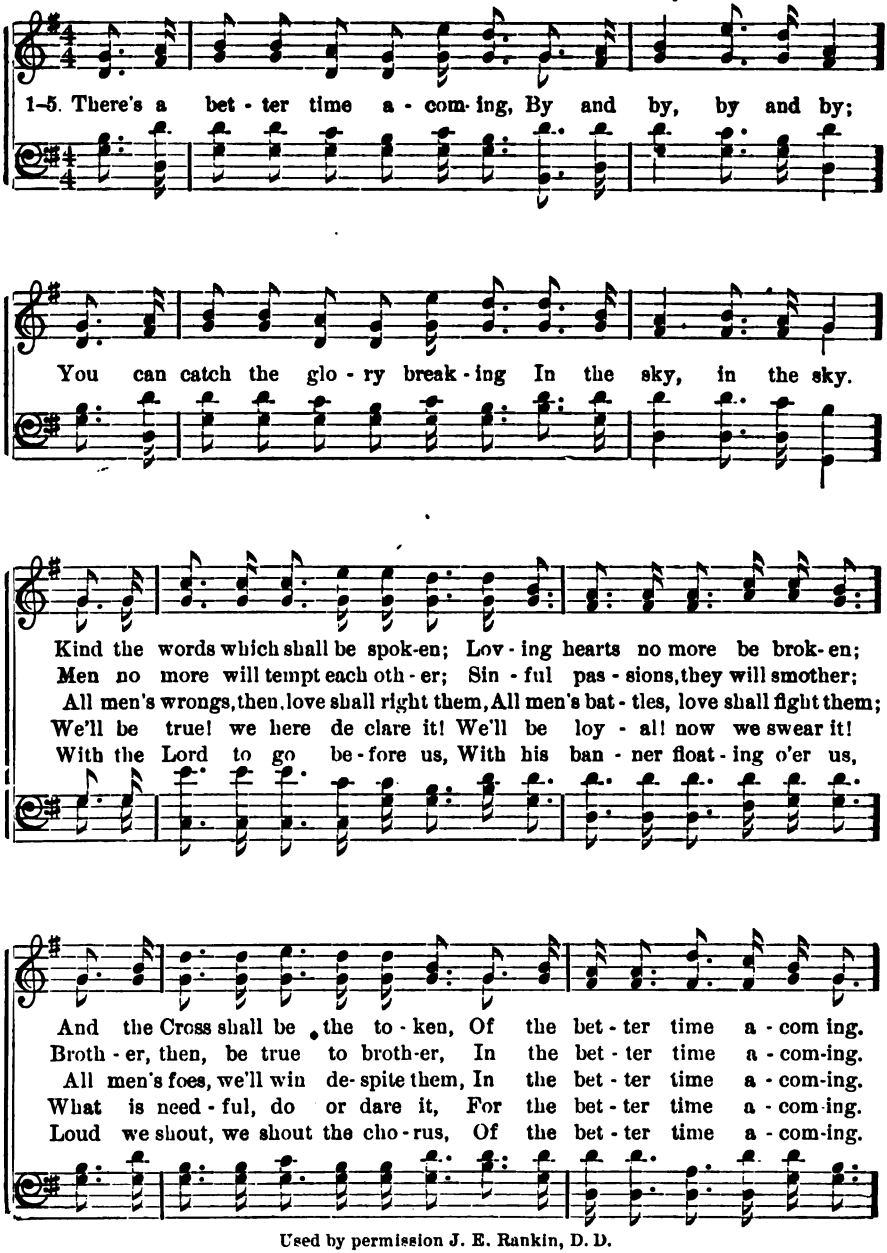
There's a Better Time a-Coming.

Words and Music by
J. E. RANKIN, D. D.

Arr. by J. W. BISCHOFF



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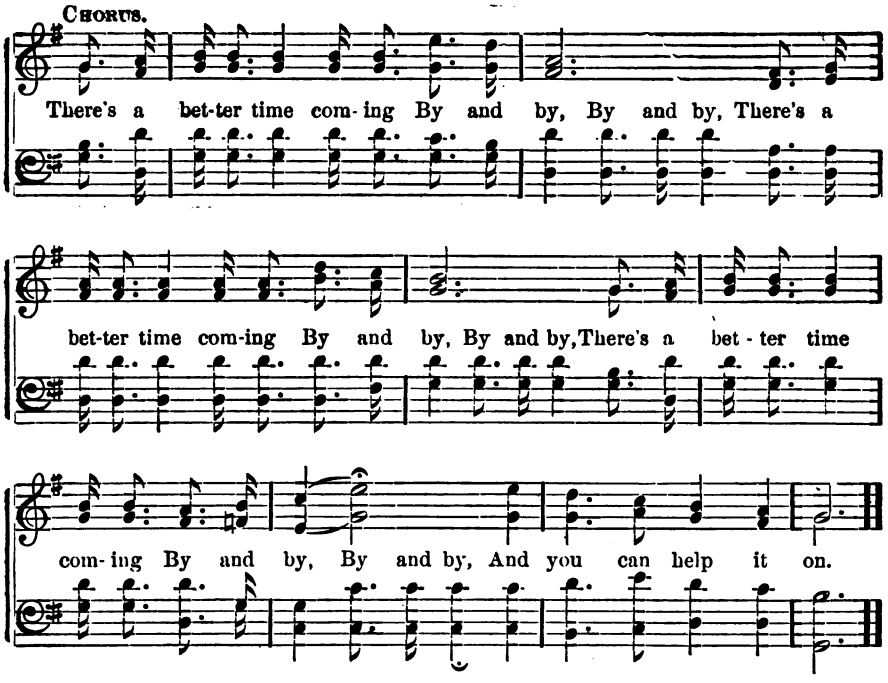
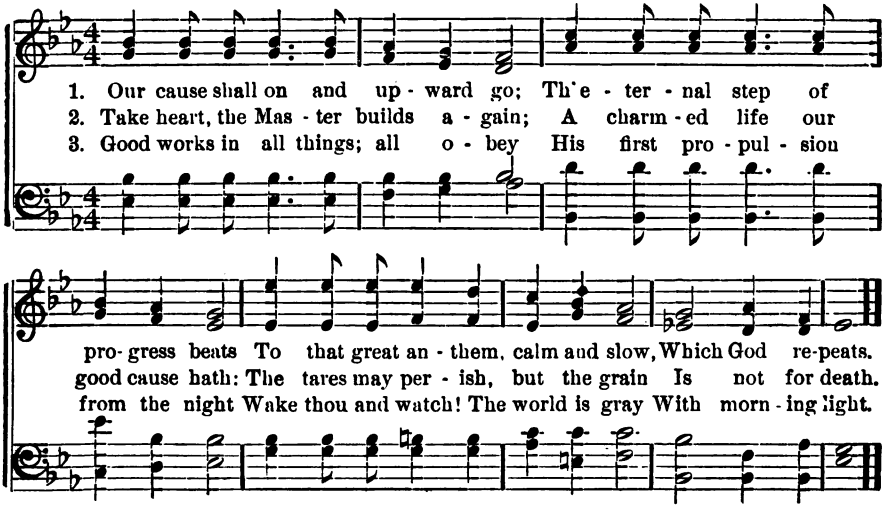
There's a Better Time a-Coming, Concluded.



Nauford. 8, 8, 8, 4.

Sir Arthur Seymour Sullivan.



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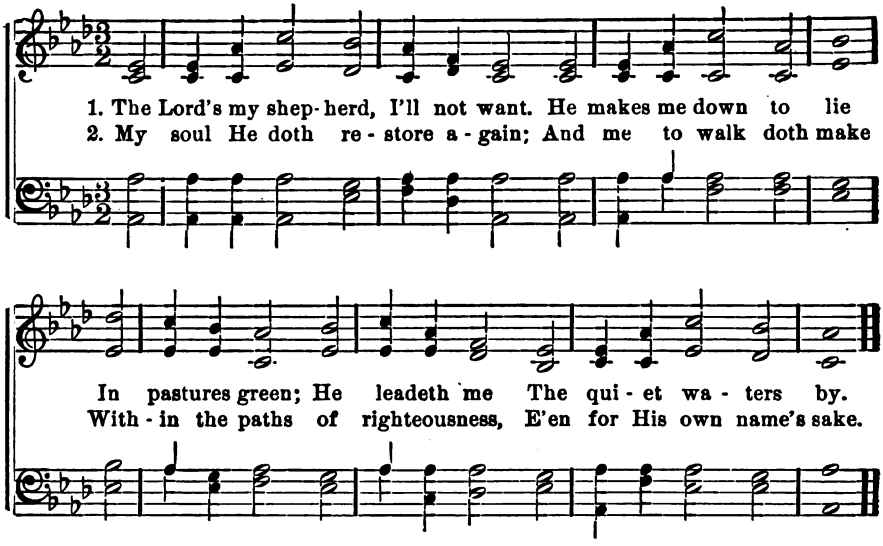
Psalm XXIII.

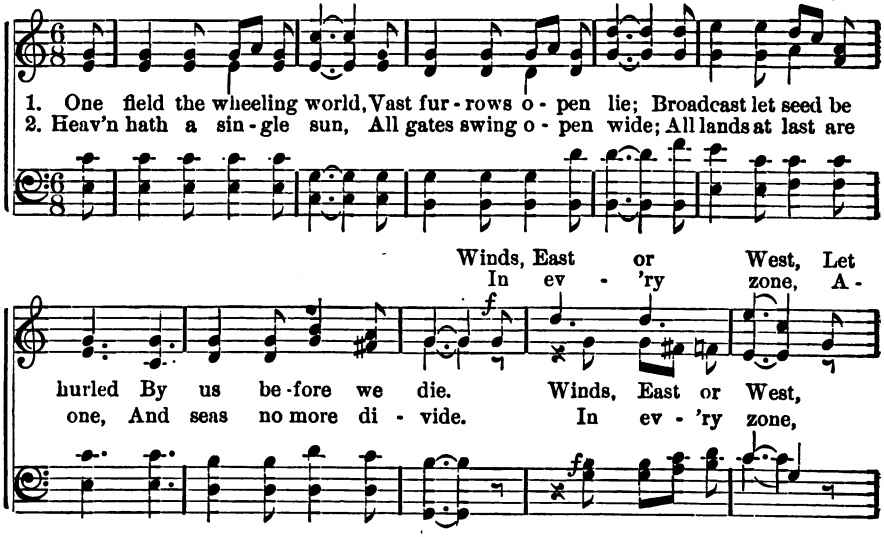


3 A table Thou hast furnished me,
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

4 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely comfort me;
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Open Furrows.

JOSEPH COOK. BEETHOVEN.



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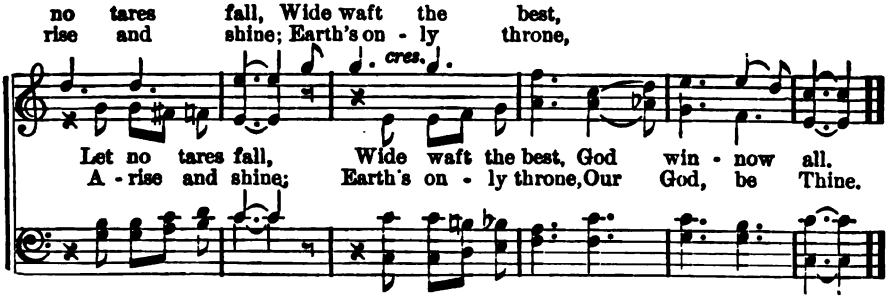
Open Furrows. Concluded.

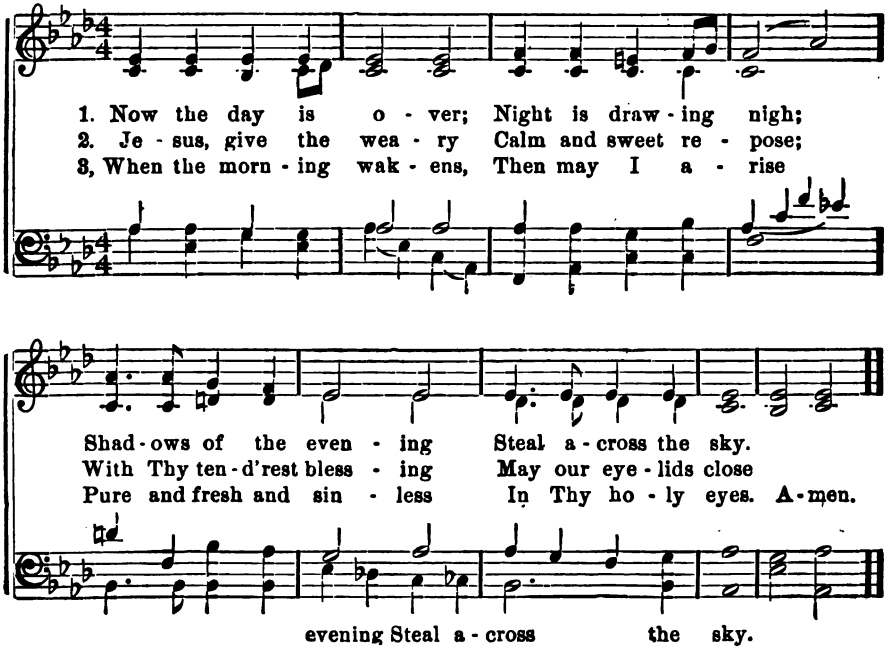


3 Let types ideal grow,
Shine Thou through all the race;
All features beauty show
If God flames through the face.
Let all aspire;
Our sins consume;
Send tongues of fire,
And all illume.

4 In loyal bliss let earth
In God's face find its Sun;
Sole sovereignty in worth,
Delight in duty done;
God's pulses beat
Vast, loud, and long,
Constrain our feet,
As marching song.

Now the Day Is Over.

Rev. S. Baring Gould. J. Barnby.



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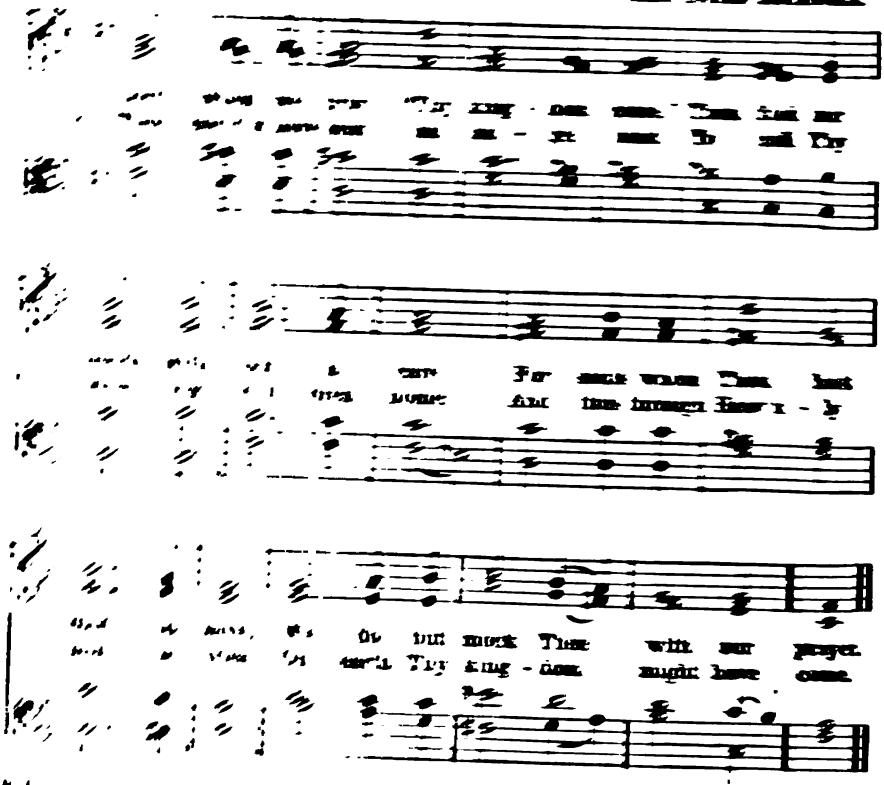
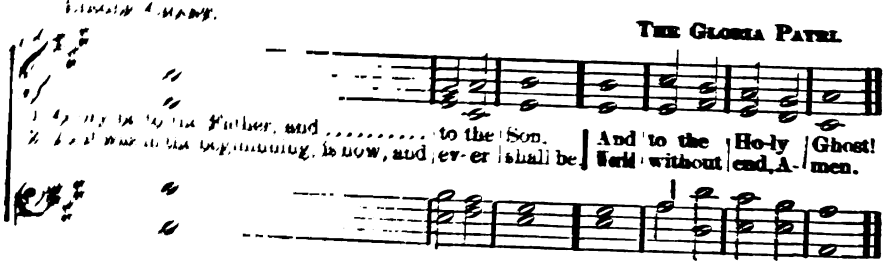
Thy Kingdom Come.



4 To word and work shall not our hands
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?

M. May be sung to Belmont.

Glory Be to the Father.



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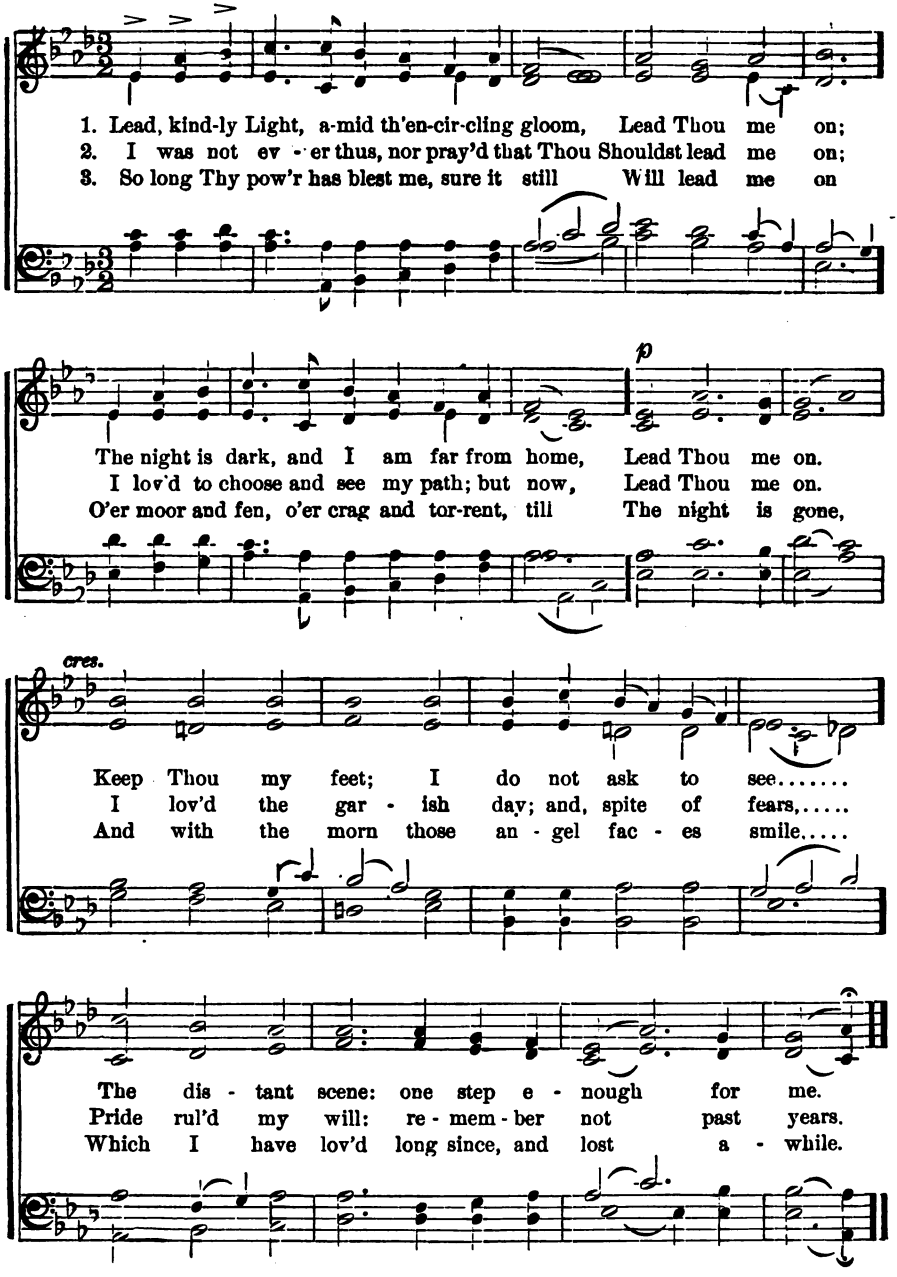
Lead, Kindly Light.

NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES



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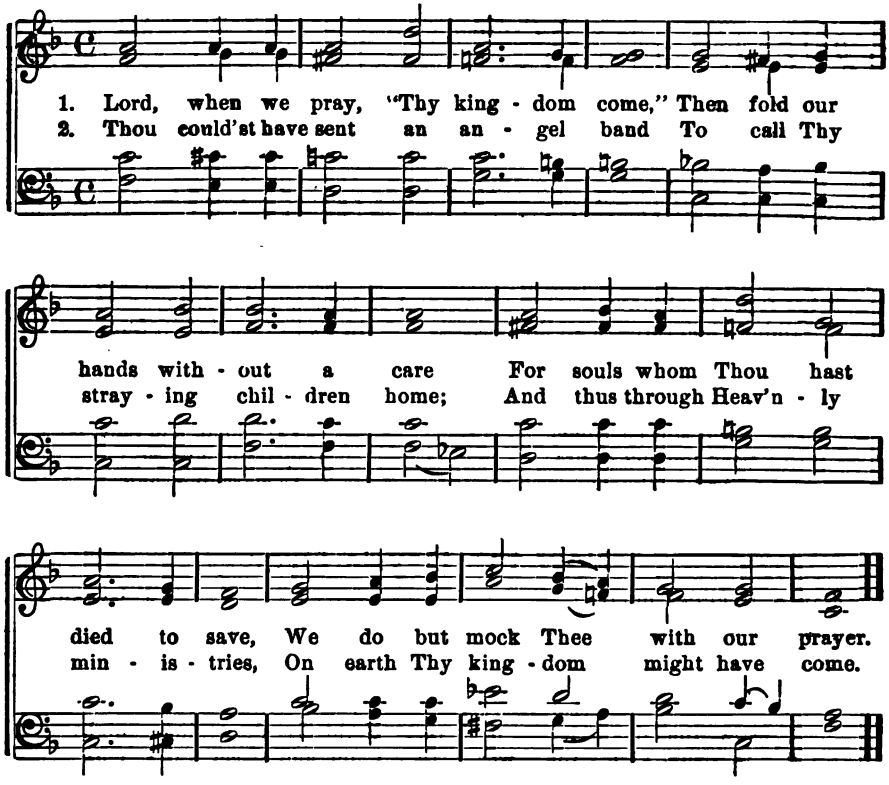
Thy Kingdom Come.*

HELEN G. RICE. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.



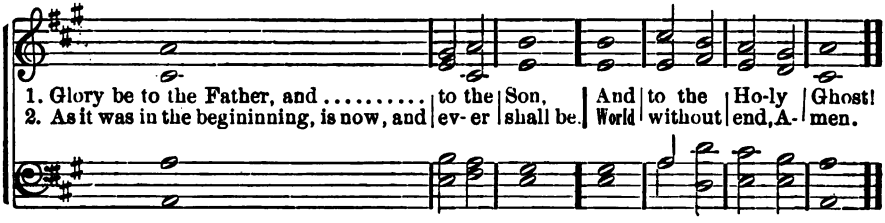
3 But since to human hands like ours,
Thou hast committed work divine,
Shall not our eager hearts make haste
To join their feeble powers with Thine?

4 To word and work shall not our hands
Obedient move, nor lips be dumb,
Lest through our sinful love of ease,
Thy kingdom should delay to come?

*L. M. May be sung to Hebron.

Glory Be to the Father.

SINGLE CHANT. THE GLORIA PATRI.



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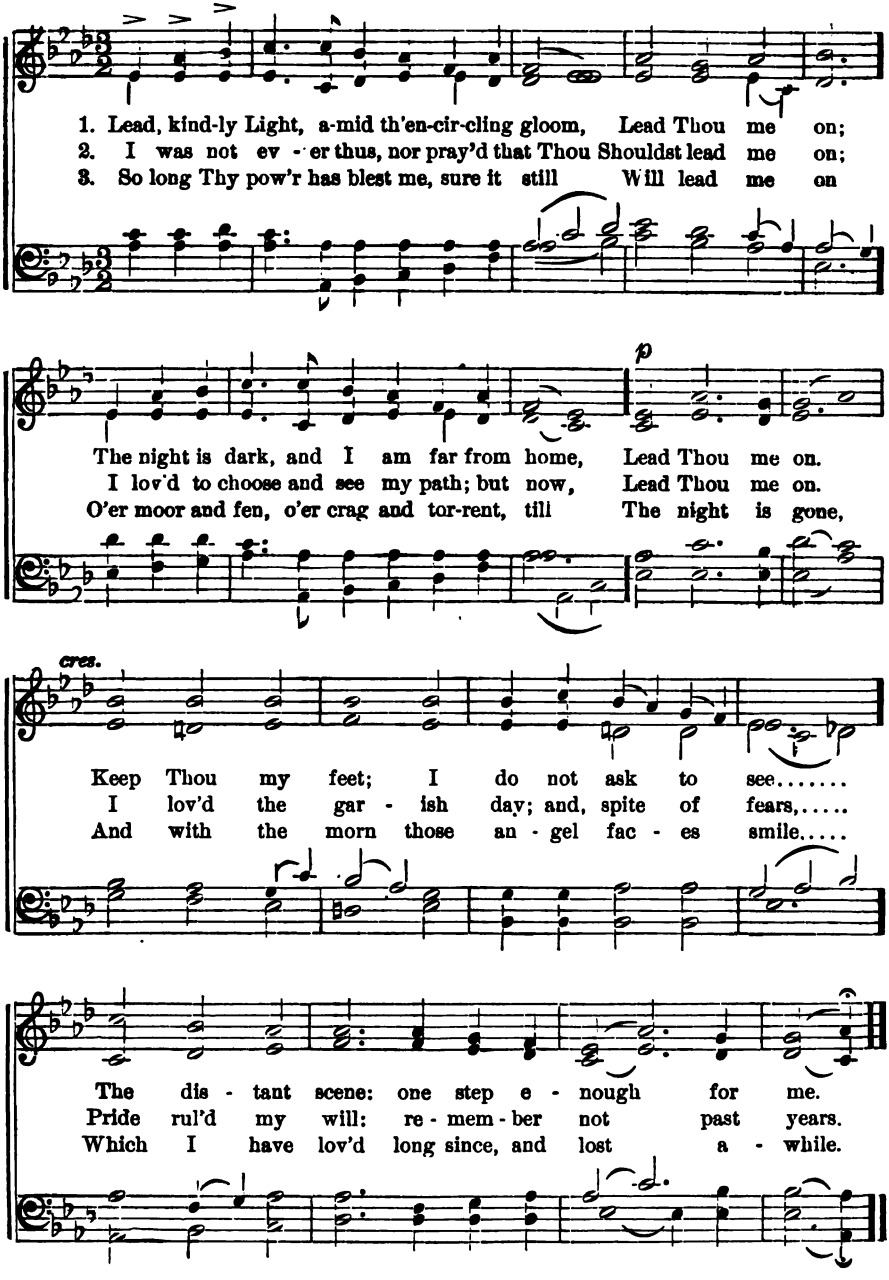
Lead, Kindly Light.

NEWMAN. J. B. DYKES



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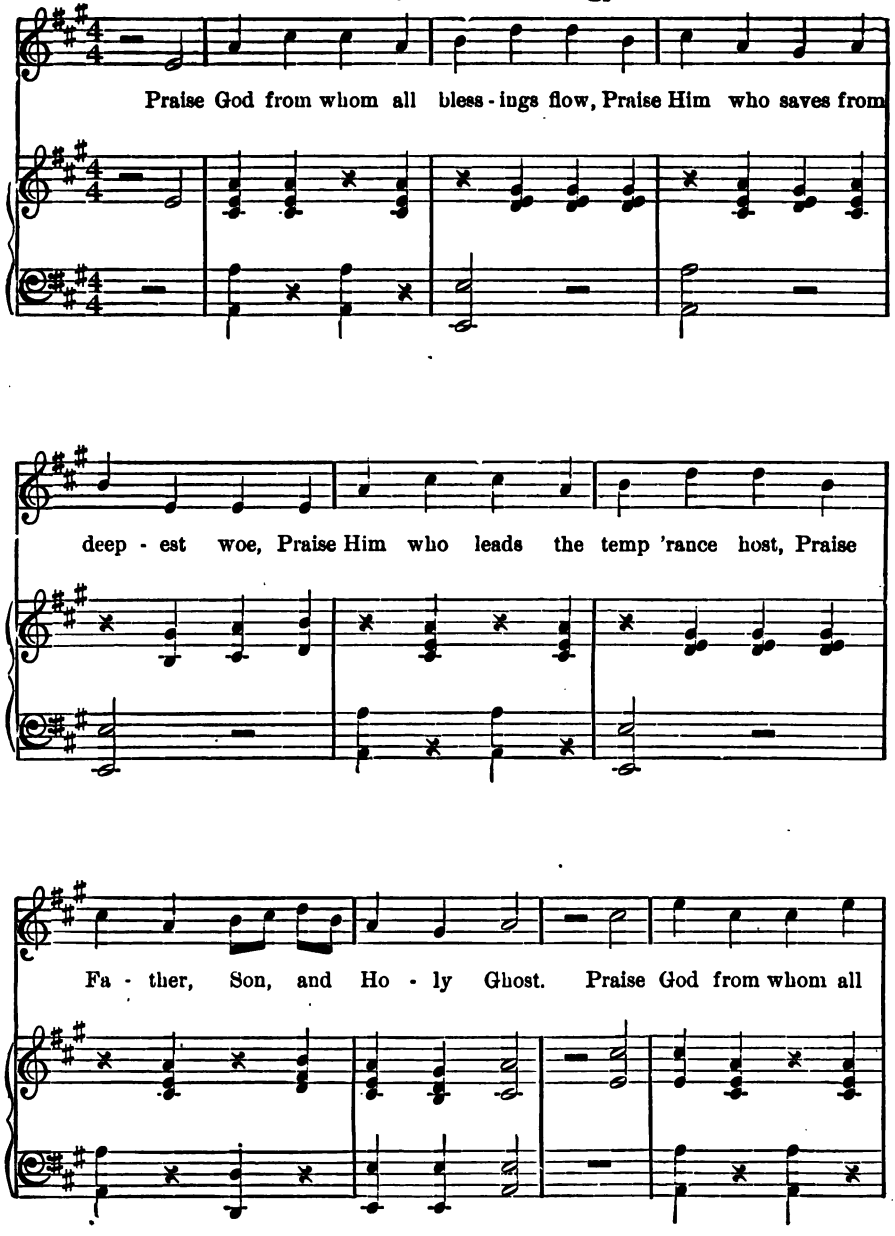
Praise God.

S. M. I. Henry.

The Temperance Doxology.



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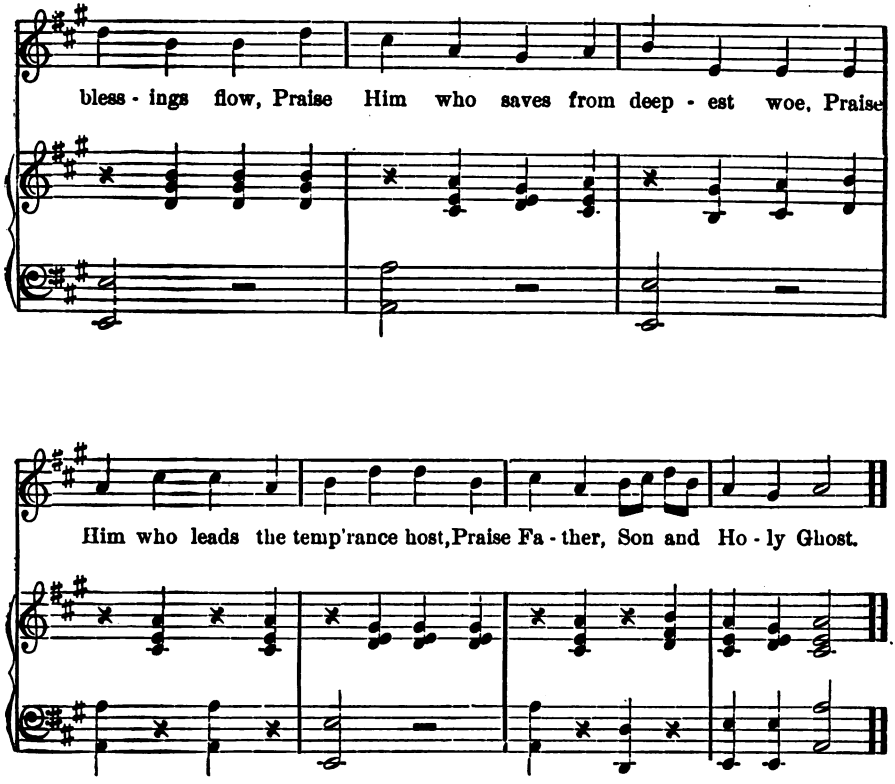

Our Tower of Strength.

Tune:—Bethany.

1 Strength to the fainting ones,
Power to the weak;
What could we ask beside?
What promise seek?
Thus in our armor bright,
Soldiers who know not flight;
We walk by faith, not sight,
For "right is right?"

2 We would now cling to Thee,
Jesus our Lord;
For we are promised help,
In Thine own word.
Faith's cable from above,
Hope anchored in God's love;
Our doubts and fears remove
For "God is love!"

3 Then let us ever press,
With vigor on;
Ne'er let us say despair,
Till we have won.
This let our watchword be,
Thro' Him who strengtheneth me,
We will yet live to see
Our state set free.

Mrs. Rev. W. W. Brown.

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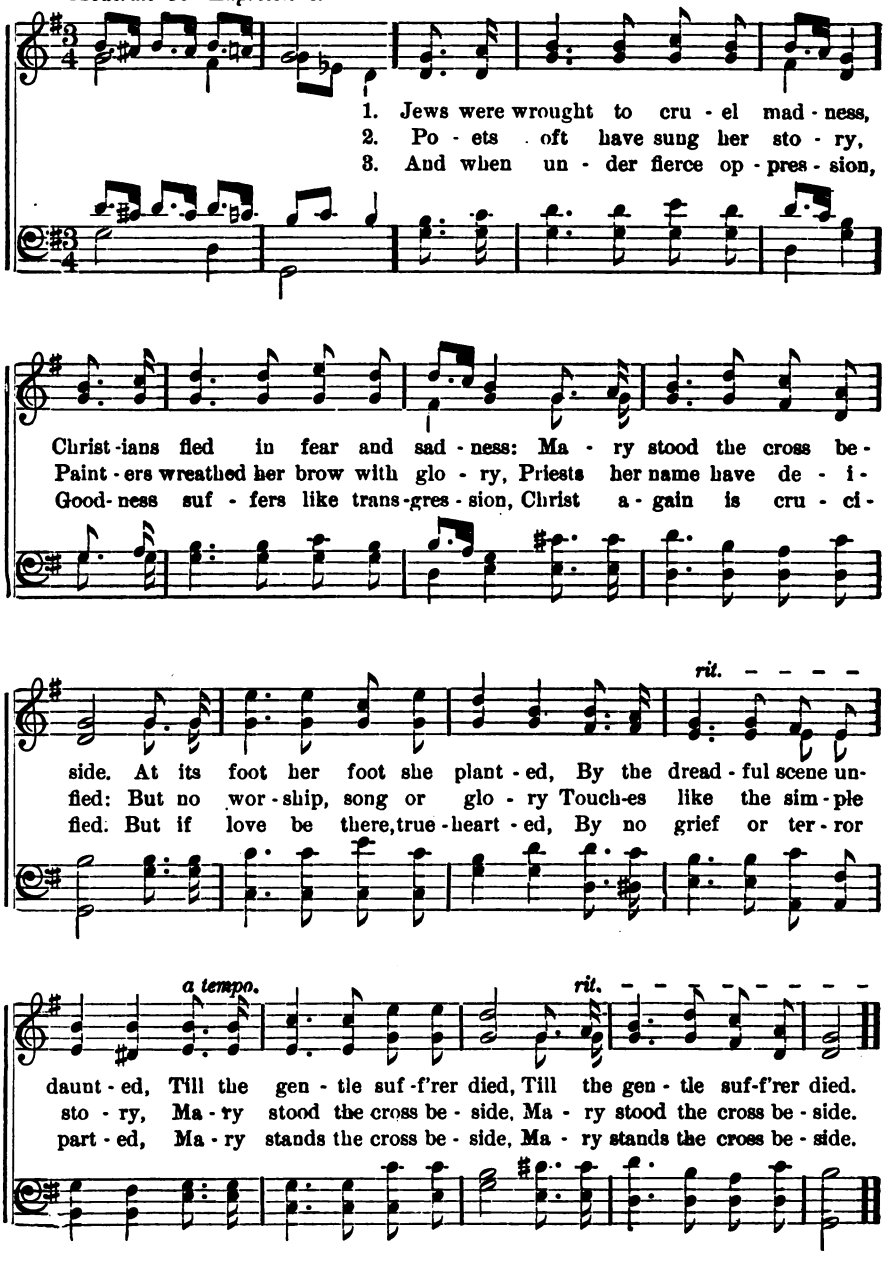
Mary Stood the Cross Beside.

Moderato Con Expressione.



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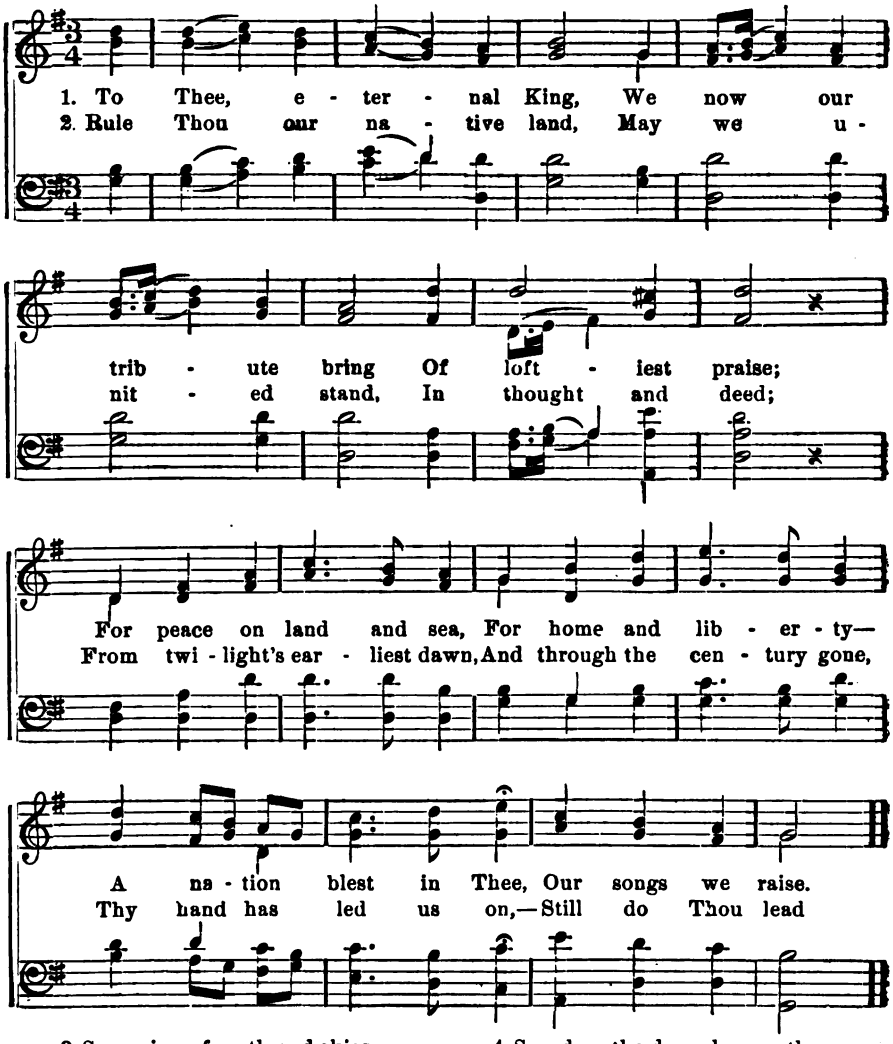
National Evangelical Hymn.

R. L. F. ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



3 Sovereign of earth and skies,
Thy care our need supplies,
In bounteous store;
Thy right in us maintain,
O'er all our country reign,
And save from error's chain,
Thee we implore,

4 Speed on the day when earth
Shall own Thy matchless worth,
And give Thee praise;
Exalted be Thy throne,
Thy wise designs make known,
Reign in the world alone,
Ancient of Days.

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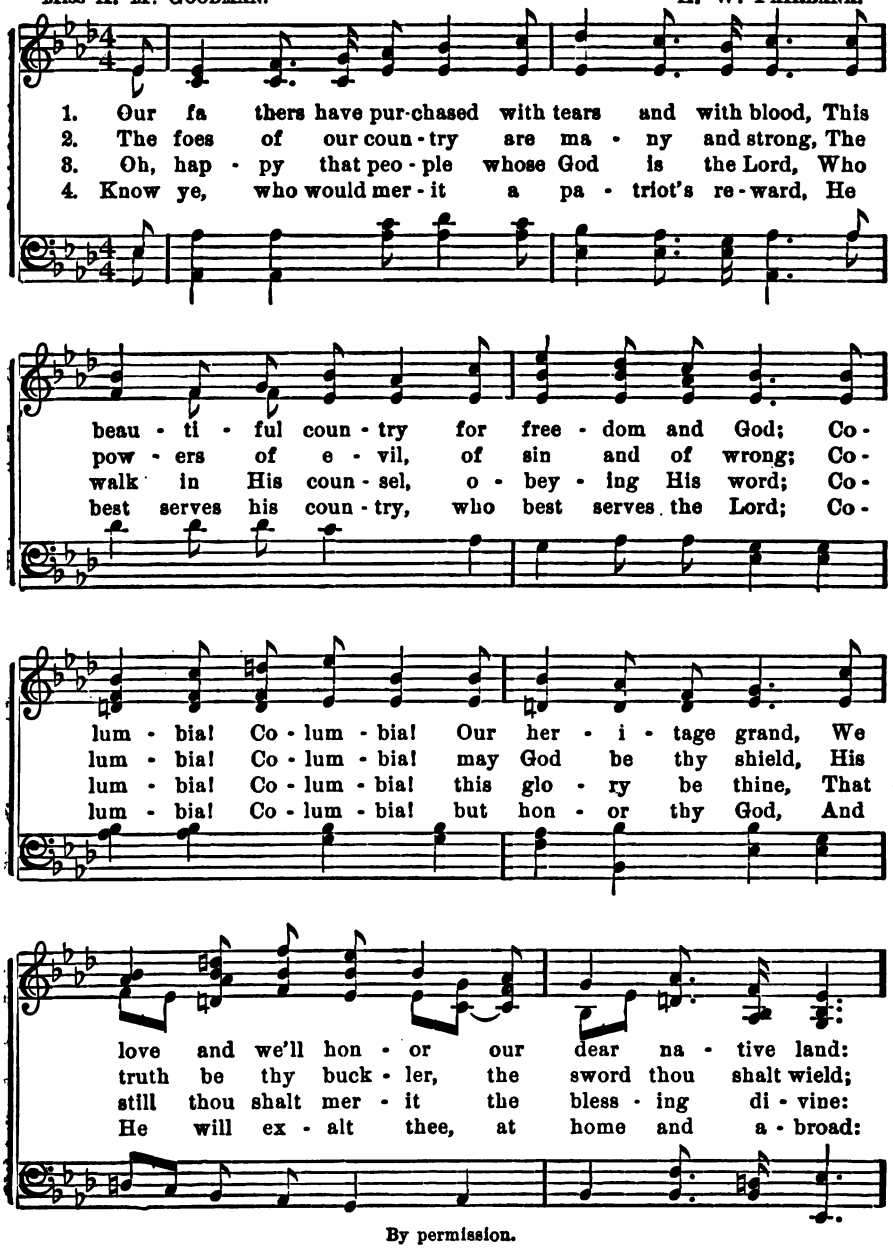
Loyal and True.

American Sunday-School Patriotic Hymn.

Miss A. M. GOODMAN. H. W. FAIRBANK.



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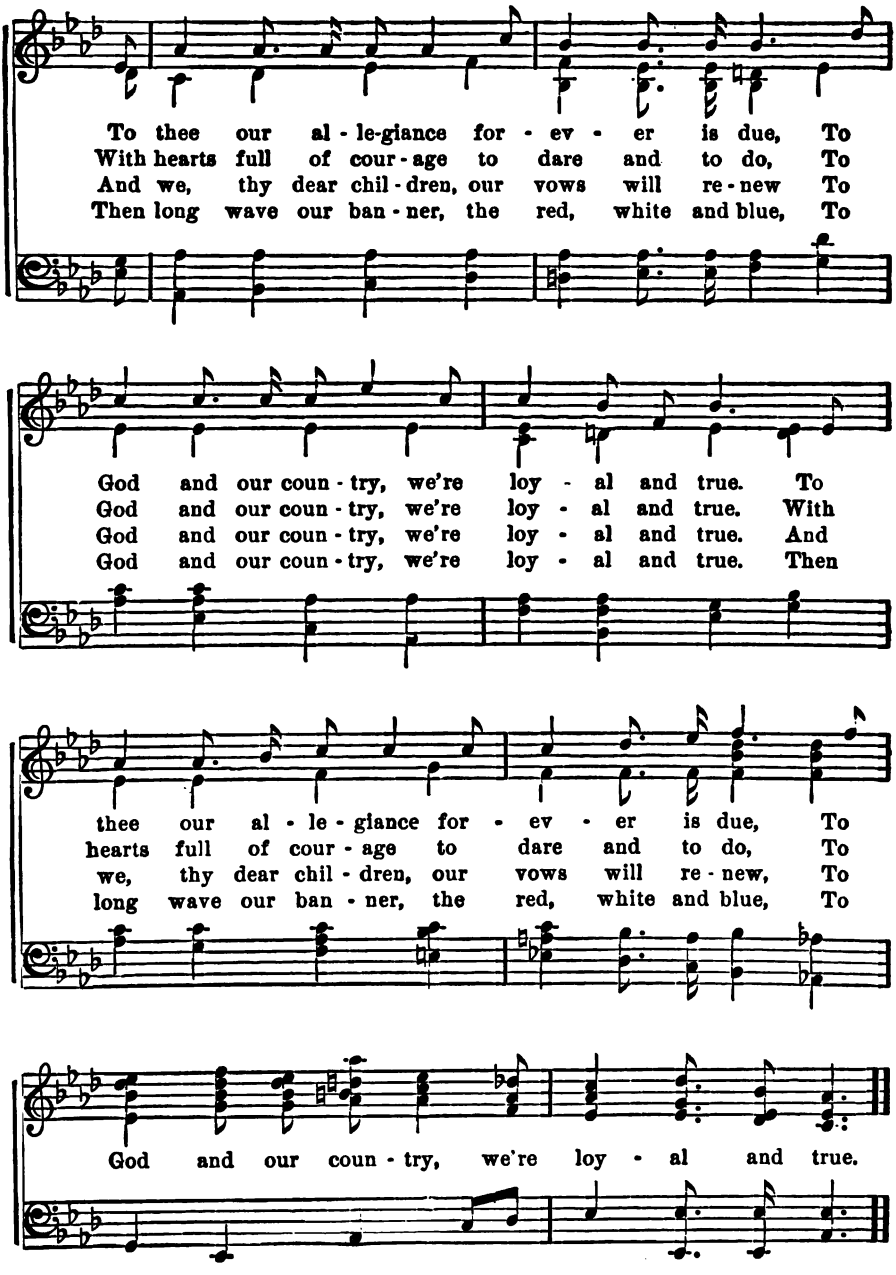
Loyal and True. Concluded.

REFRAIN.



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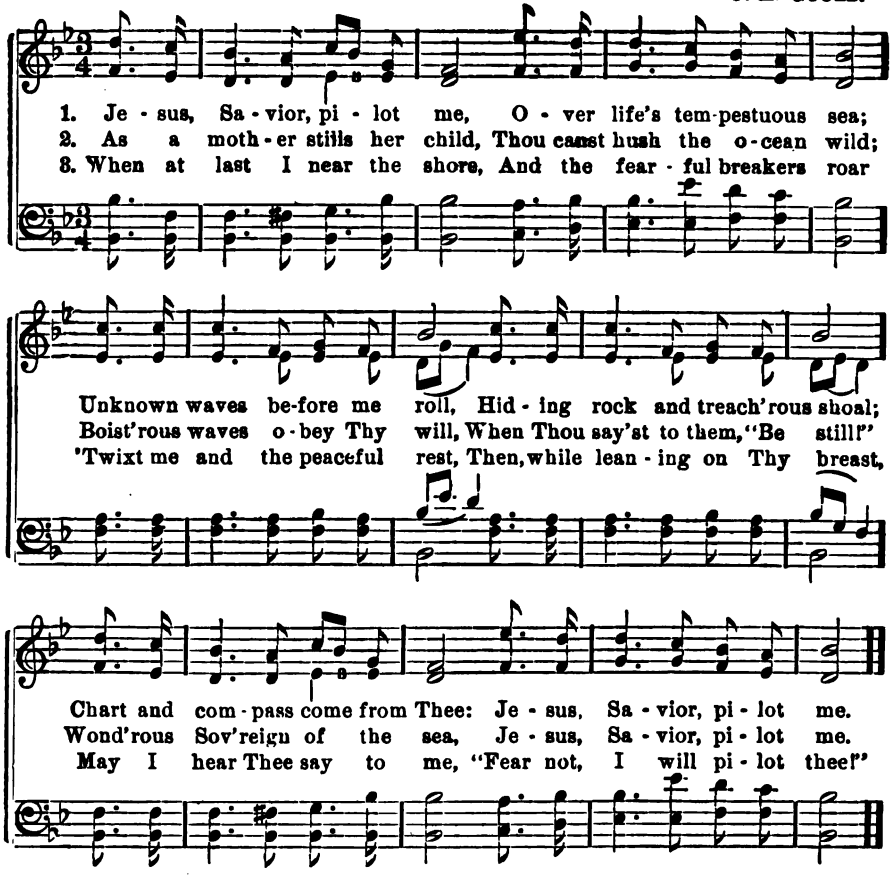
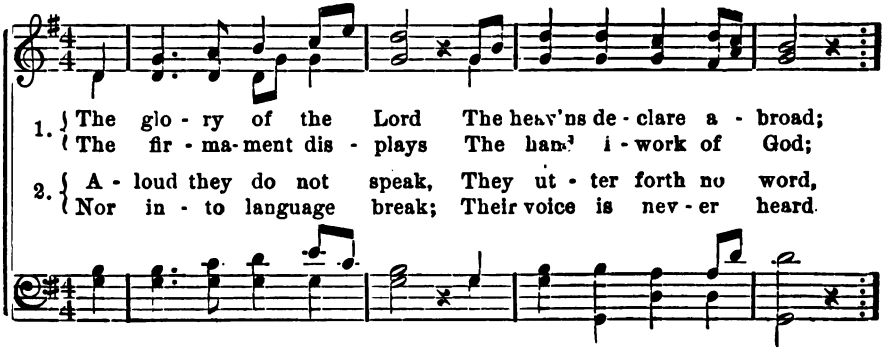
Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Rev. Edward Hopper. J. E. Gould.



Psalm XIX.



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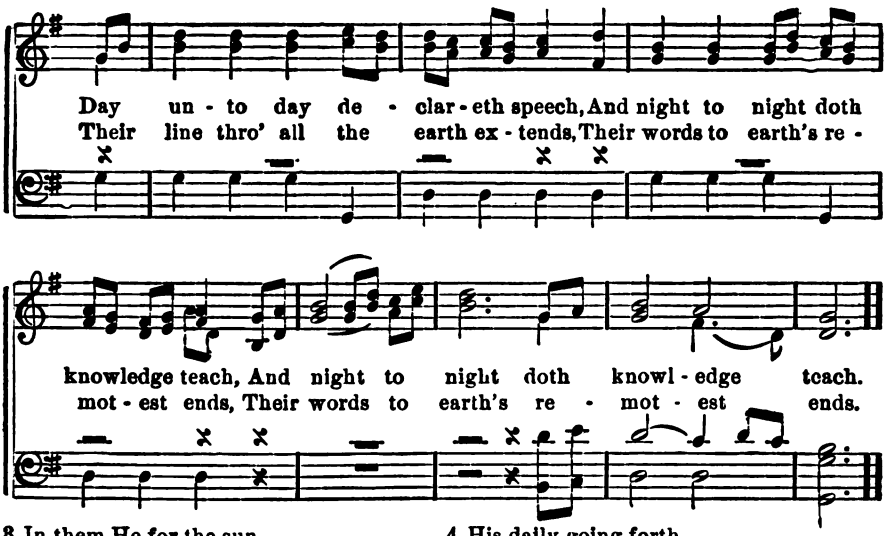
Psalm XIX. Concluded.



3 In them He for the sun
Hath set a dwelling-place;
Rejoicing as a man
Of strength, to run a race;
He, bridegroom-like in his array,
Comes from his chamber, bringing day.

4 His daily going forth
Is from the end of heaven;
The firmament to him
Is for his circuit given—
His circuit reaches to its ends,
And ever-where his heat extends.

The Lord's Prayer.

Tune —"Almost Persuaded."

1 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Oh, let Thy kingdom come!
Oh, let Thy will be done
By all below the sun
As in the skies.

2 Father in heaven, hear us to-day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Giver of daily food,
Fountain of truth and good,
Be all our hearts imbued
With love like Thine.

3 Father in heaven, hear us to day;
Hallowed Thy name be; hear us, we pray!
Lead us in paths of right,
Save us from sin and blight,
King of all love and might,
Glorious for aye.

CHAS. G. AMES.

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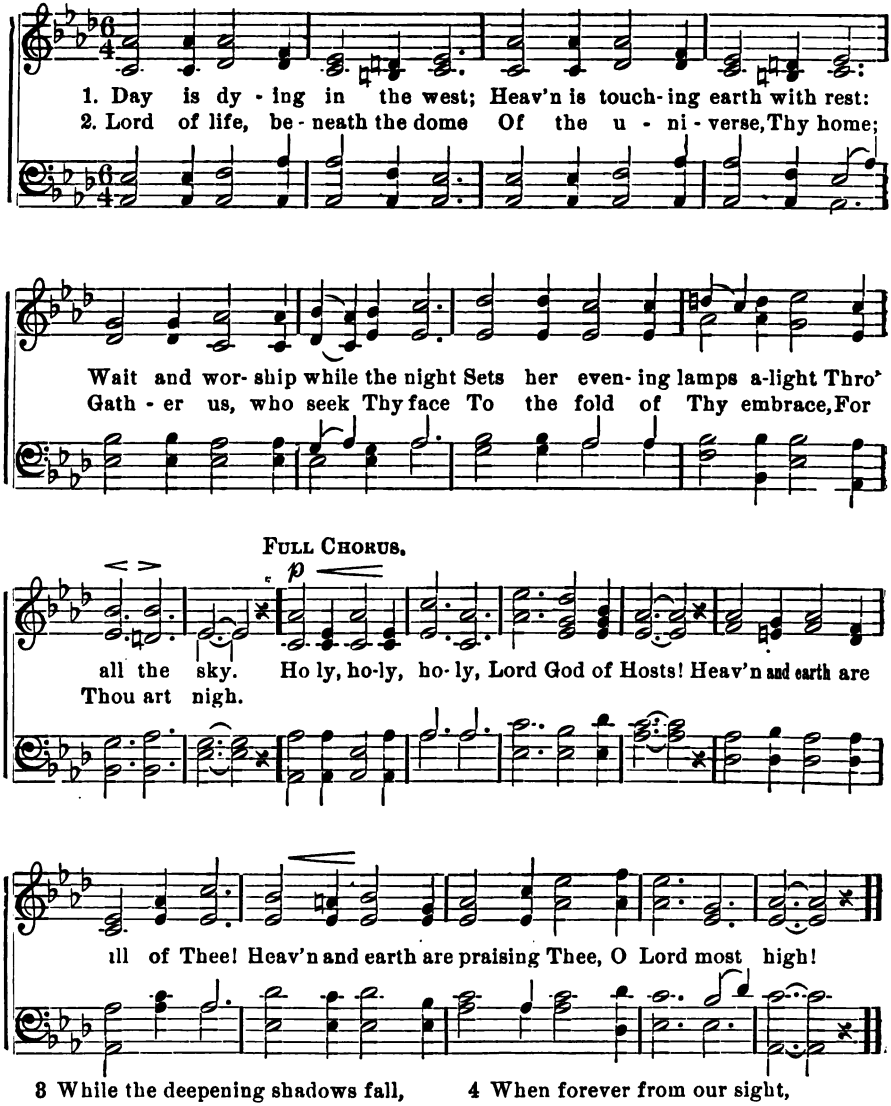
Twilight.

MARY A. LATHBURY. WM. F. SHERWIN.



3 While the deepening shadows fall,
Heart of Love, enfolding all,
Through the glory and the grace
Of the stars that veil Thy face,
Our hearts ascend. CHO.

4 When forever from our sight,
Pass the stars—the day—the night,
Lord of angels, on our eyes
Let eternal morning rise,
And shadows end. CHO.

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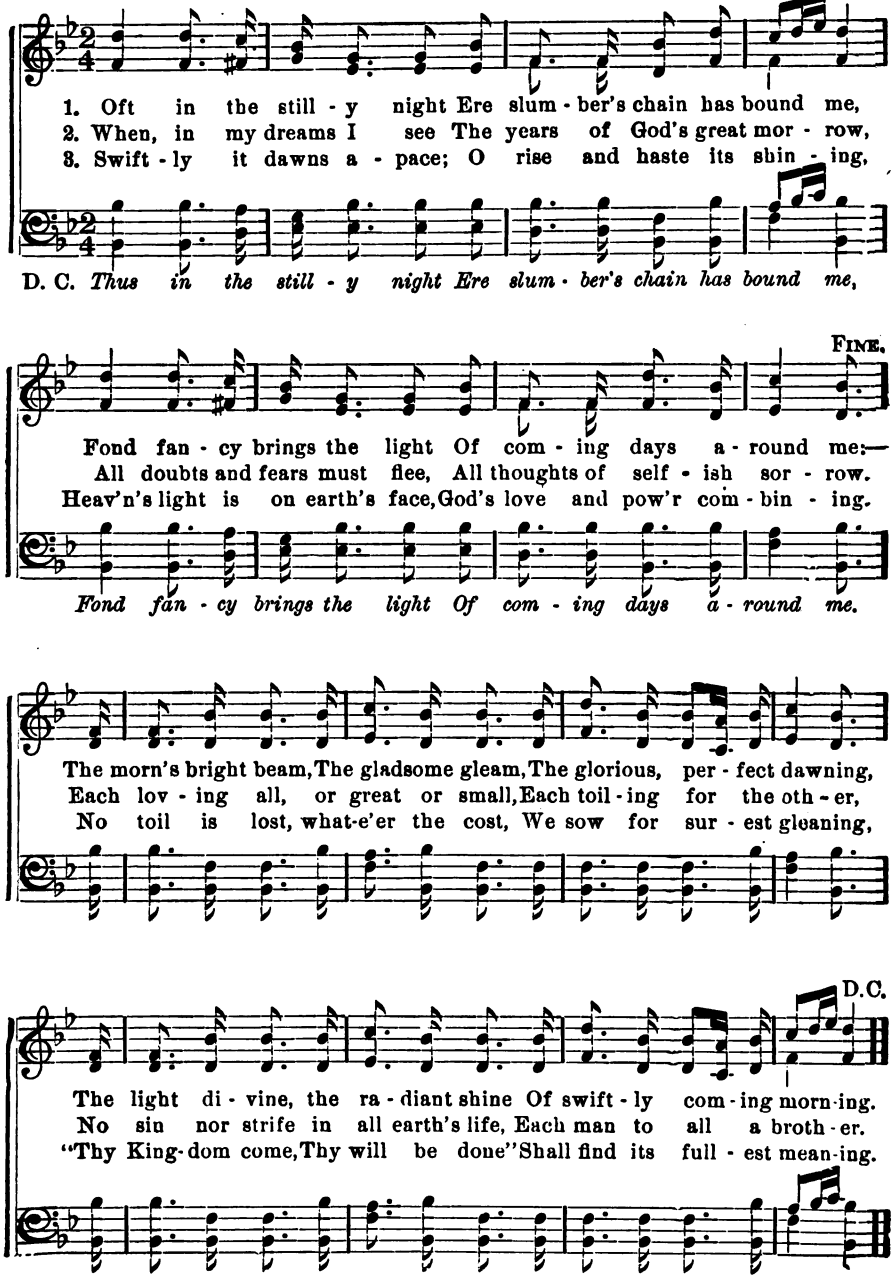
Oft in the Stilly Night.

K. L. STEVENSON, SCOTCH,



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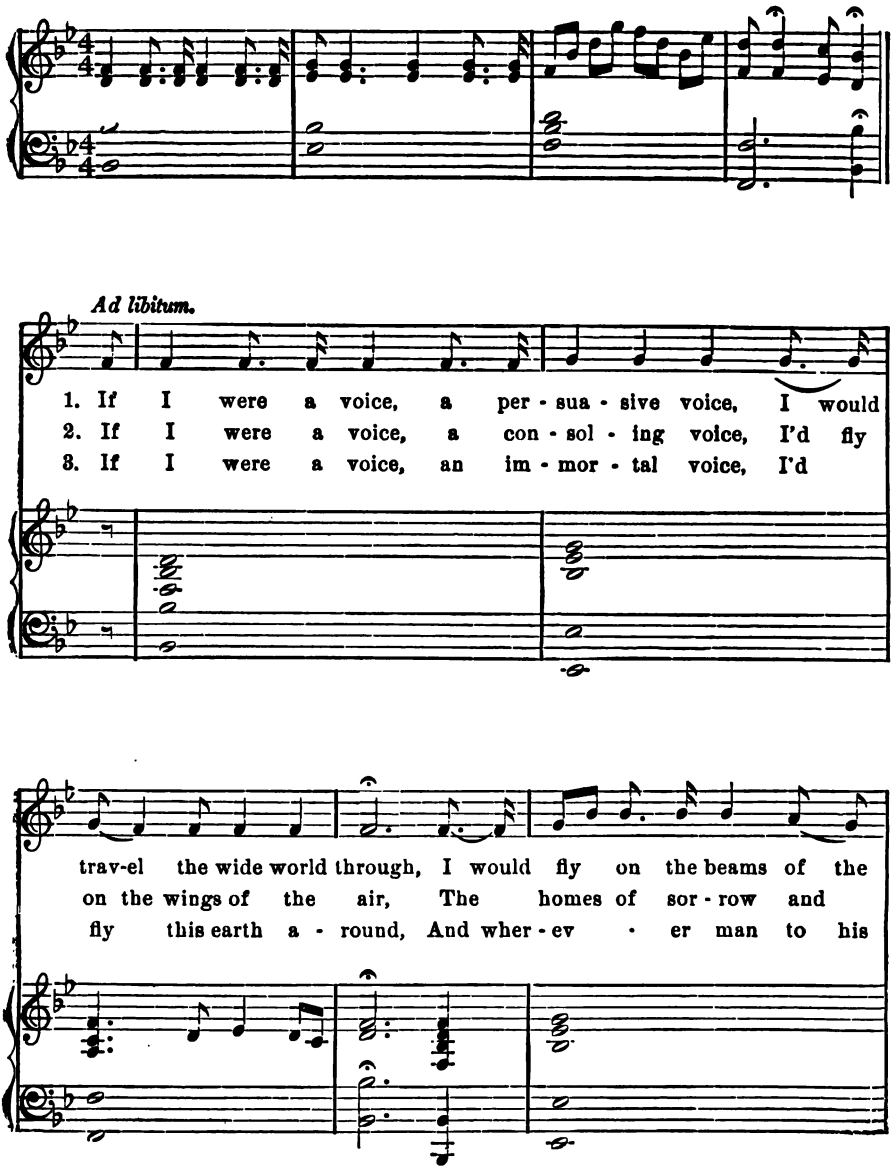
If I Were a Voice.

As arranged and sung by Mrs Alice J. Harris.

I. B. WOODBURY.



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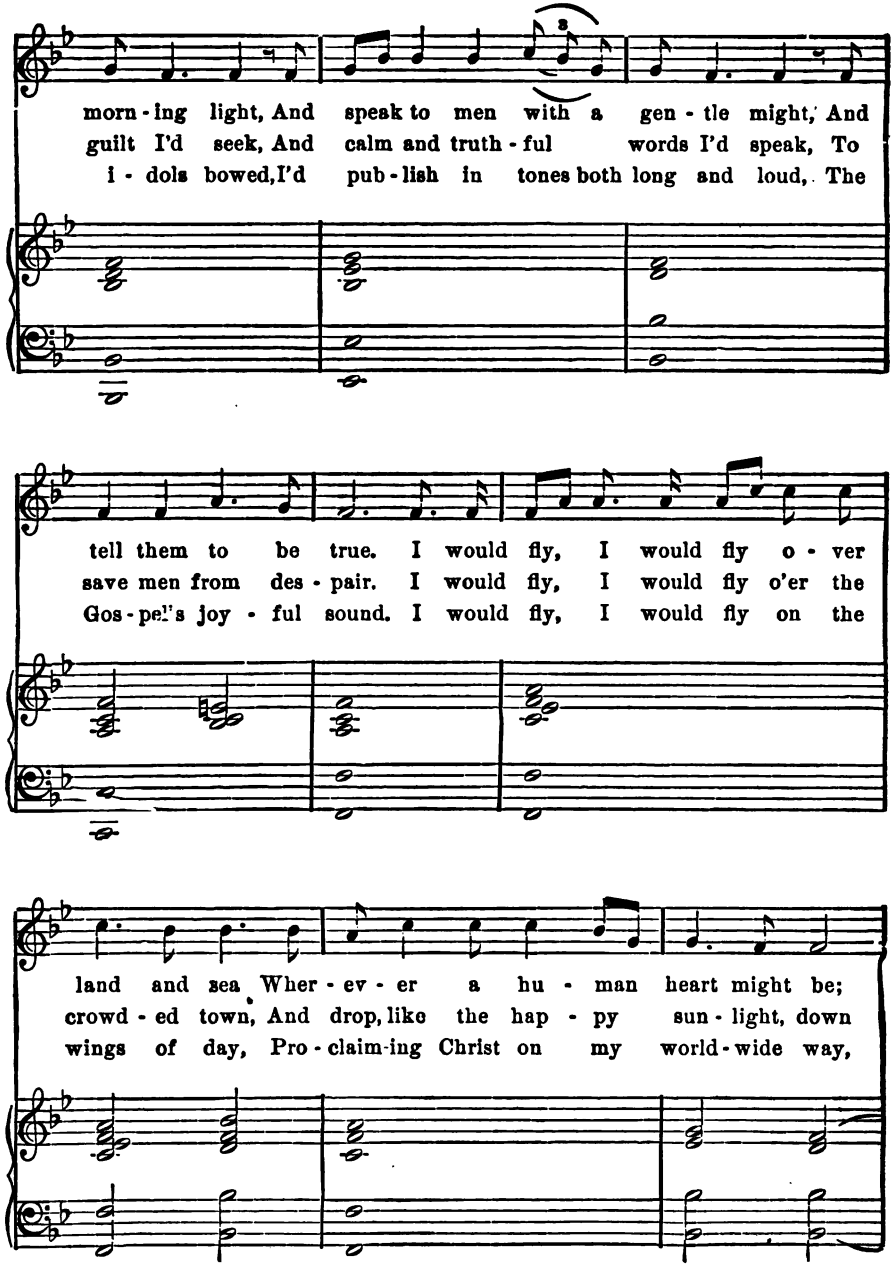

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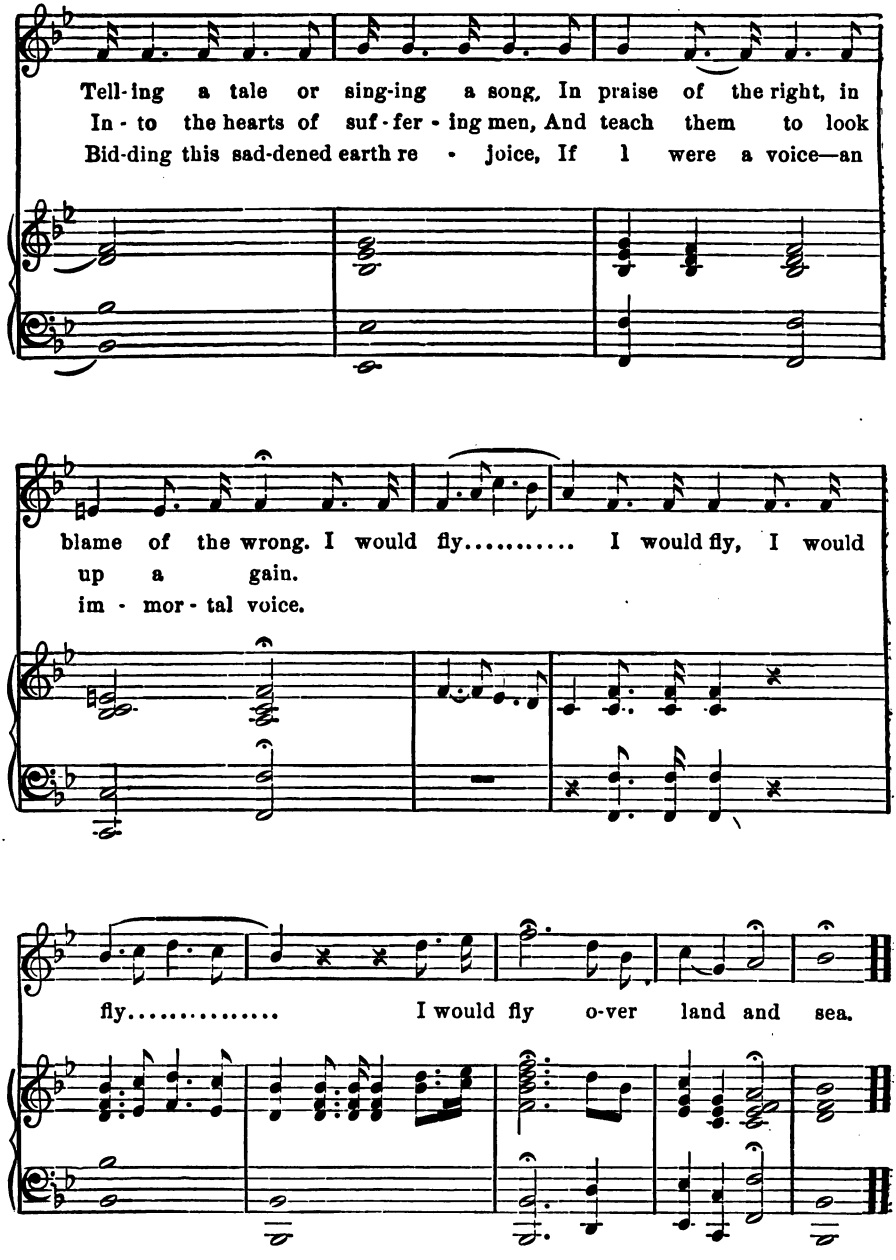
If I Were a Voice. Concluded.



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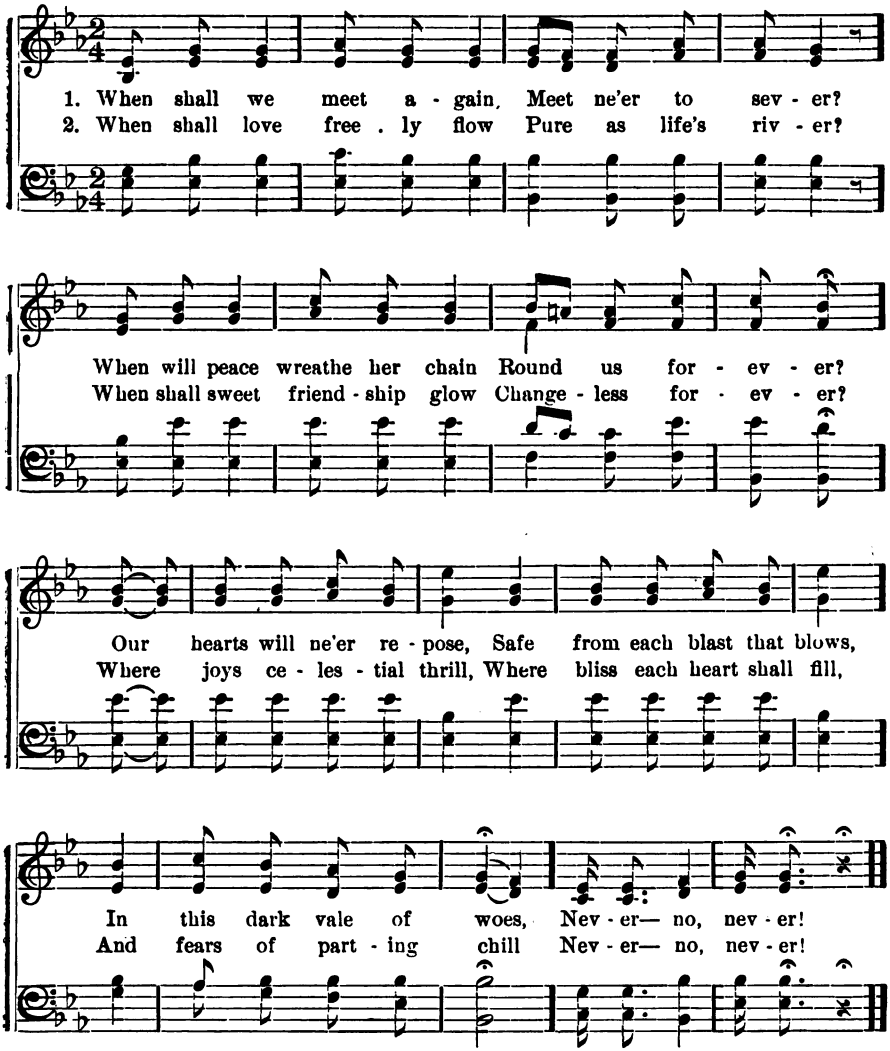
When Shall We Meet Again?

A. A. WATTS. LOWELL MASON.



3 Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Savior;
May we all there unite,
Happy forever:
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never—no, never!

4 Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon shall peaee wreathe her chain
Round us forever;
Our hearts will then repose
Secure from worldly woes;
Onr songs of praise shall close
Never—no, never!

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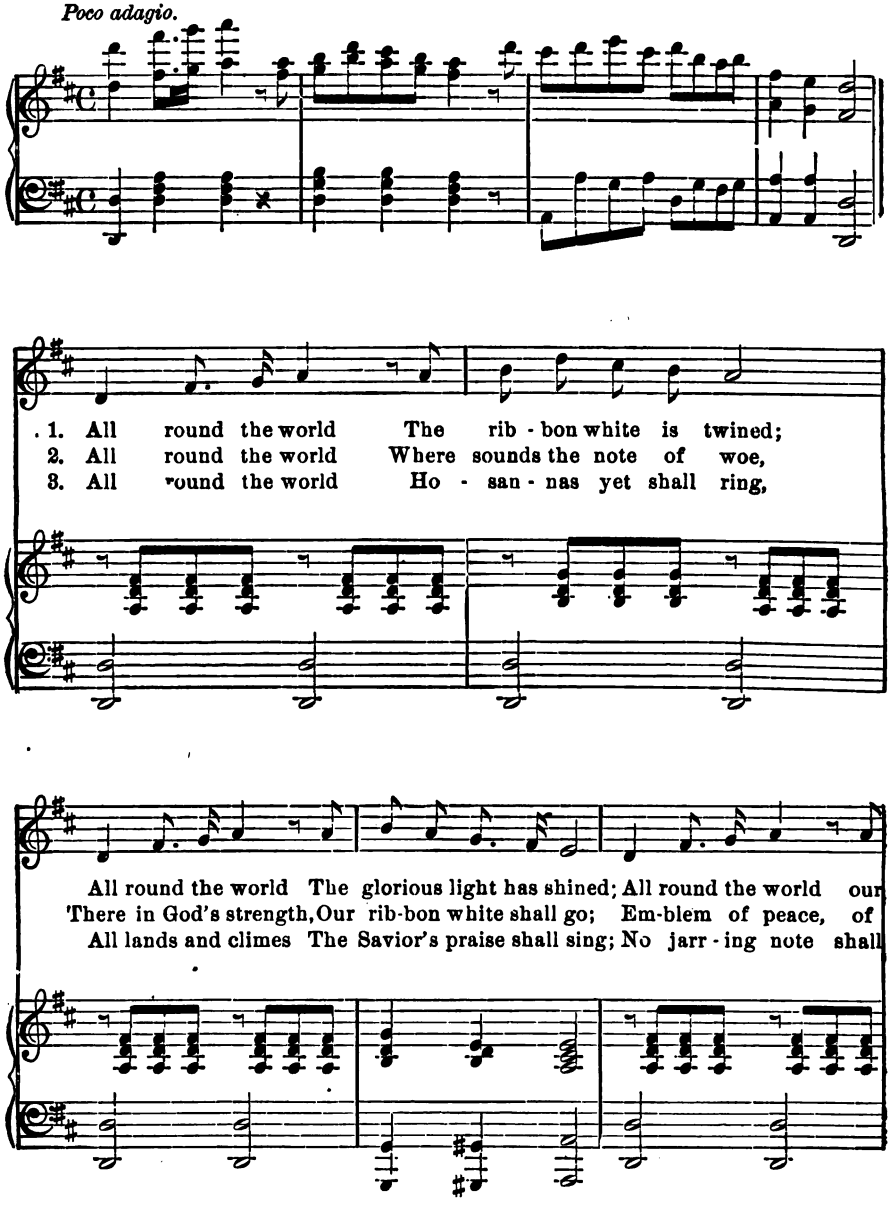
Some Glad Day.

K. L. STEVENSON. STEPHEN C. FOSTER.

Poco adagio.



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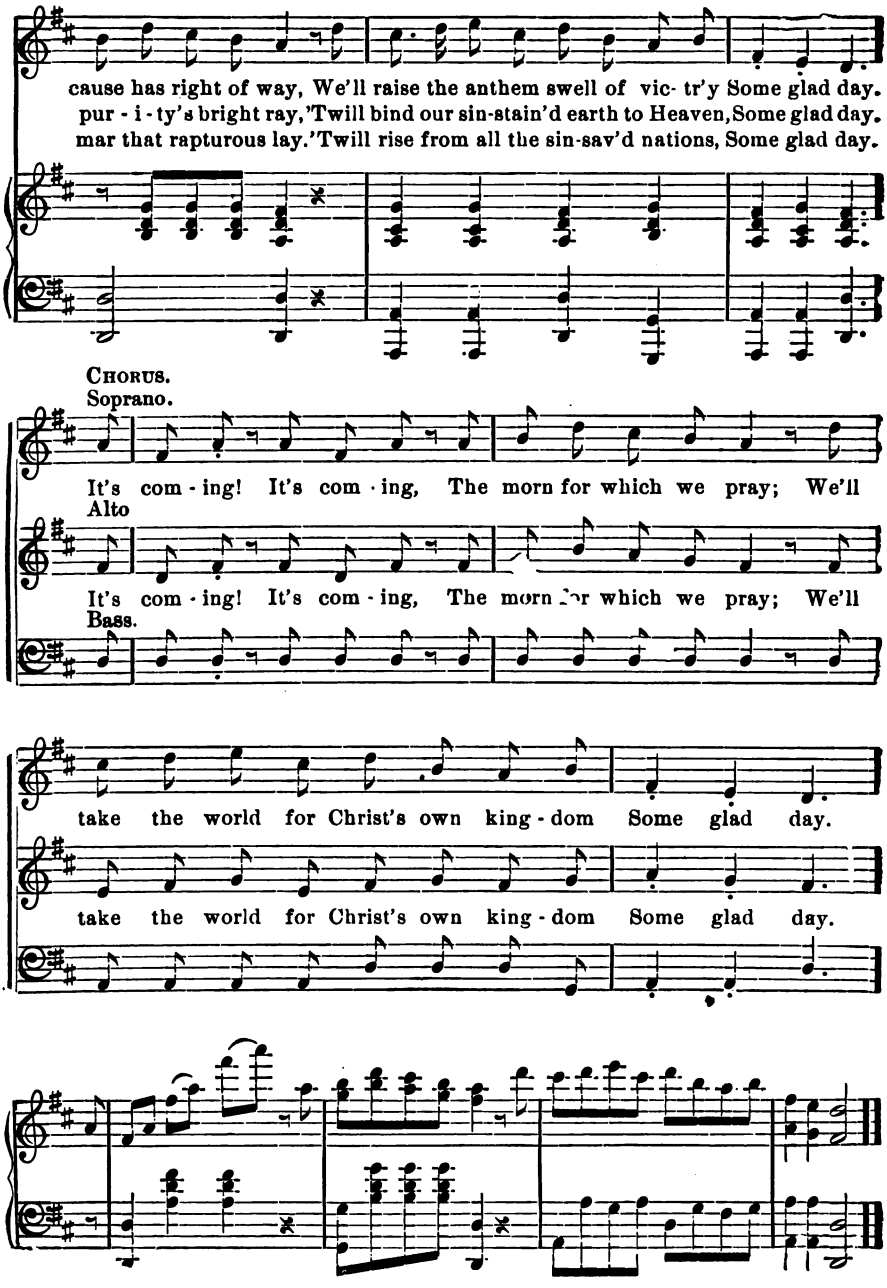
Some Glad Day. Concluded.



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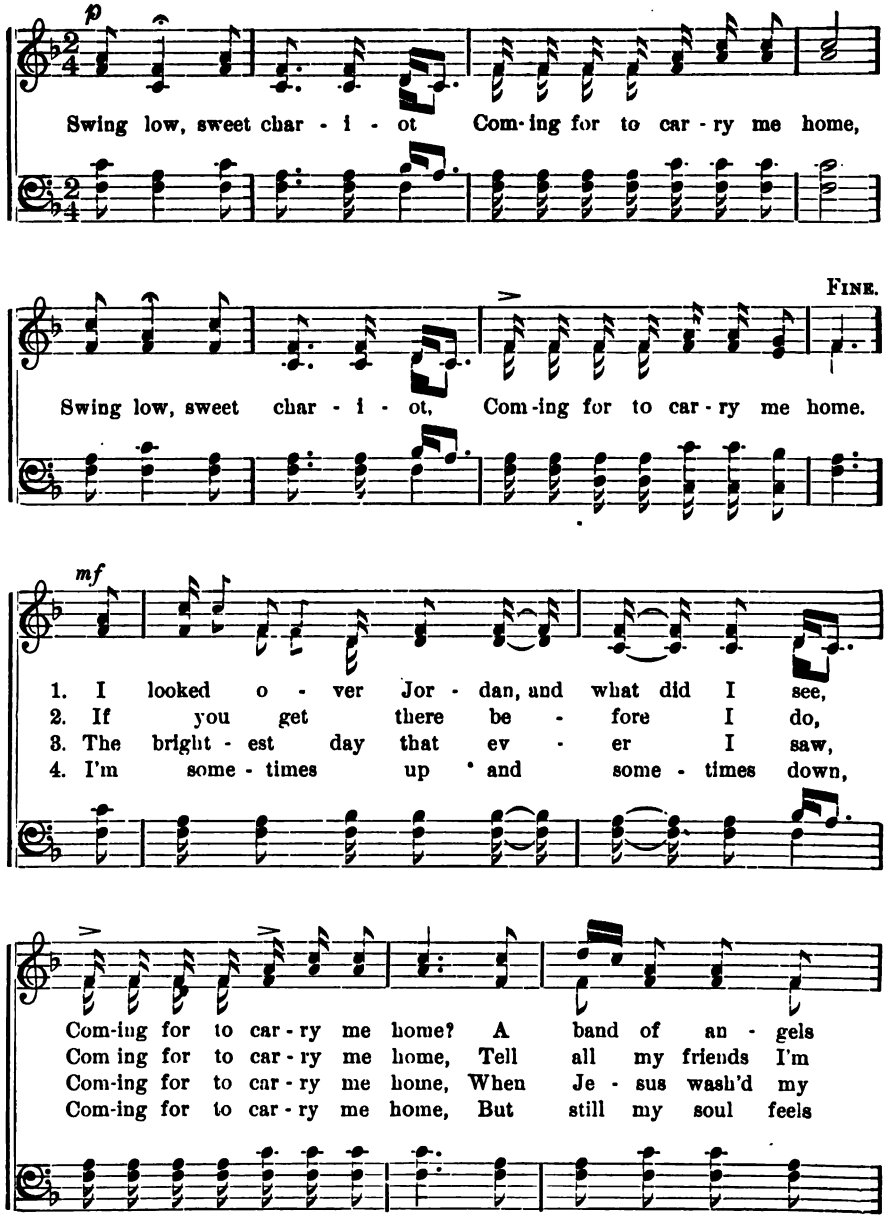
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot.



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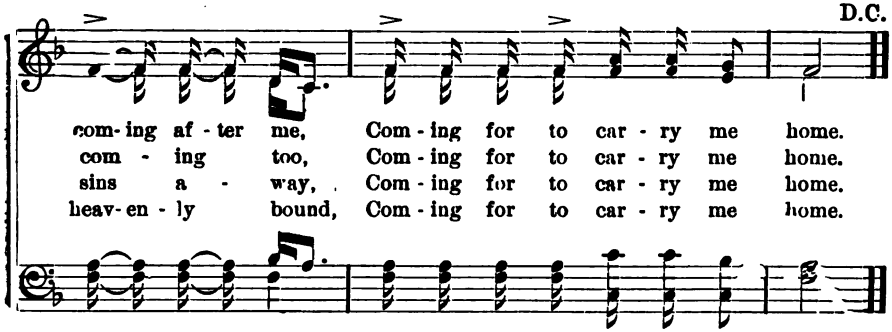
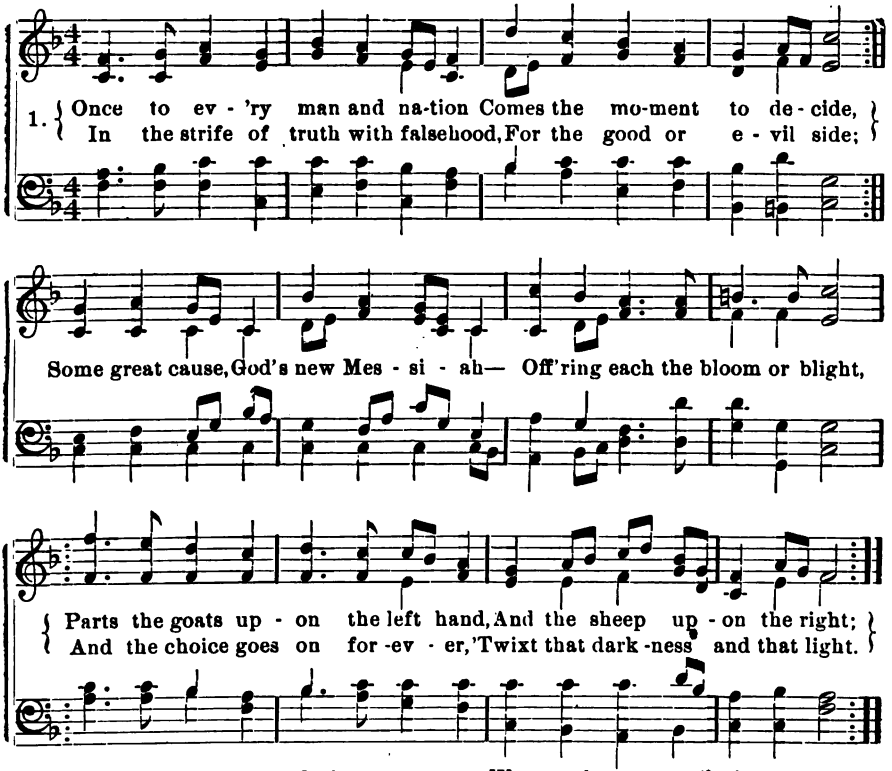
Swing Low, Sweet Chariot. Concluded.

D.C.



The Crisis.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL. FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN.



2 New occasions teach new duties,
Time makes ancient good uncouth;
They must upward still, and onward
Who would keep abreast of Truth;
Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires!
We ourselves must pilgrims be,
Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly
Through the desperate winter sea,
Nor attempt the Future's portal
With the Past's blood-rusted key.

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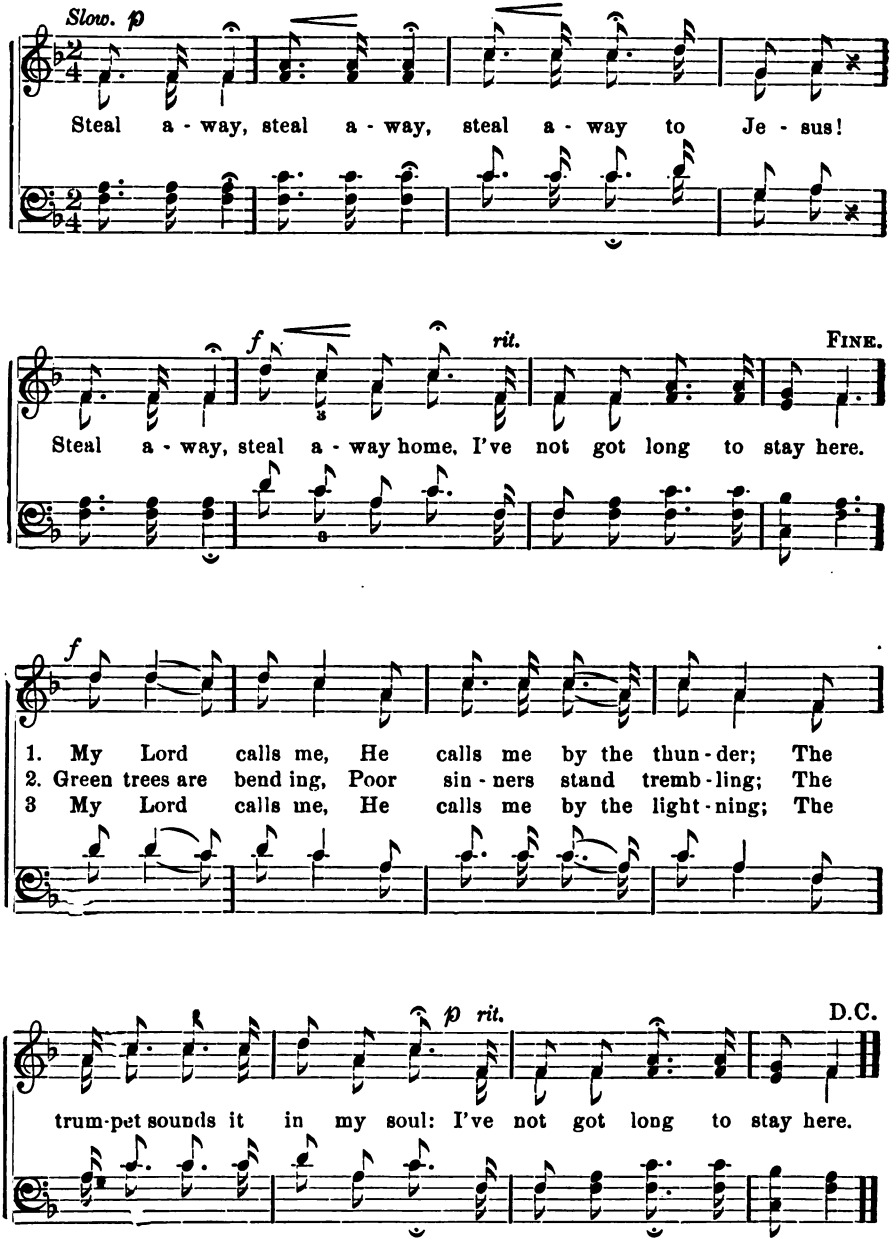
Steal Away.



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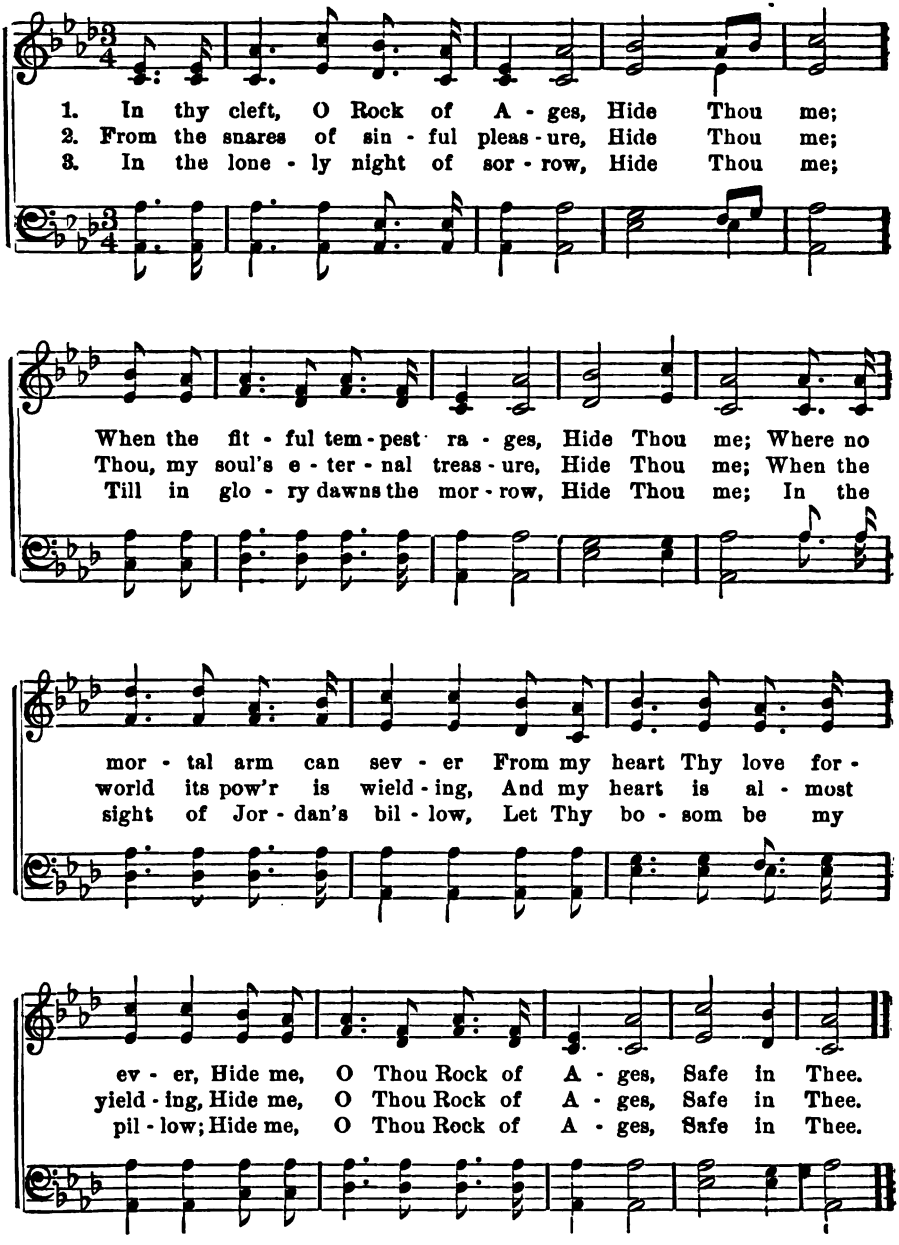
Hide Thou Me.

FANNY J. CROSBY. REV. ROBERT LOWRY.



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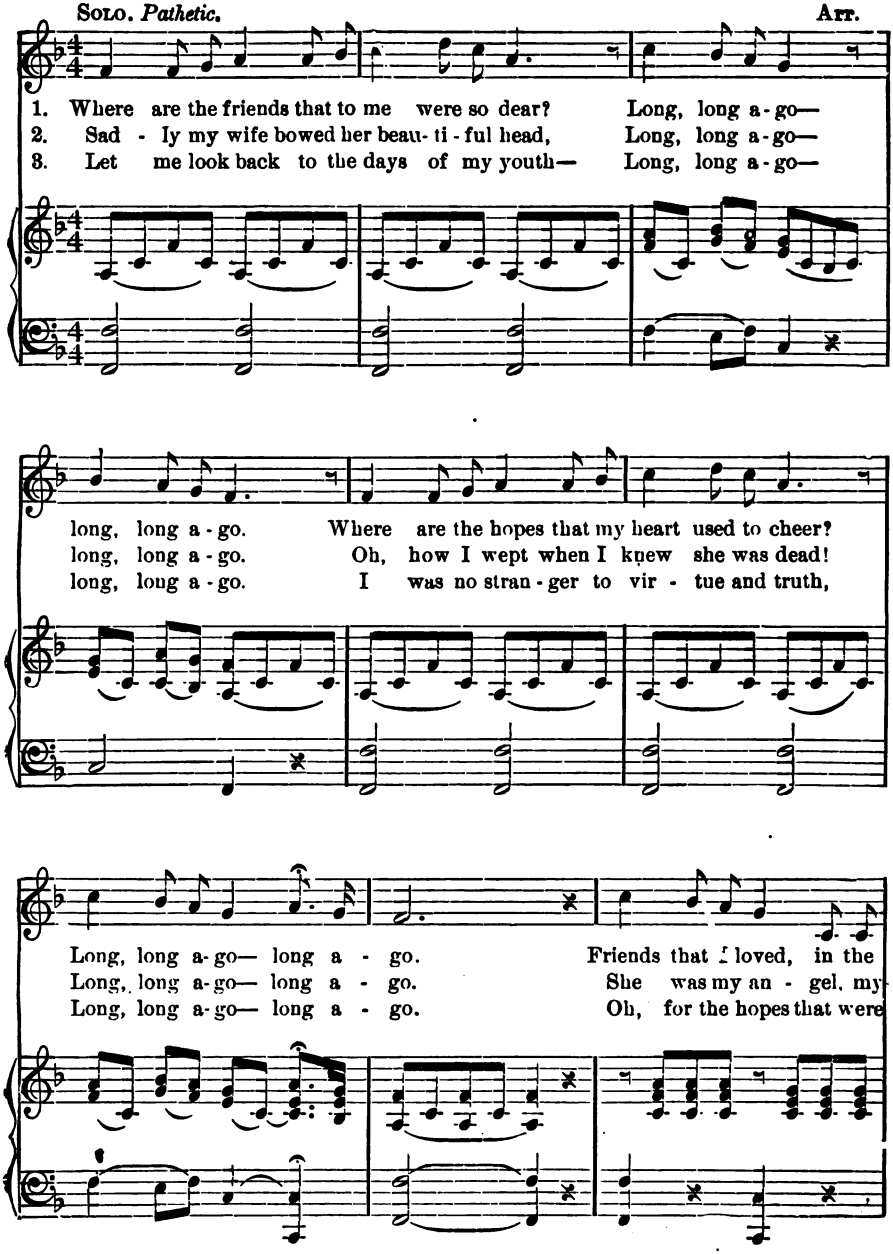
The Inebriate's Lament.

Words written and sung by John B. Gough.

SOLO. *Pathetic.* Arr.



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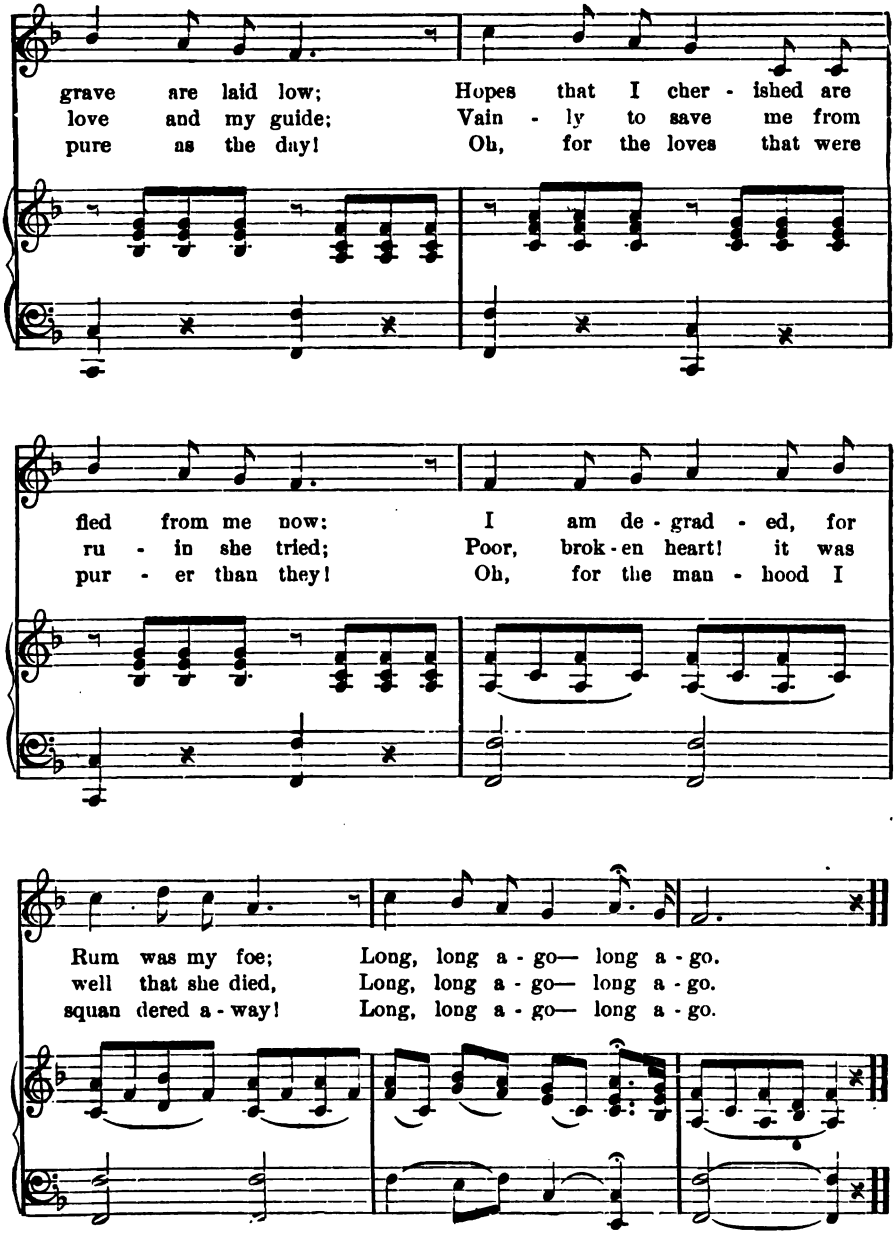

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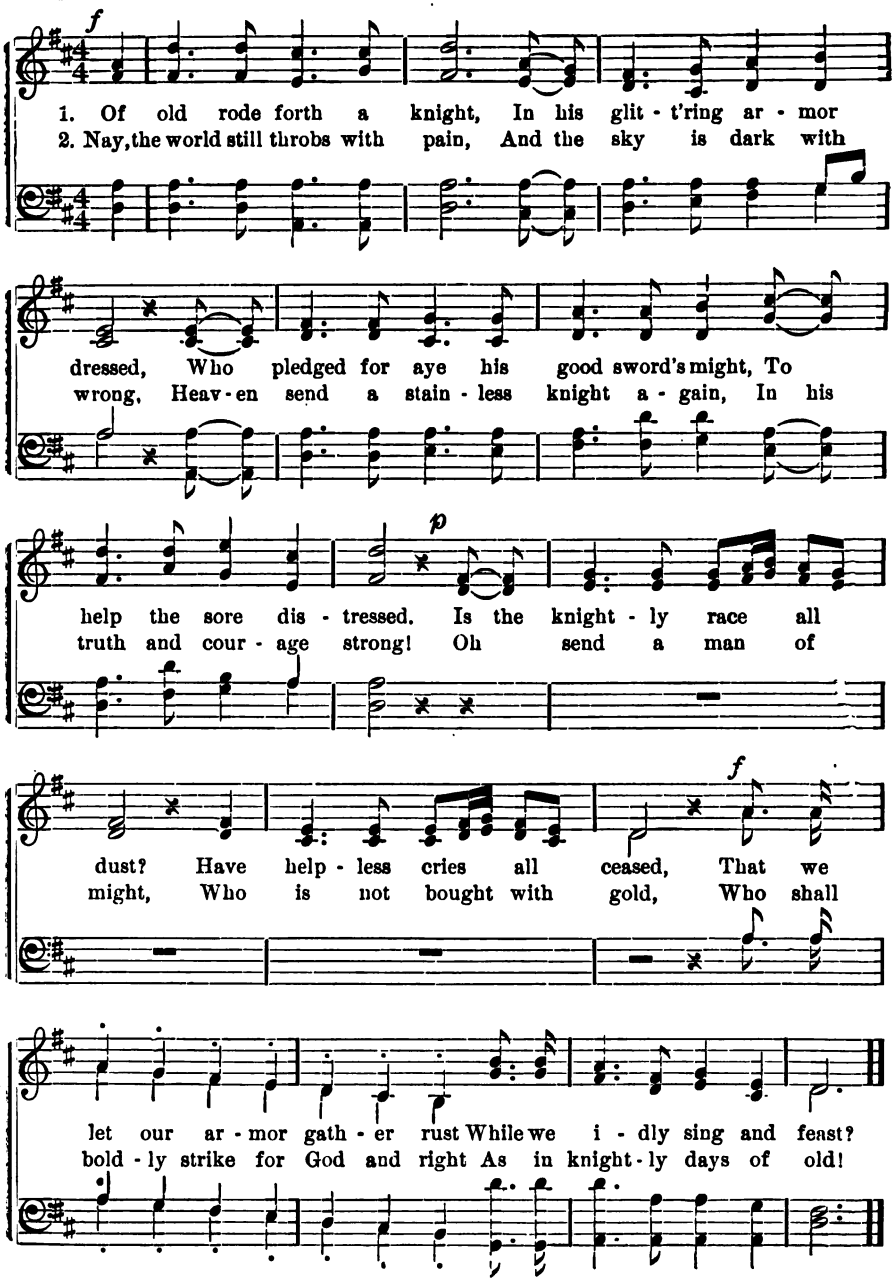
Knighthood,

MARY F. FIELD.



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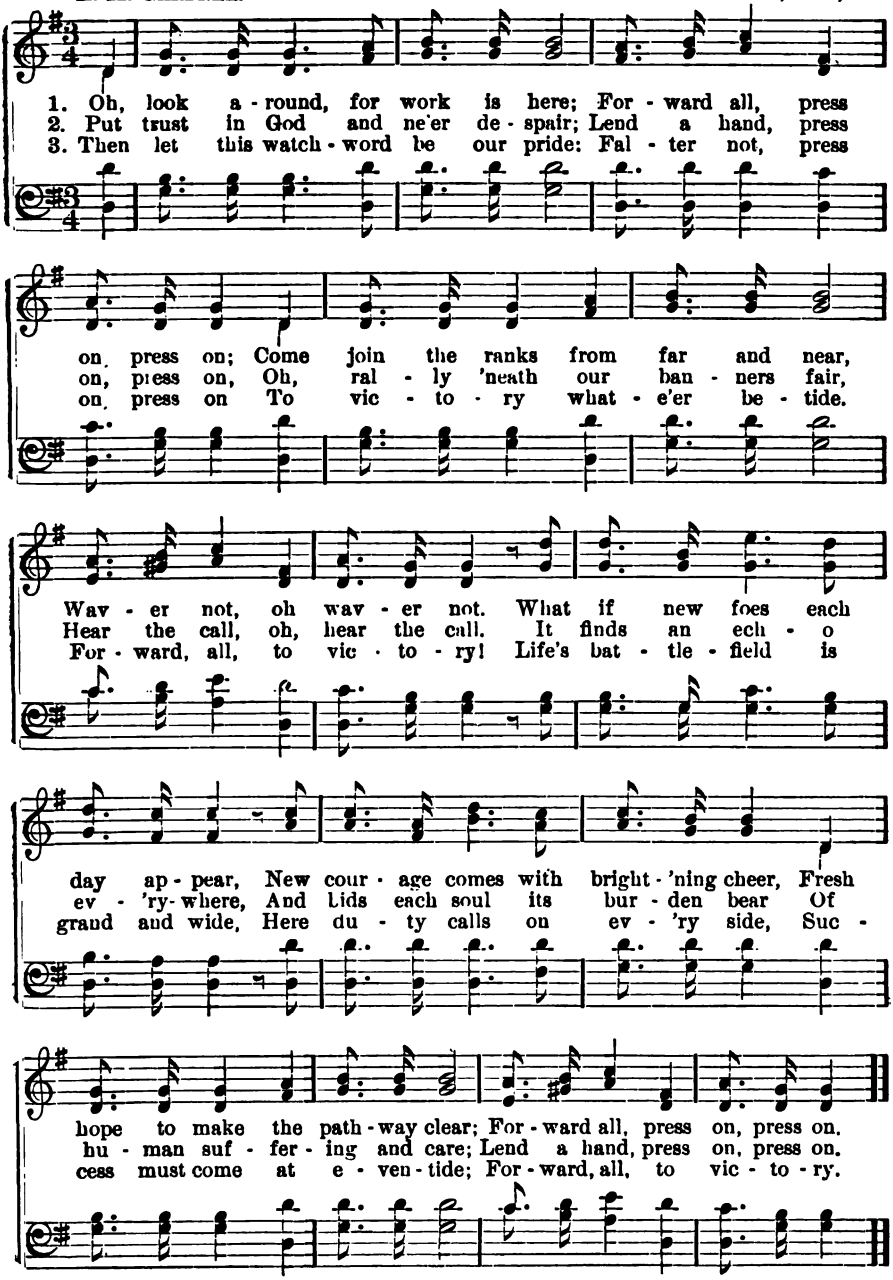
Press On!

L. M. GARDNER. JAS. R. RANDALL, 1861.



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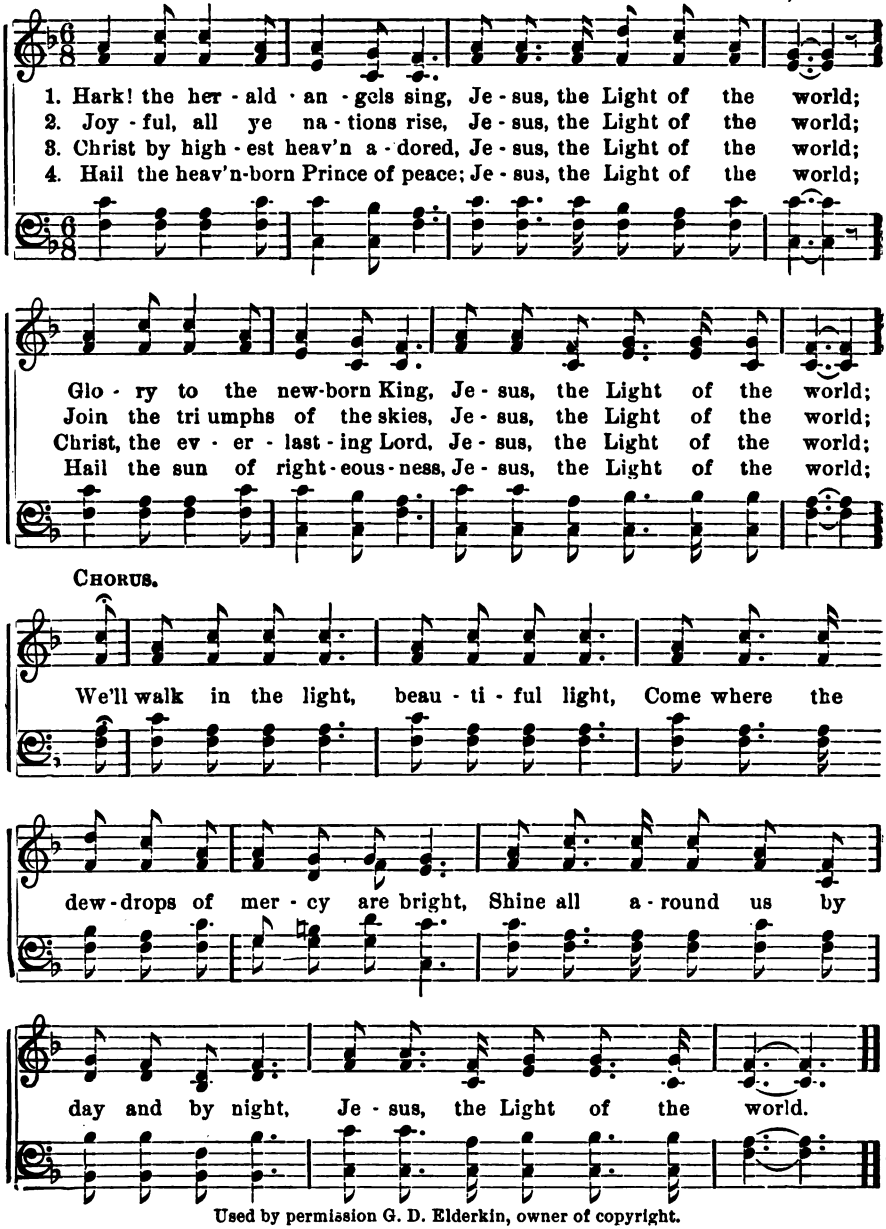
Jesus, the Light of the World.

G. D. E. arr. GEO. D. ELDERKIN, arr.



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N. B.—The words of the familiar hymns, "Rock of Ages," and "Jesus, Lover of my Soul," may be sung to this tune with beautiful effect, using the refrain, "Jesus, the Light of the World."

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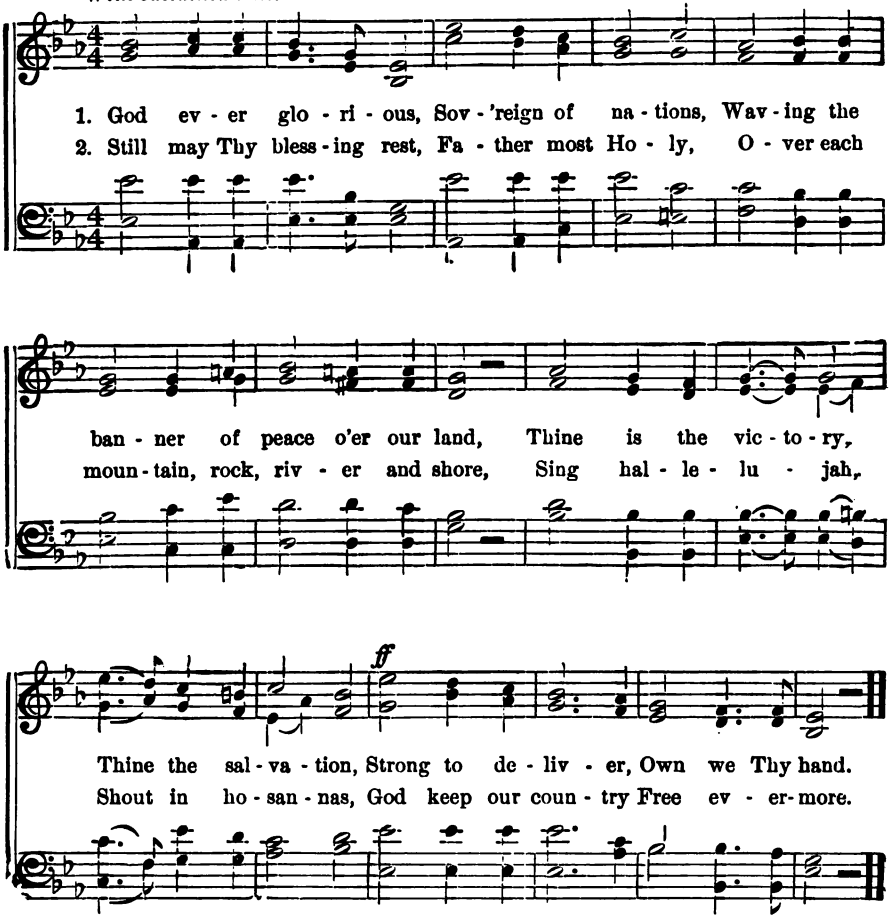
God Ever Glorious.

REV. S. F. SMITH.

With sustained tone.

RUSSIAN HYMN.



Parting Hymn.

MARY A. LIVERMORE.

Tune:—Auld Lang Syne, page 101.

1 Oh, not as strangers do we part,
To sunder far and wide;
We make one household of our Lord,
Whatever may betide.
Has not His love descended here,
In pentecostal might,
And flashed along the electric wires
That link our souls tonight?

2 What if we meet no more as now?
Life is a journey fleet,
And this is but a wayside inn,
Where we refreshment meet.
But in the City of our God,—
When death is over-past,—
The banquet shall be spread anew,
And long as heaven shall last.

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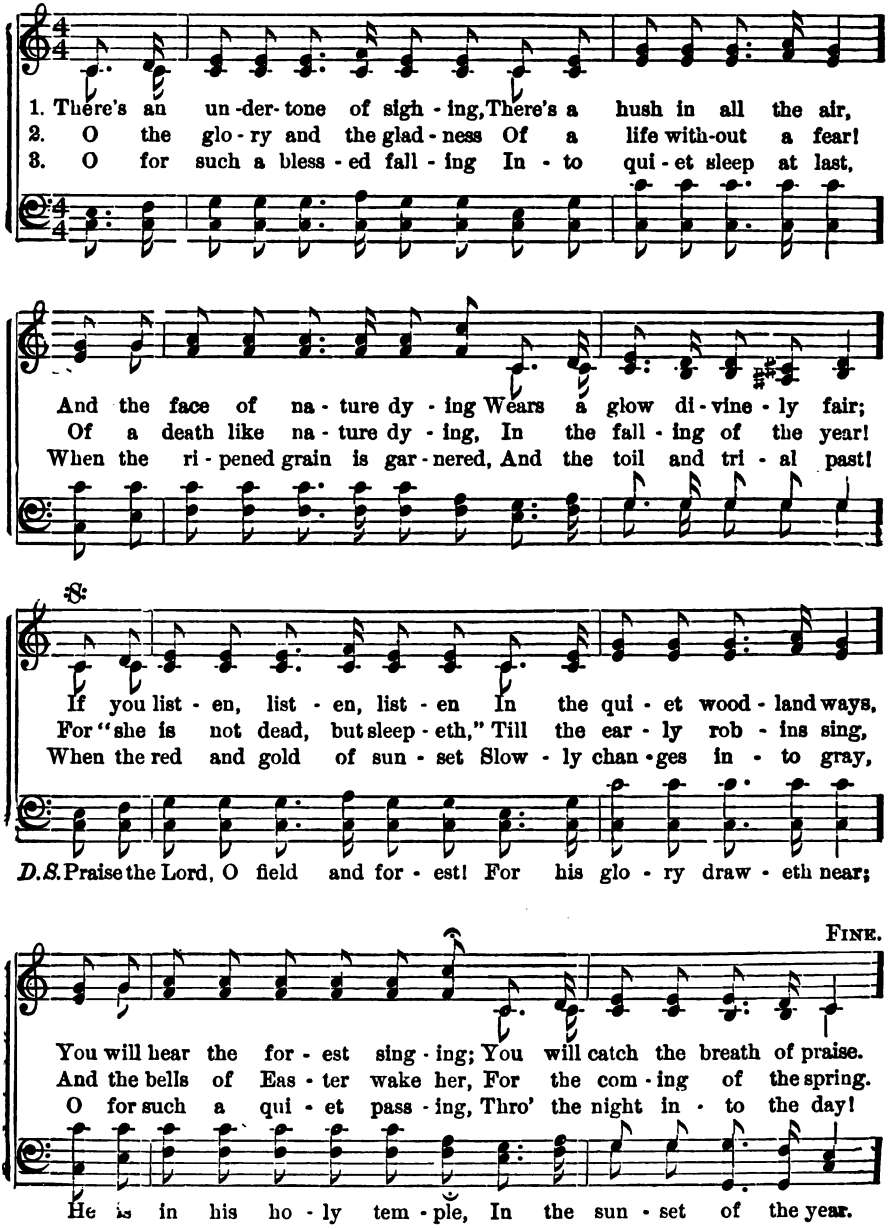
The Sunset of the Year.

MARY A. LATHBURY, 1888. MRS. IONE T. HANNA, 1863.
May be used as Solo and Chorus. Adapted by W. F. S.



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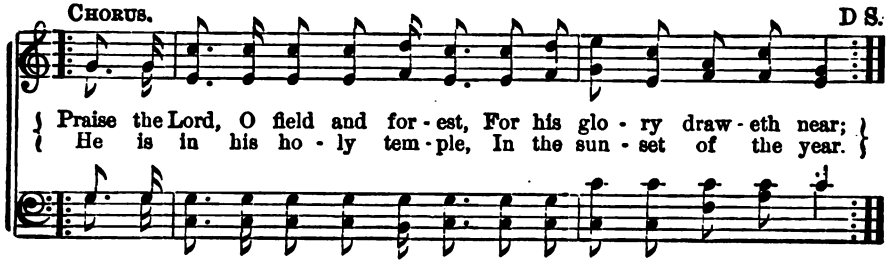
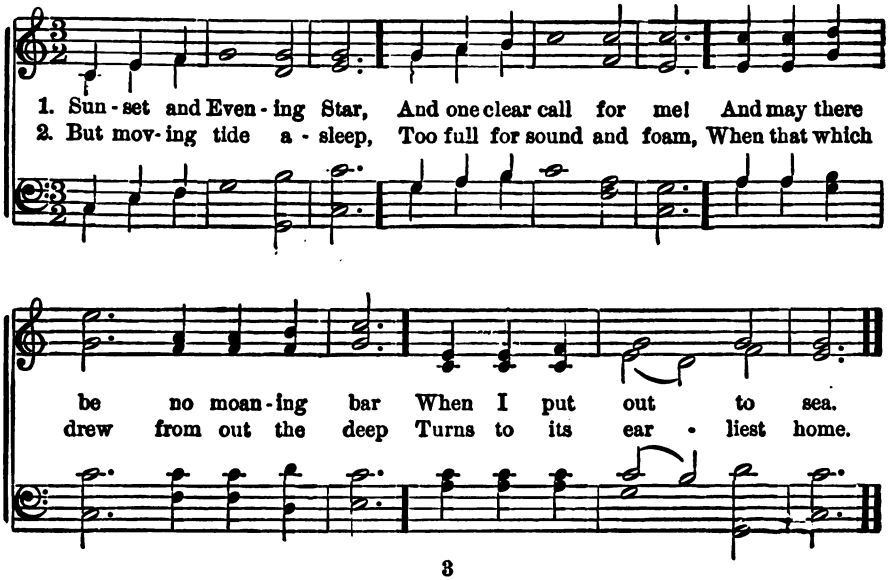


Crossing the Bar.

Words adapted from Tennyson,
by Mrs. Joseph Cook.

"Rialto."



3

Twilight and Evening Bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sad farewell,
When I at last embark;

4

For tho' from Time and Place,
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot's face,
When I have crossed the bar.

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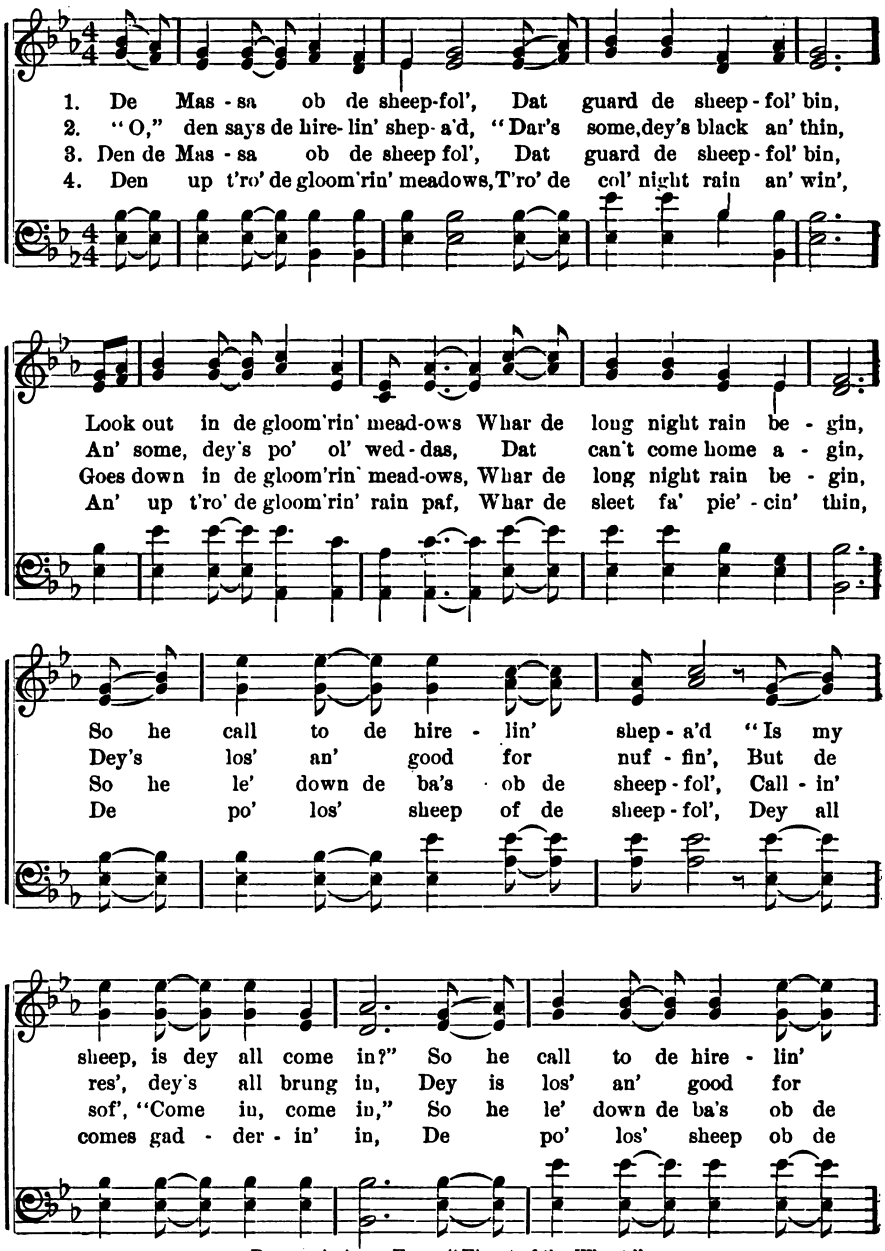
De Massa ob de Sheepfol'.

Miss McLean. J. M. Whyte.



By permission. From "Finest of the Wheat."

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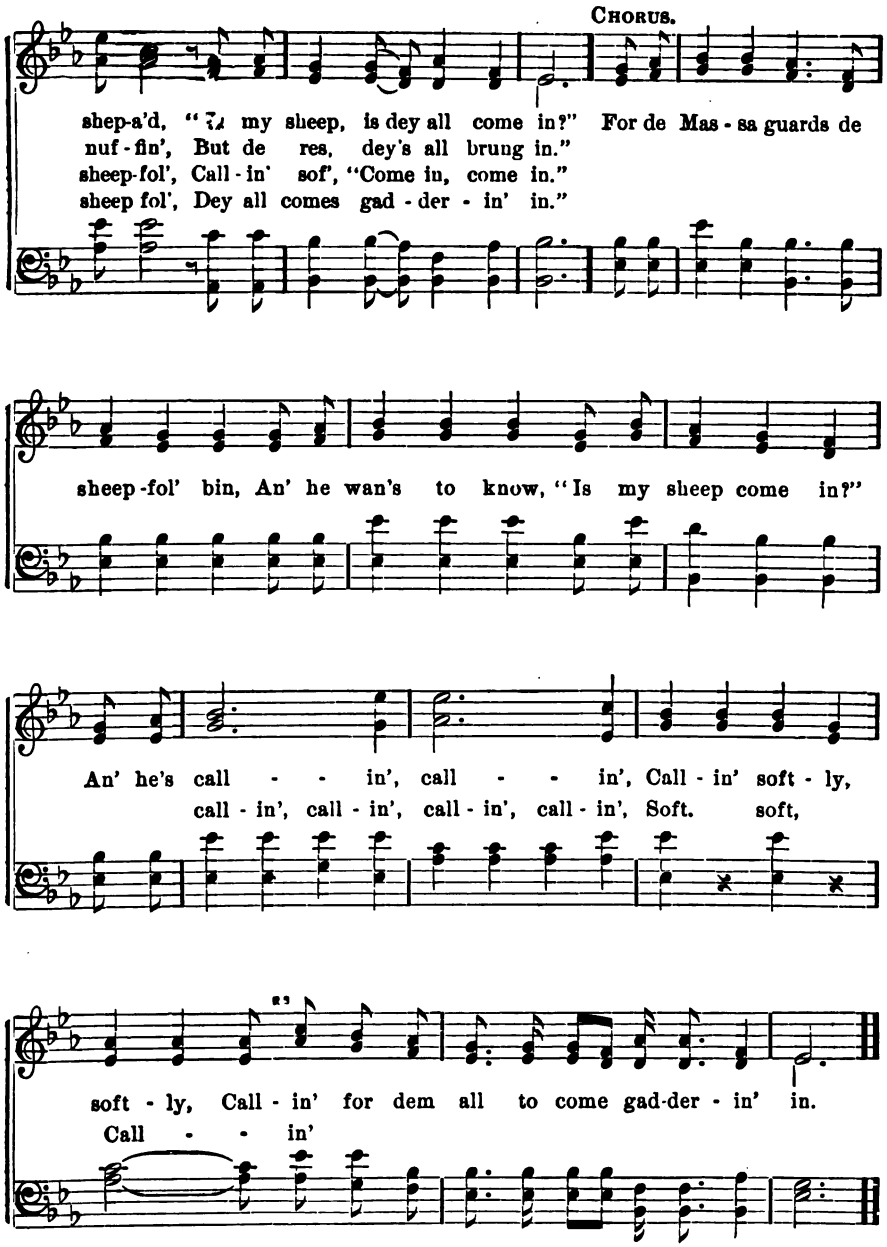

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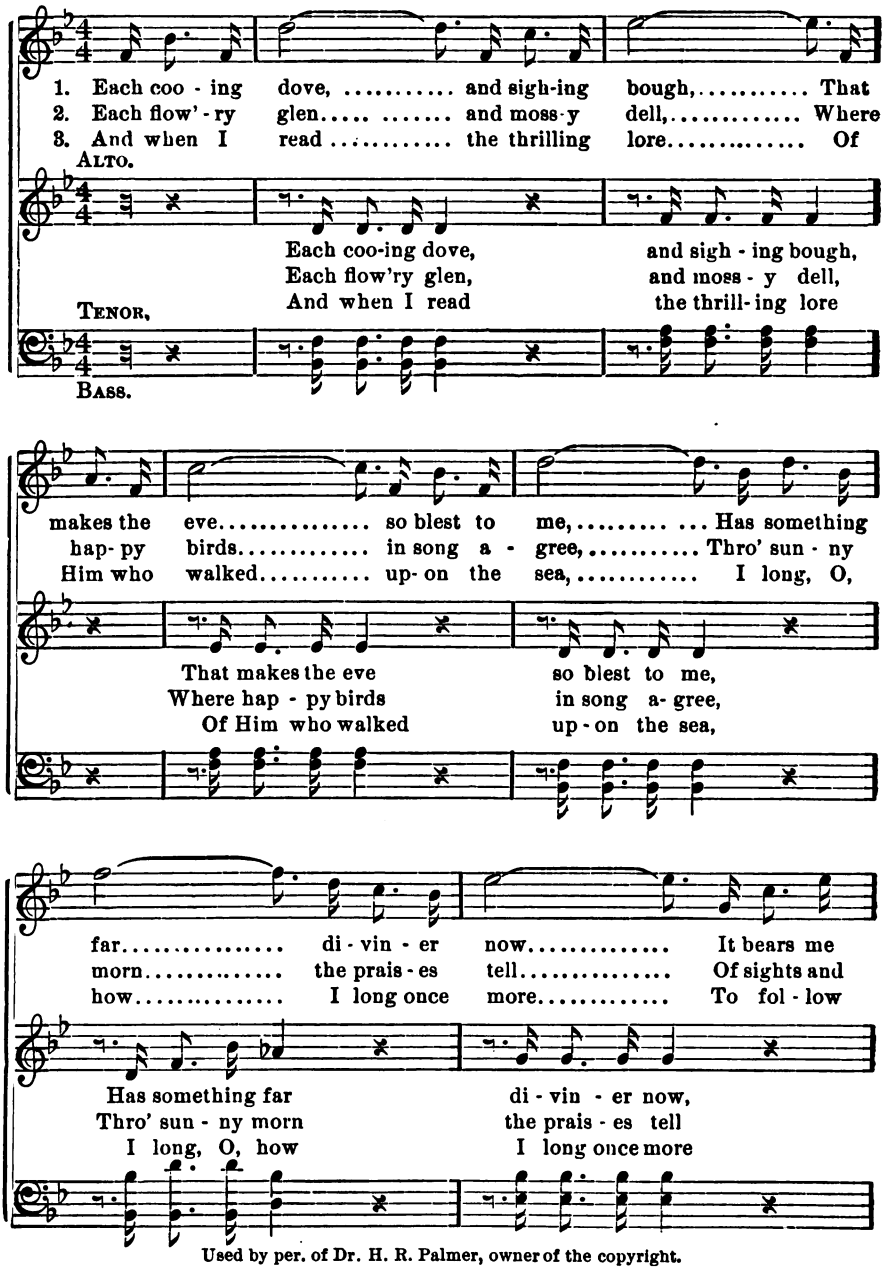
MEMORIES OF GALILEE.

Words by ROBERT MORRIS, LL. D. Music by H. R. PALMER.



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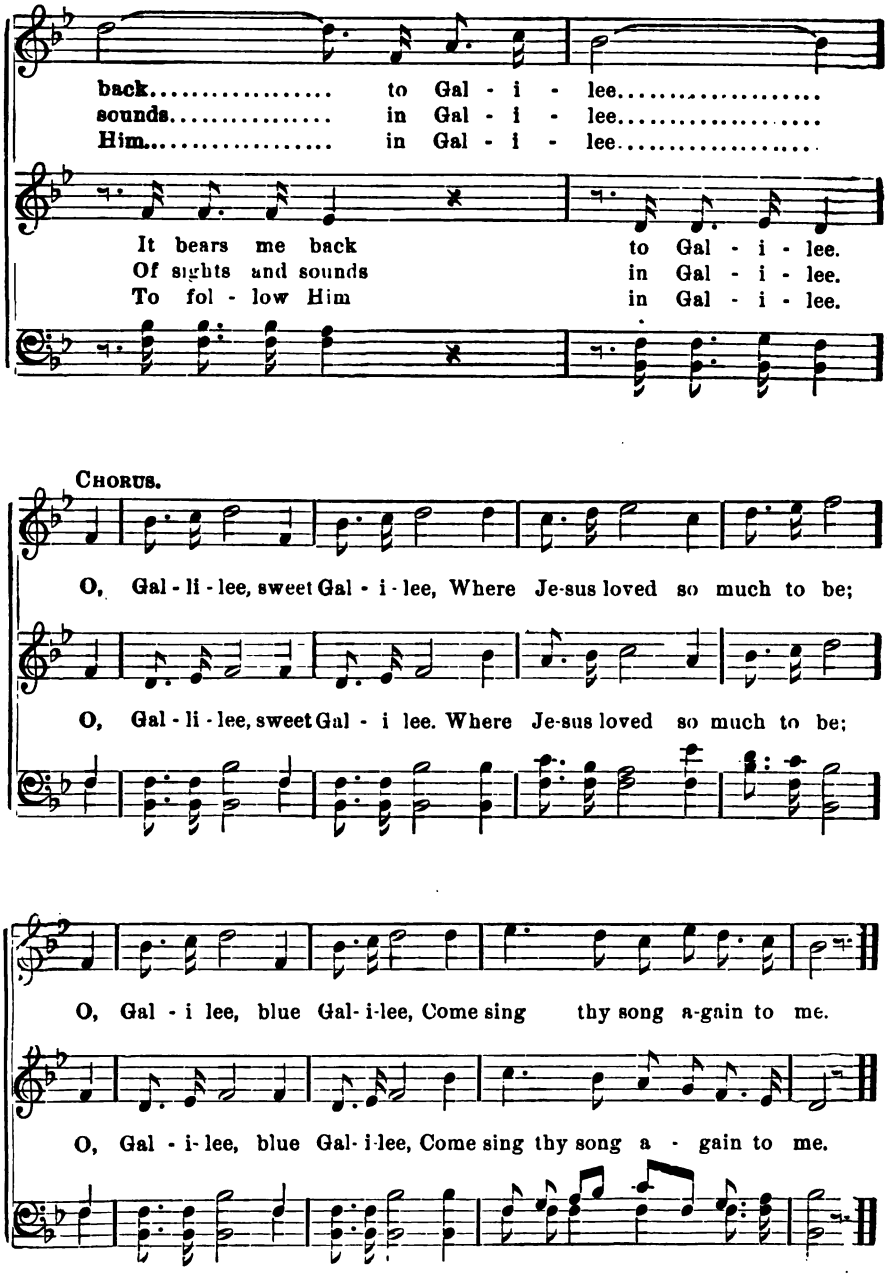

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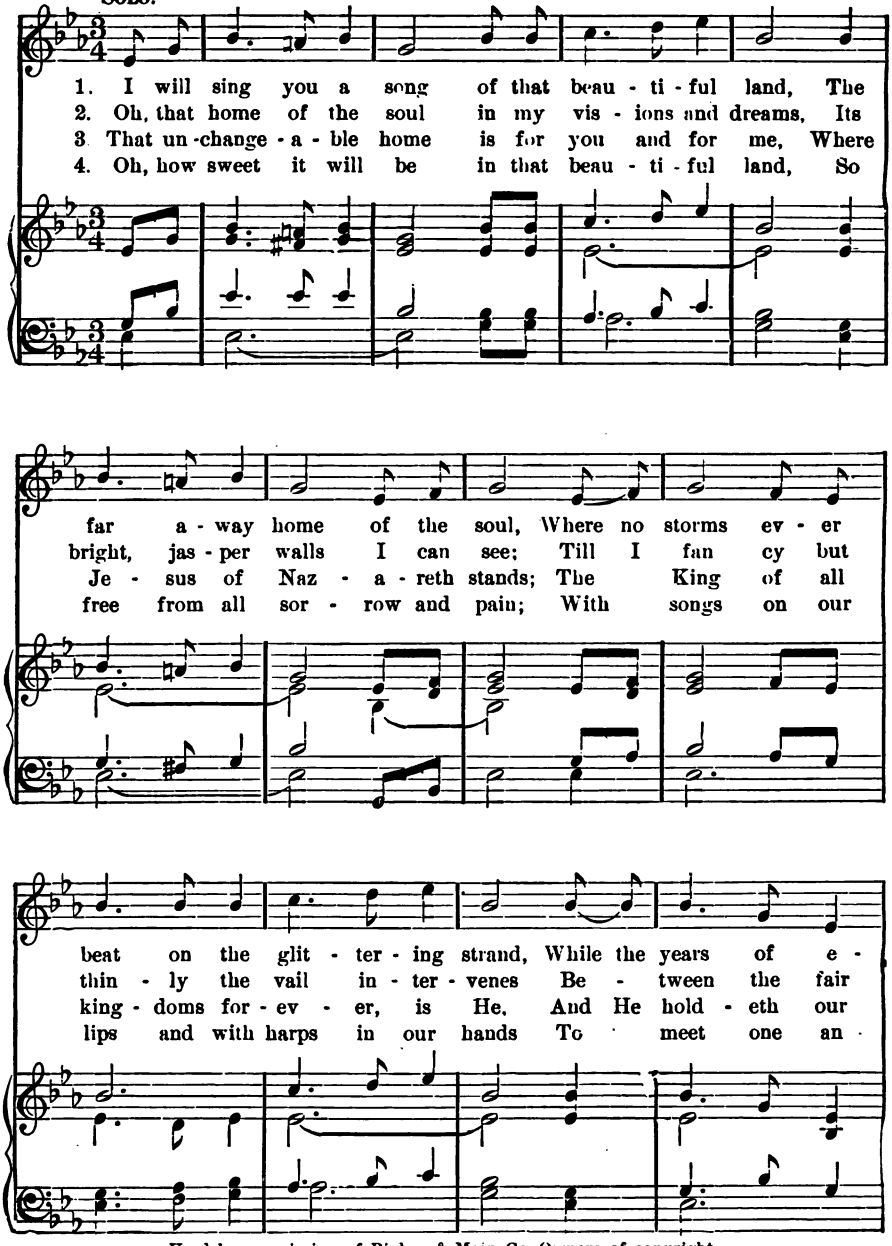
Home of the Soul.

PHILIP PHILLIPS. ARR.

SOLO.



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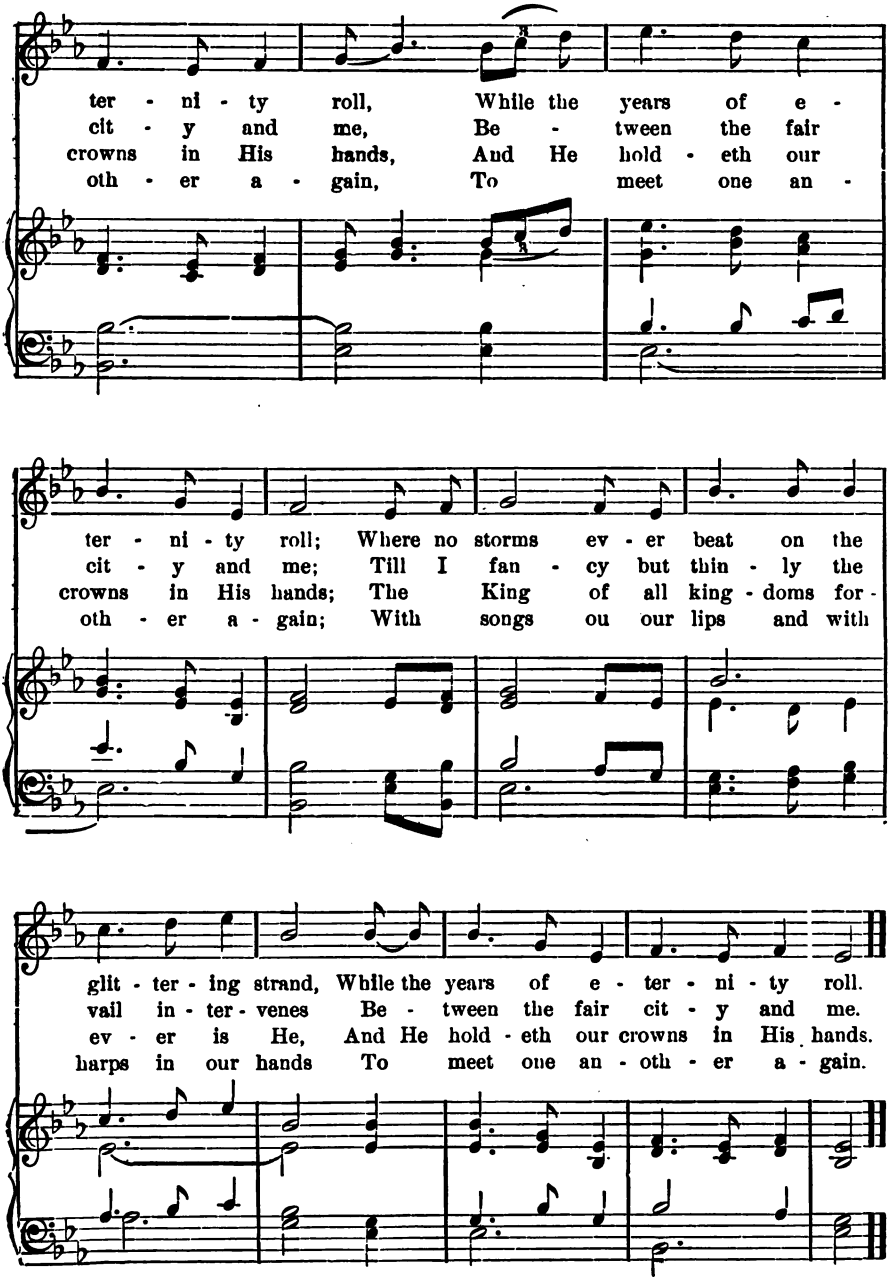

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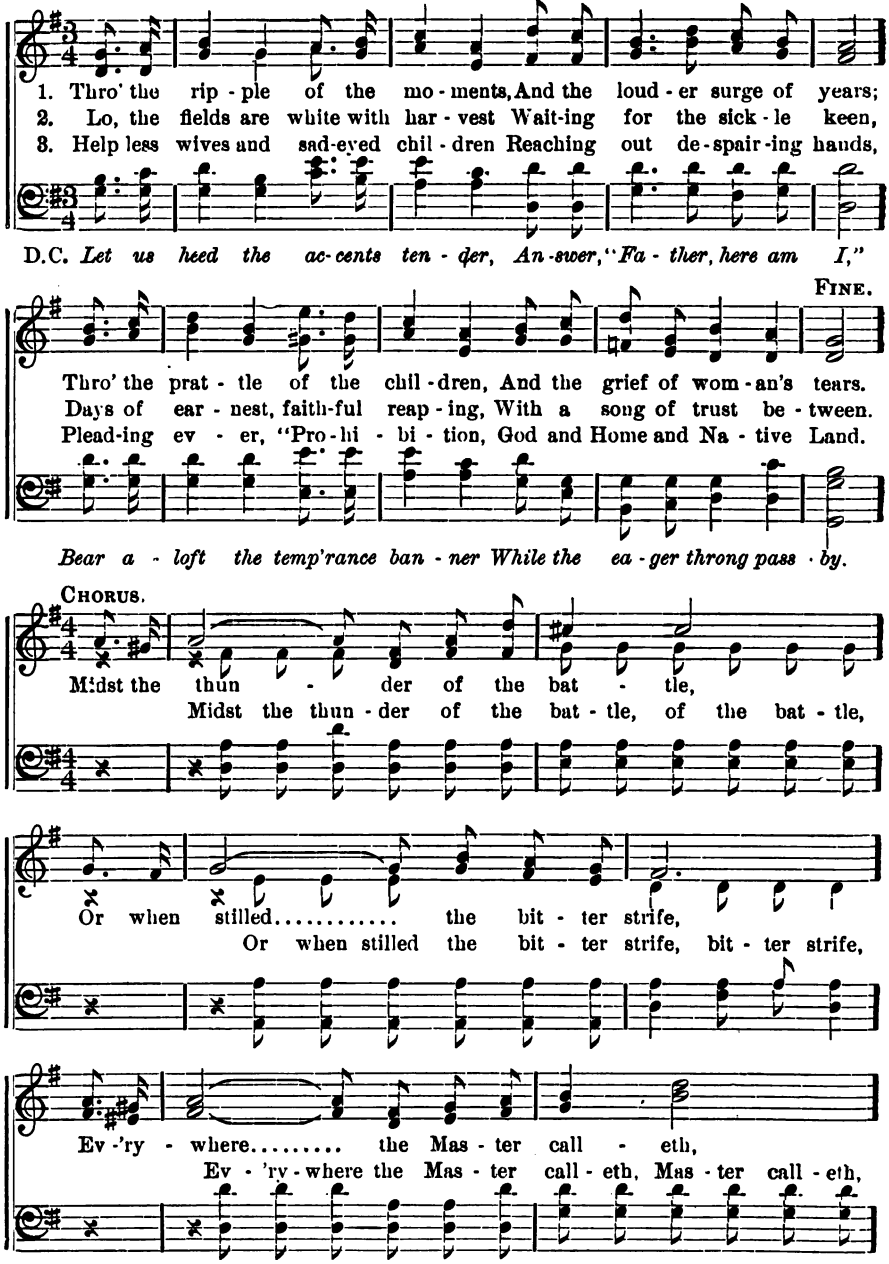
Prohibition.

MARY E. GRISWOLD. A. BEIRLY.



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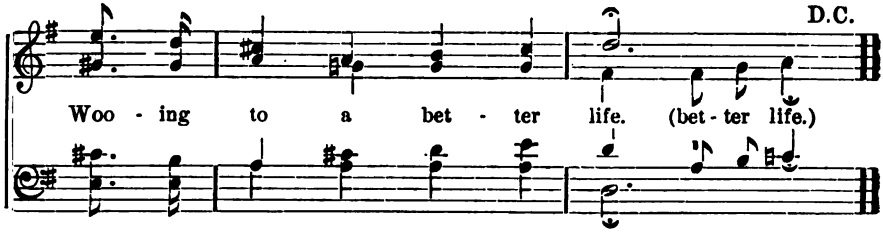
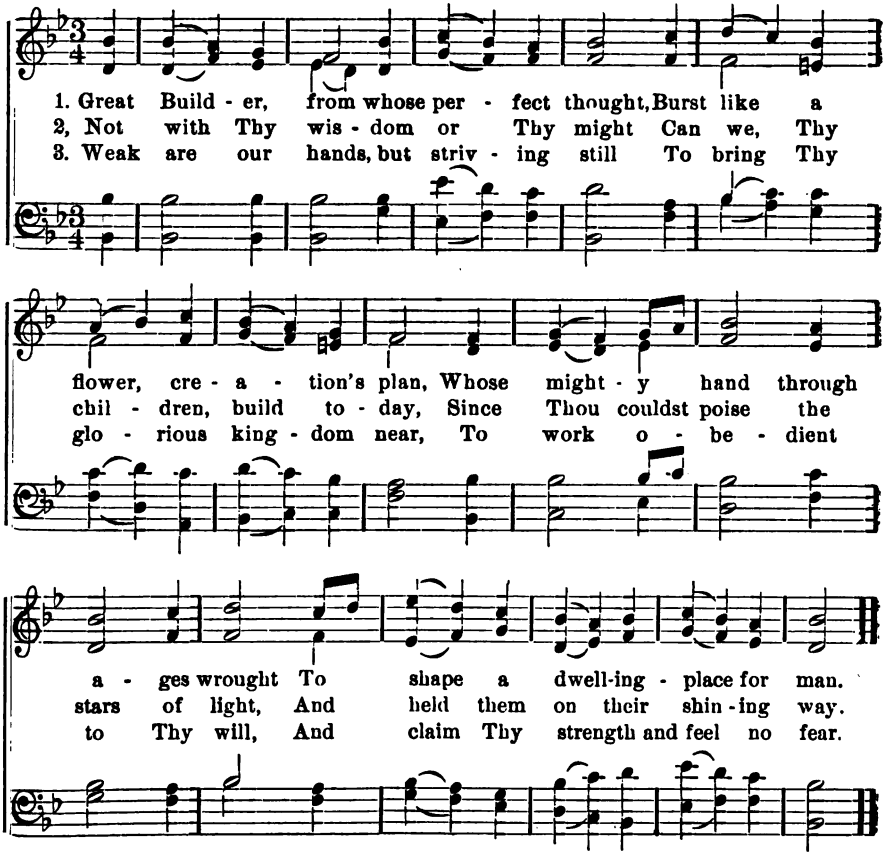


The Corner Stone.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. WILLIAM KNAPP.



4 Builder divine, beside each rope
Let thy bright angels stand to-day,
Angels of Patience, Faith, and Hope,
Unseen our cornerstone to lay.

5 Speed thou the work until we raise
With shouts of joy the topmost dome,
And grateful say, amid our praise,
We do but give Thee back Thine own.

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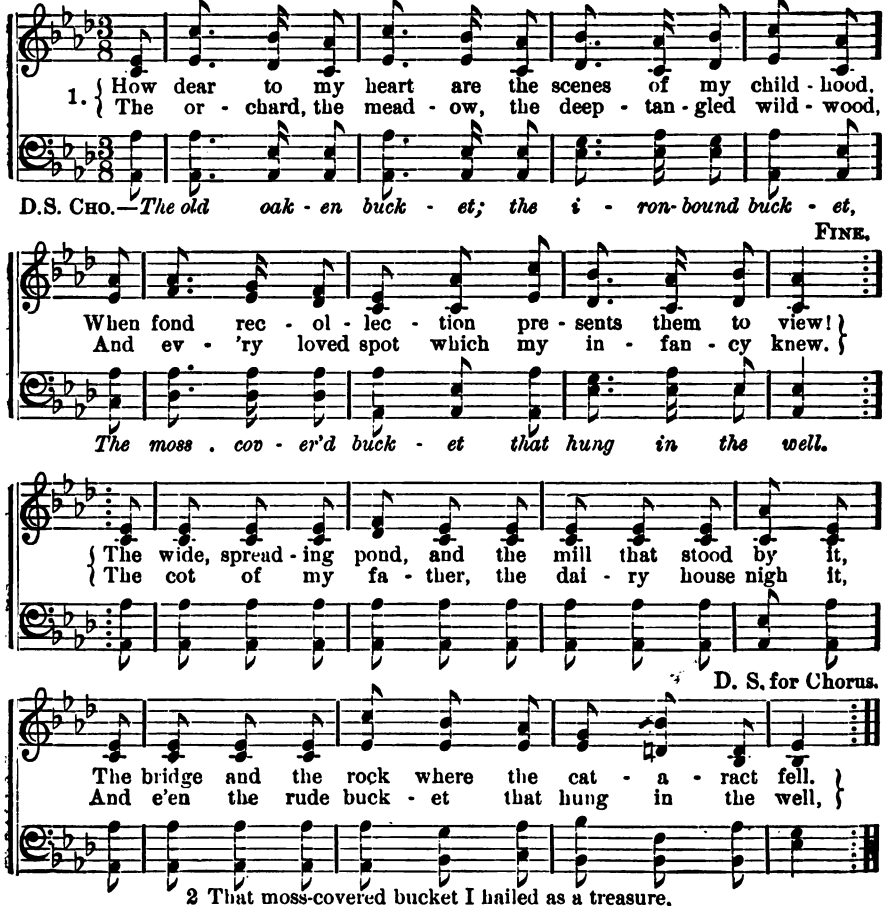
The Old Oaken Bucket.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH. **Solo or Quartet.**



2 That moss-covered bucket I hailed as a treasure,
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure.
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell,
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well.
CHO —The old oaken bucket, etc.

3 How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Tho' filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved habitation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket that hung in the well.
CHO.—The old oaken bucket, etc.

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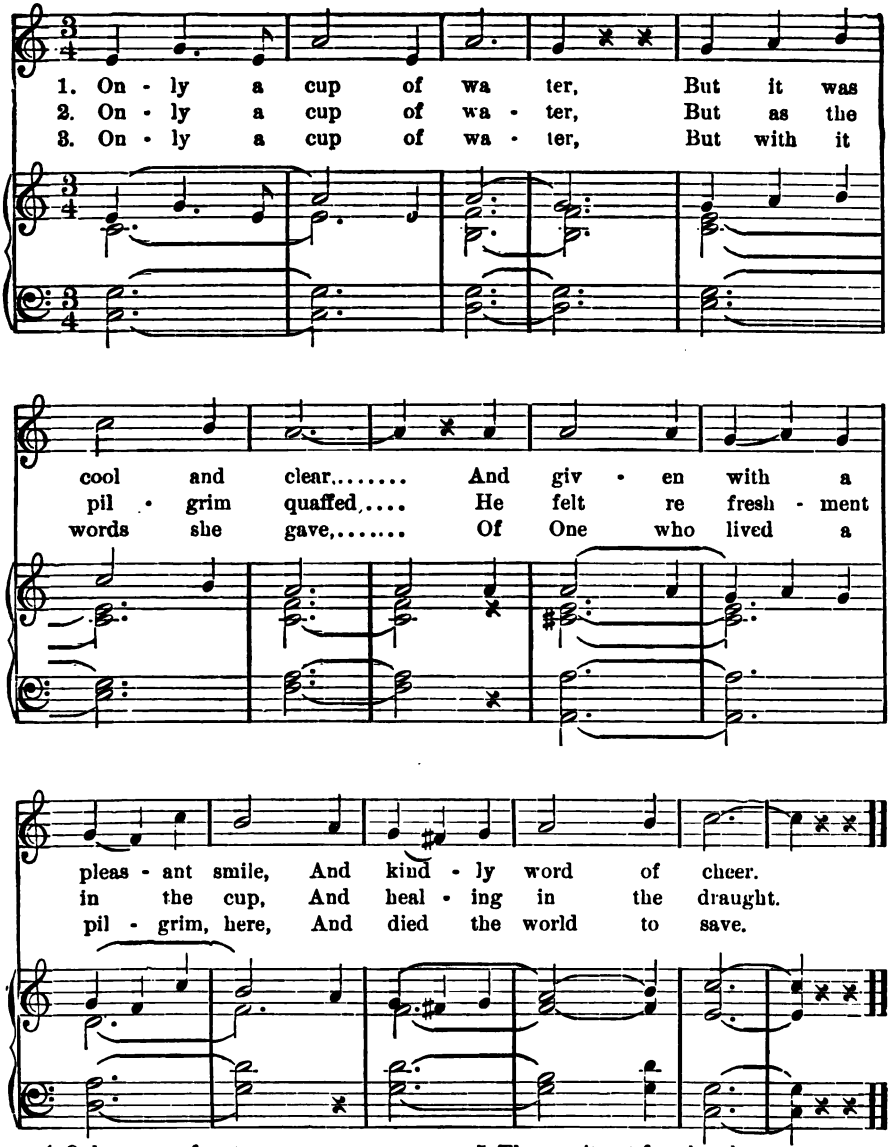
A Cup of Cold Water.

JULIA M. BENNETT. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.



4 Only a cup of water,
'Twas all she had to give,
But while his life and sense remain,
That memory will live.

5 Then wait not for abundance,
Give of your little store;
With gentle word and willing hand,
He asketh nothing more.

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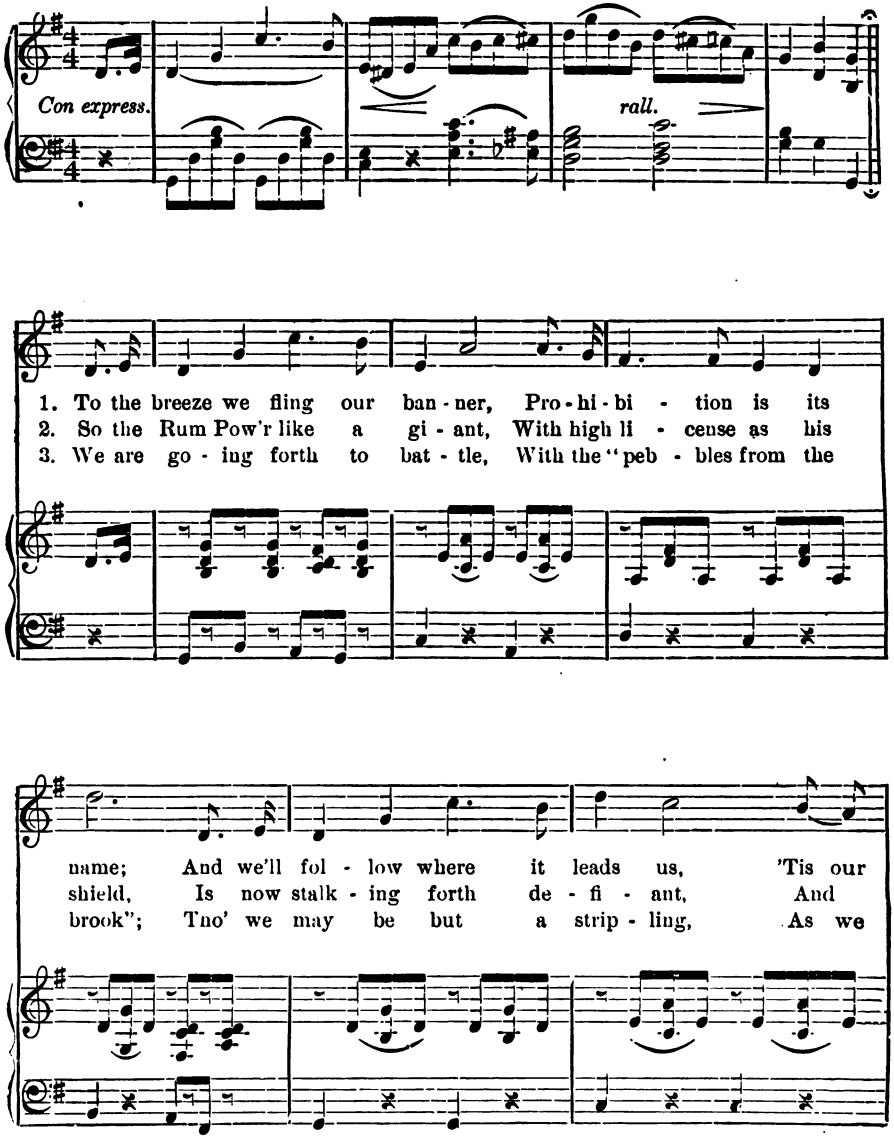
To the Breeze We Fling Our Banner.

Prohibition Song and Chorus.

Dr. I L. ANDREWS. Dr. M. J. MUNGER.



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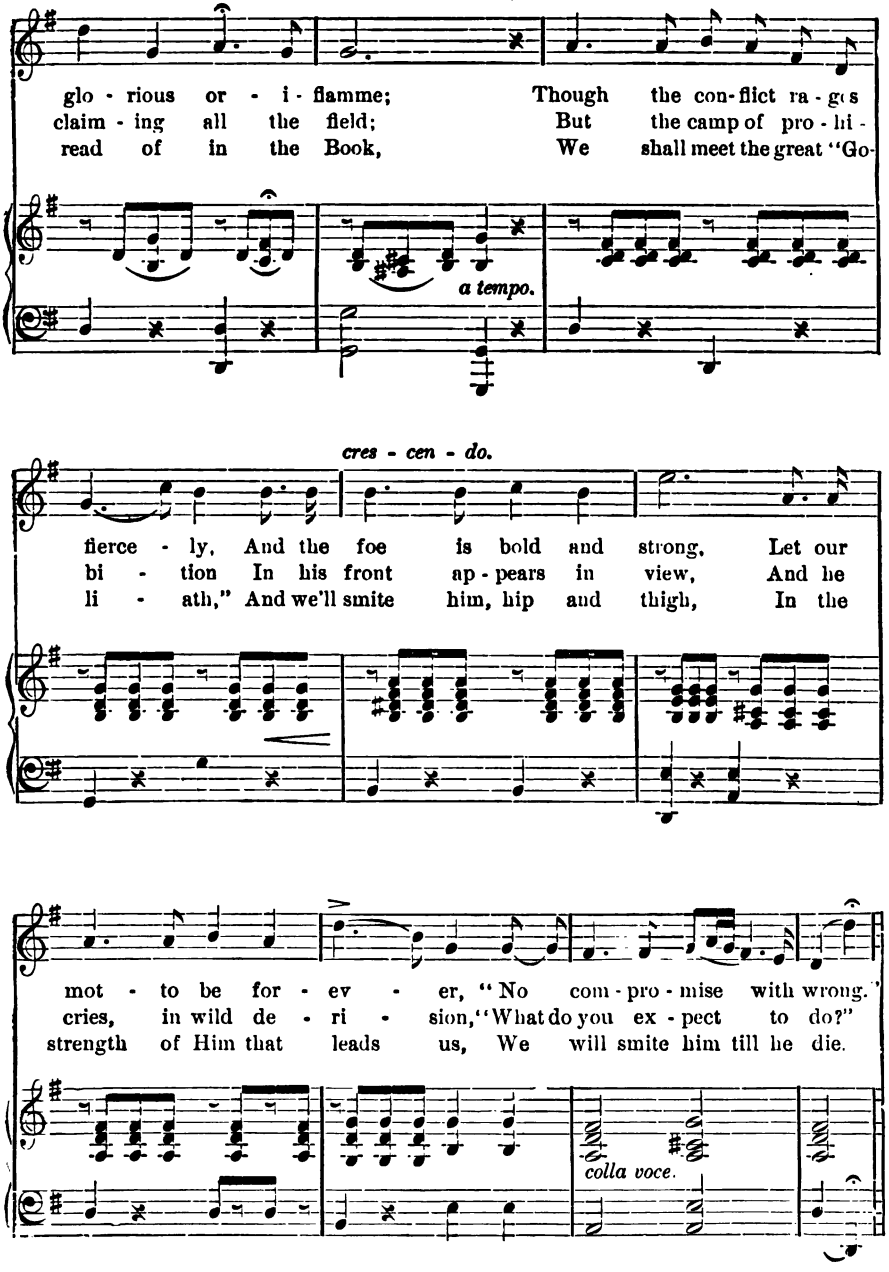

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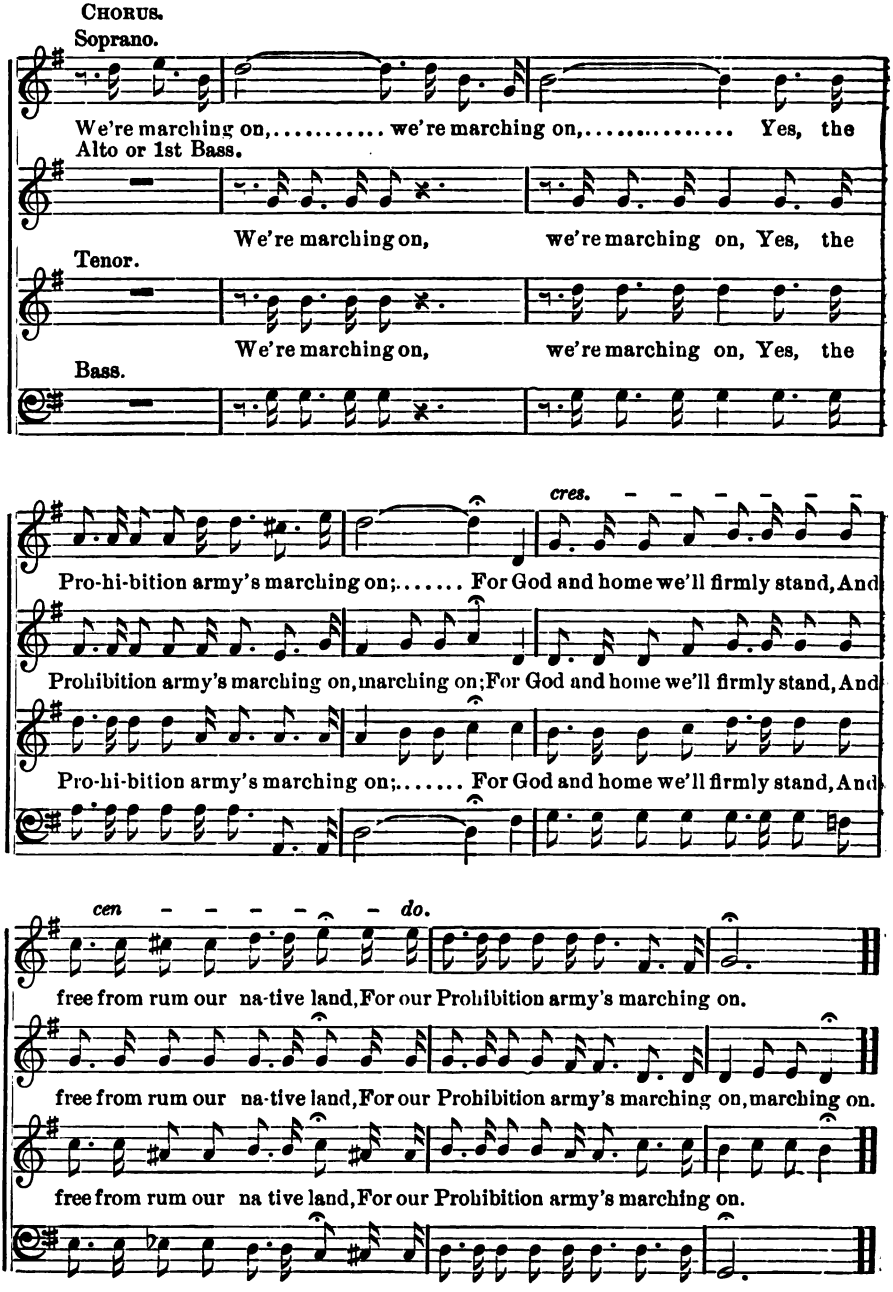
To the Breeze We Fling Our Banner. Concluded.



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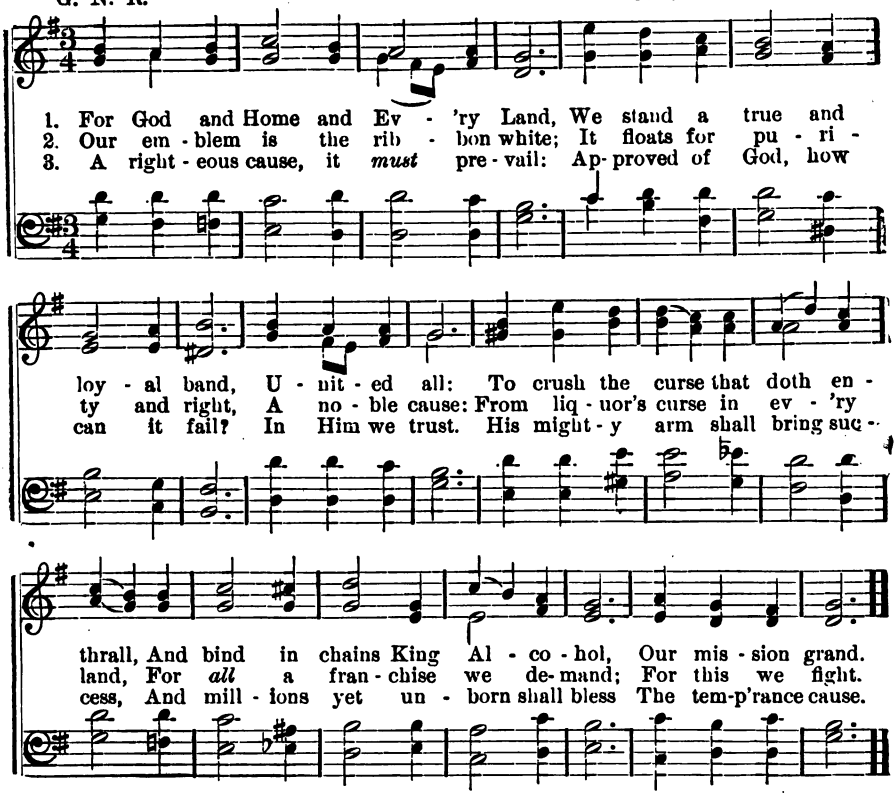
The Union Battle Hymn.

Dedicated to the W. C. T. U.

G. N. R. GEO. NOYES ROCKWELL.



Home Protection Hymn.

MARY A. LATHBURY. *Tune*: "Arise and Shine."*

1 O trust ye in the Lord forever!
Strong is His arm, and wide His love;
He keepeth truth, He faileth never,
Though earth, and sea, and heaven remove.

CHORUS.

Sing to the Lord! He goes before us;
His strength is ours, His truth shall stand
Till East and West shall join the chorus,
"For God, and Home and Native Land."

2 Be strong, O men, who bear in battle
For us the banner and the shield;
For strong to conquer, as to suffer,
Is He who leads you in the field.

3 Lift up your eyes, O women, weeping
Beside your dead! The dawning day
Has rent the seal of death forever,
And angels roll the stone away.

4 Room for the right! Make room before us
For truth and righteousness to stand;
And plant the holy banner o'er us:
"For God, and Home and Native Land."

* Gospel Hymns, No. 74, in No. 2.

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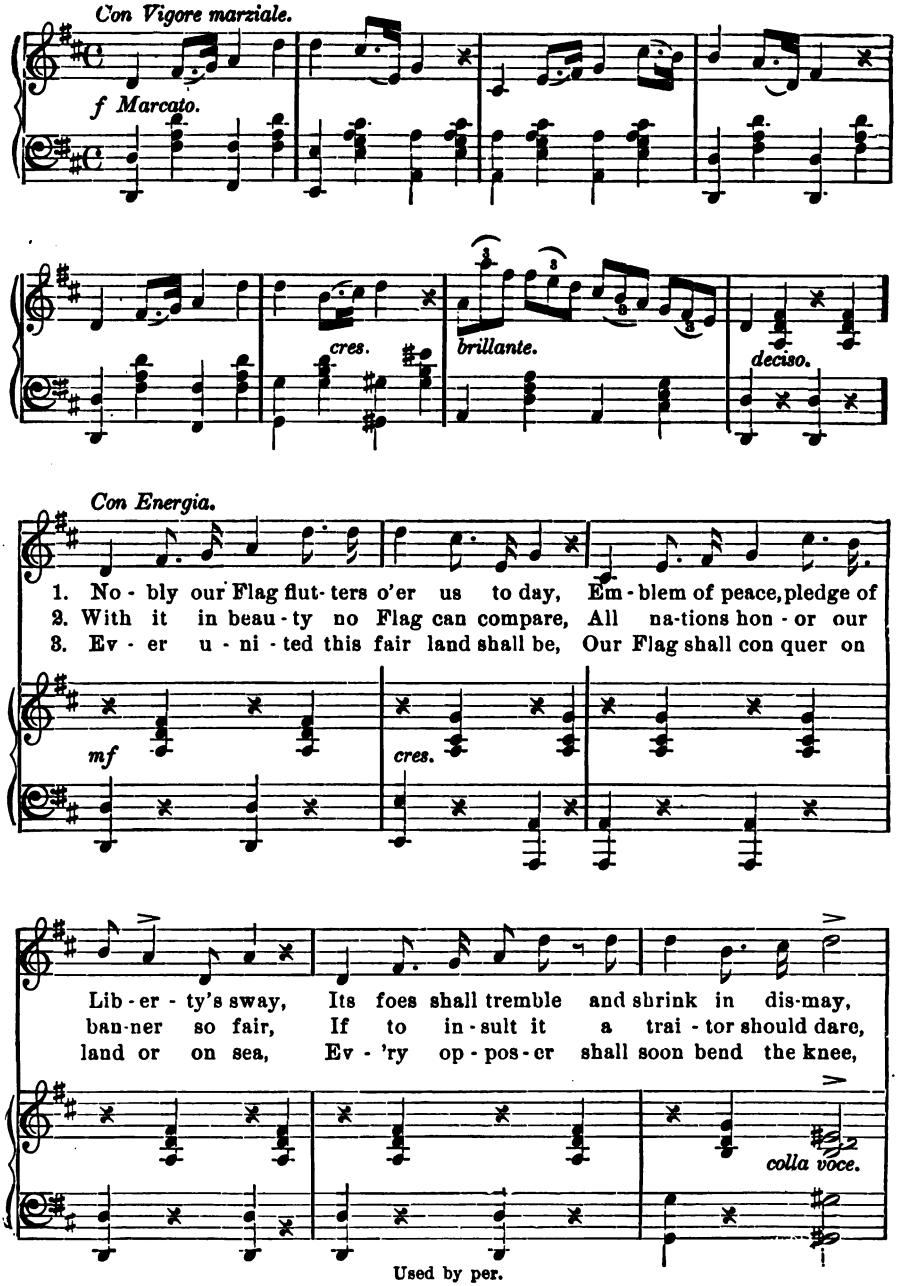
Flag of the Free.

H. M.

HARRISON MILLARD.



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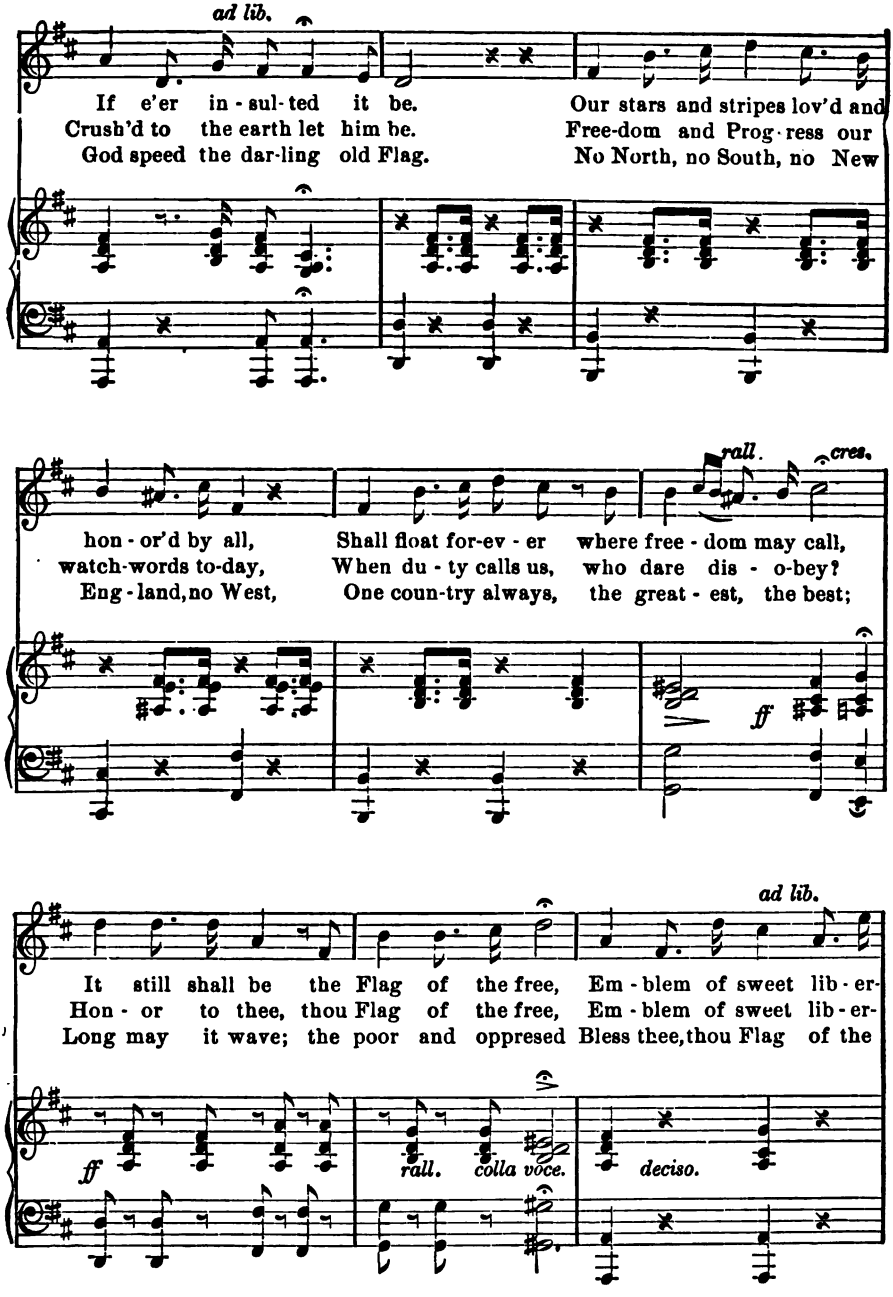

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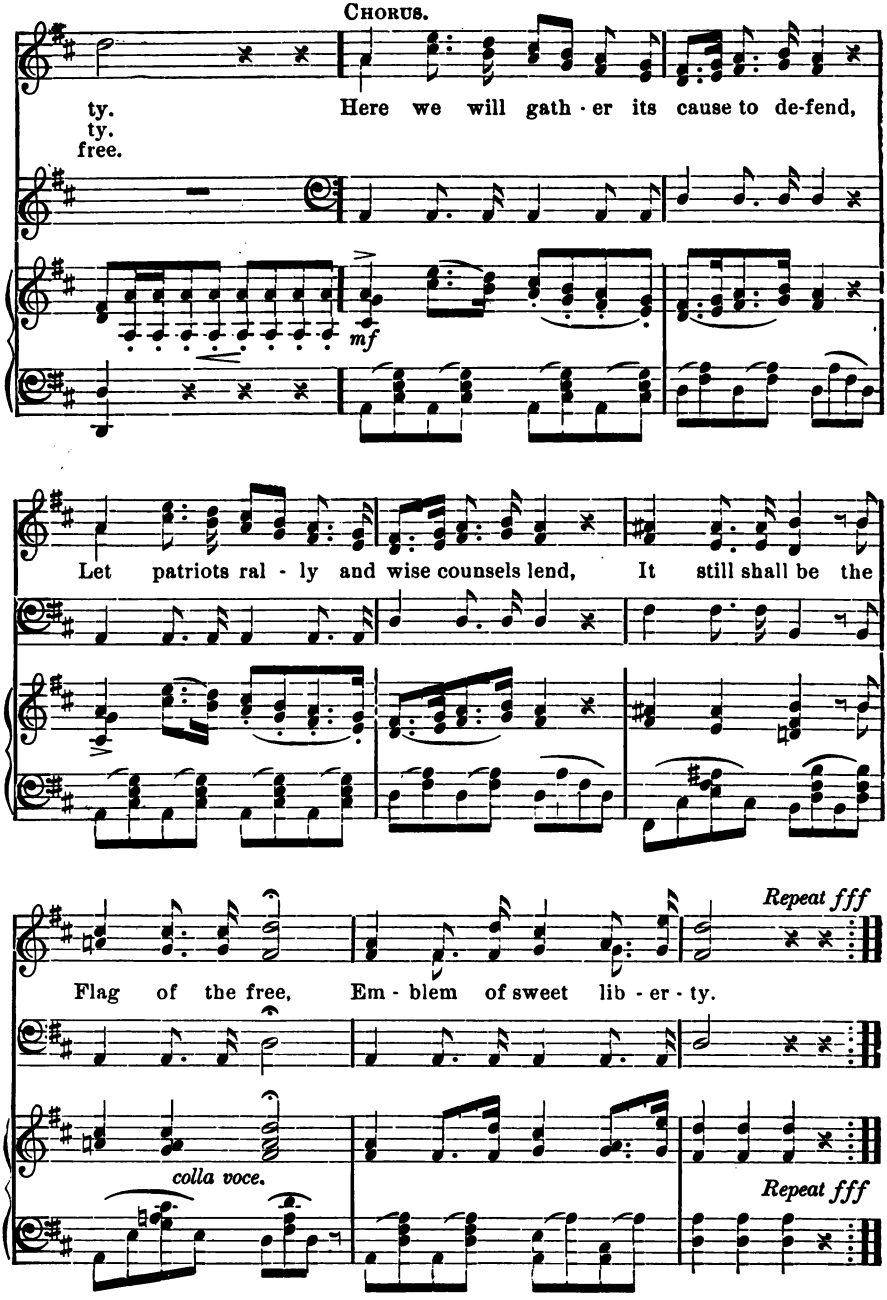

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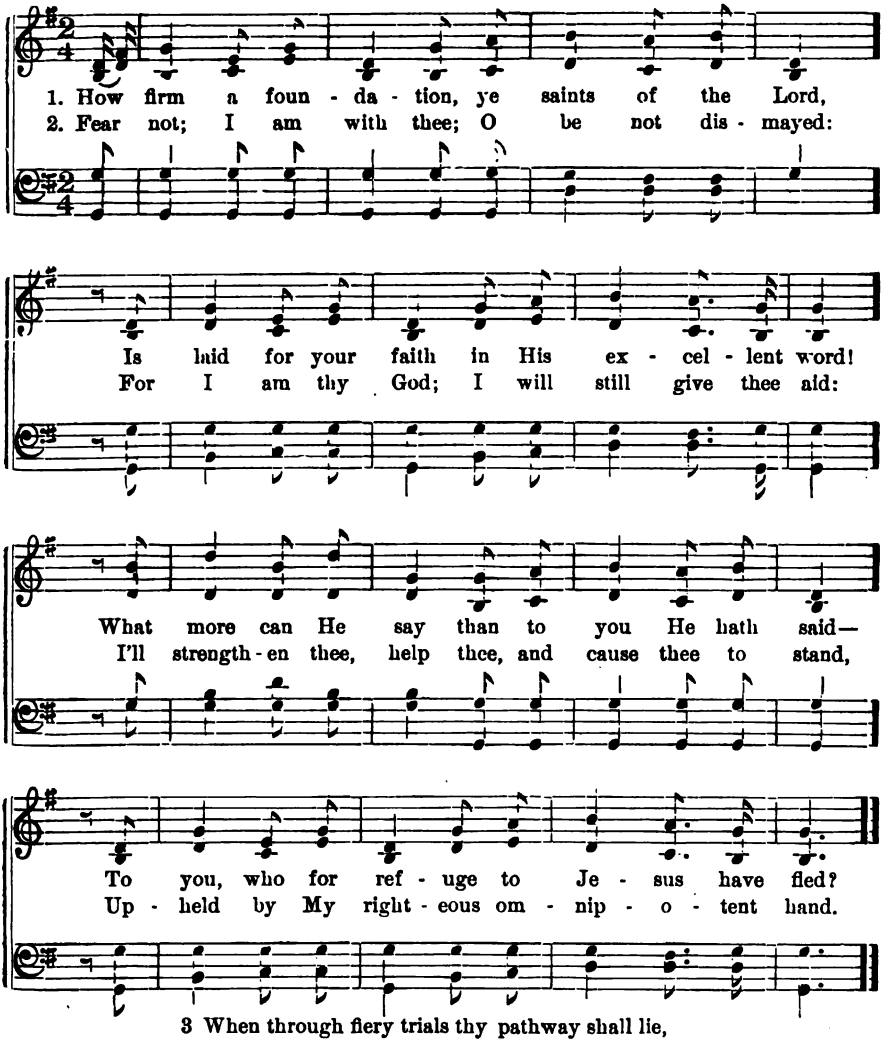
How Firm a Foundation.

KENNEDY. CALLAO. Southern Air.



3 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace, all-sufficient, shall be thy supply;
The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

4 The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to His foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake.

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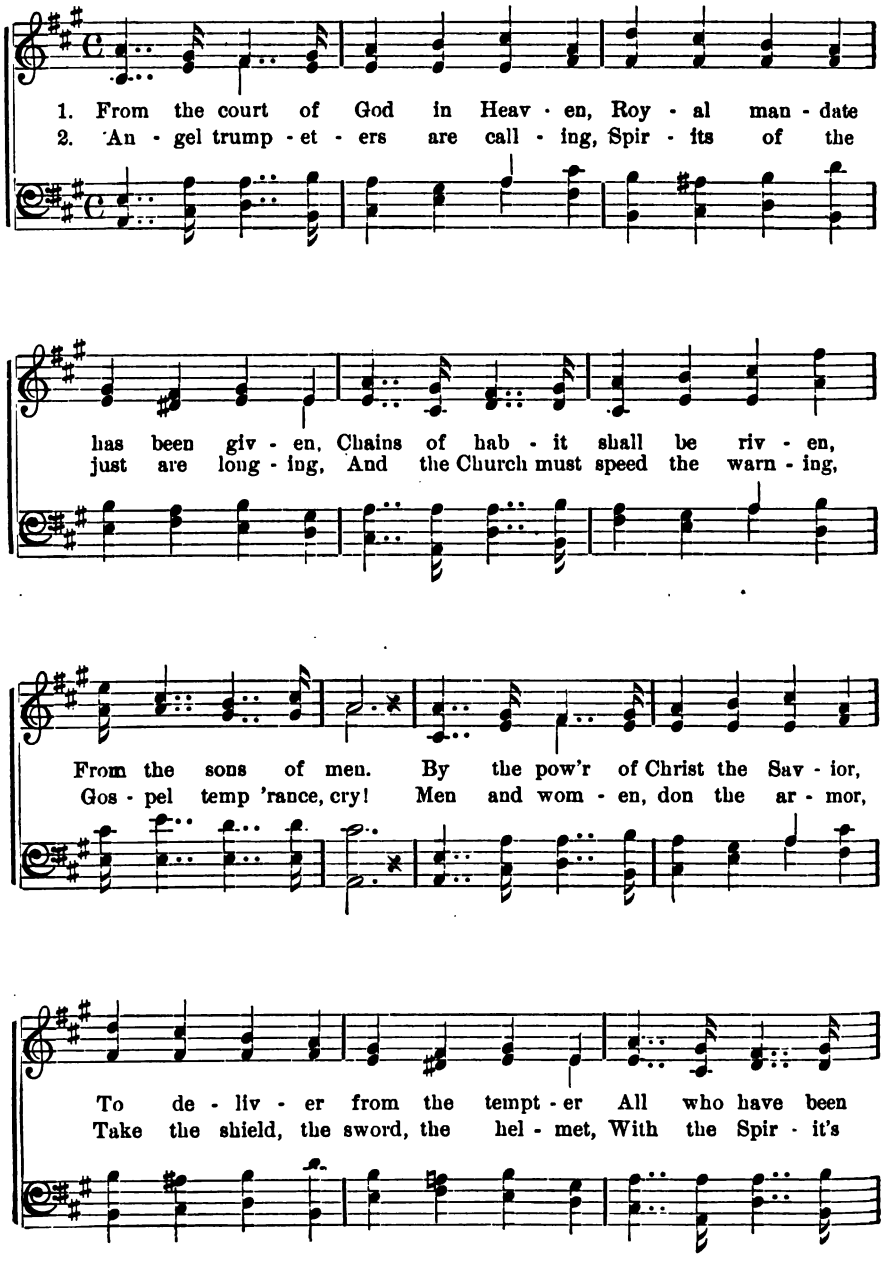
Gospel Temperance Commission.

FRANCES J. BARNES. Harmonized by JOSEPH BARNBY.



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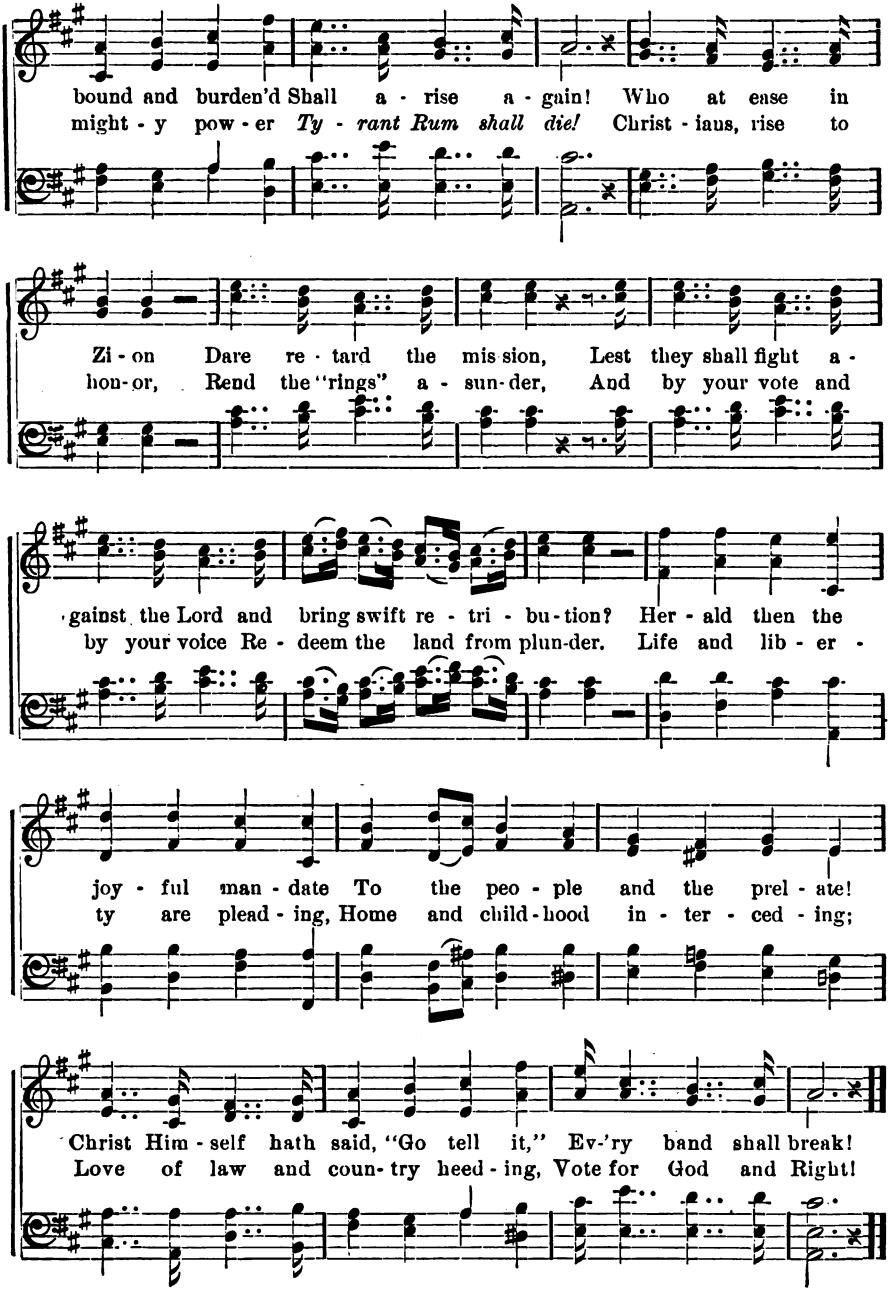

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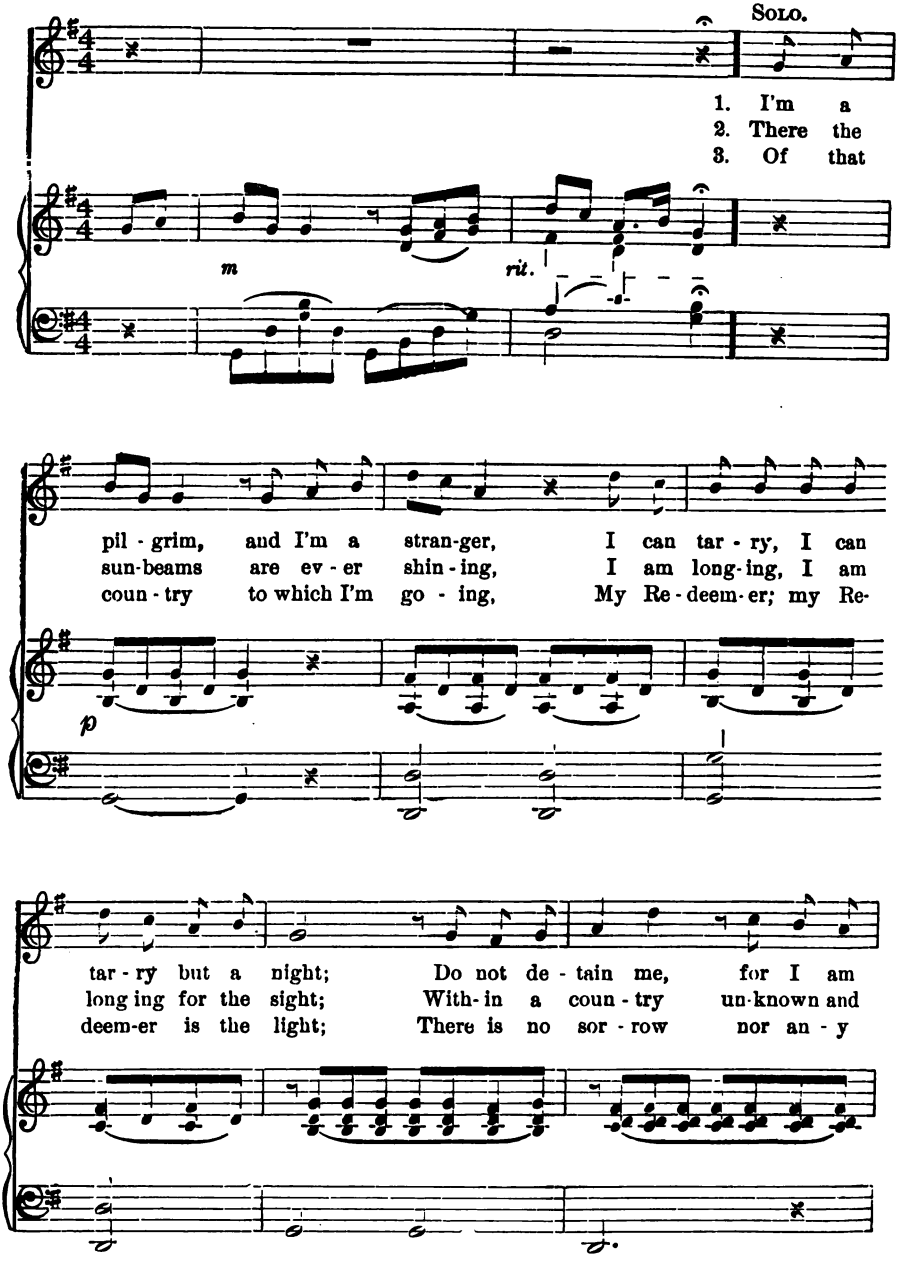
I'm a Pilgrim.

ITALIAN AIR.
ART. by A. BEIRLY.

SOLO.



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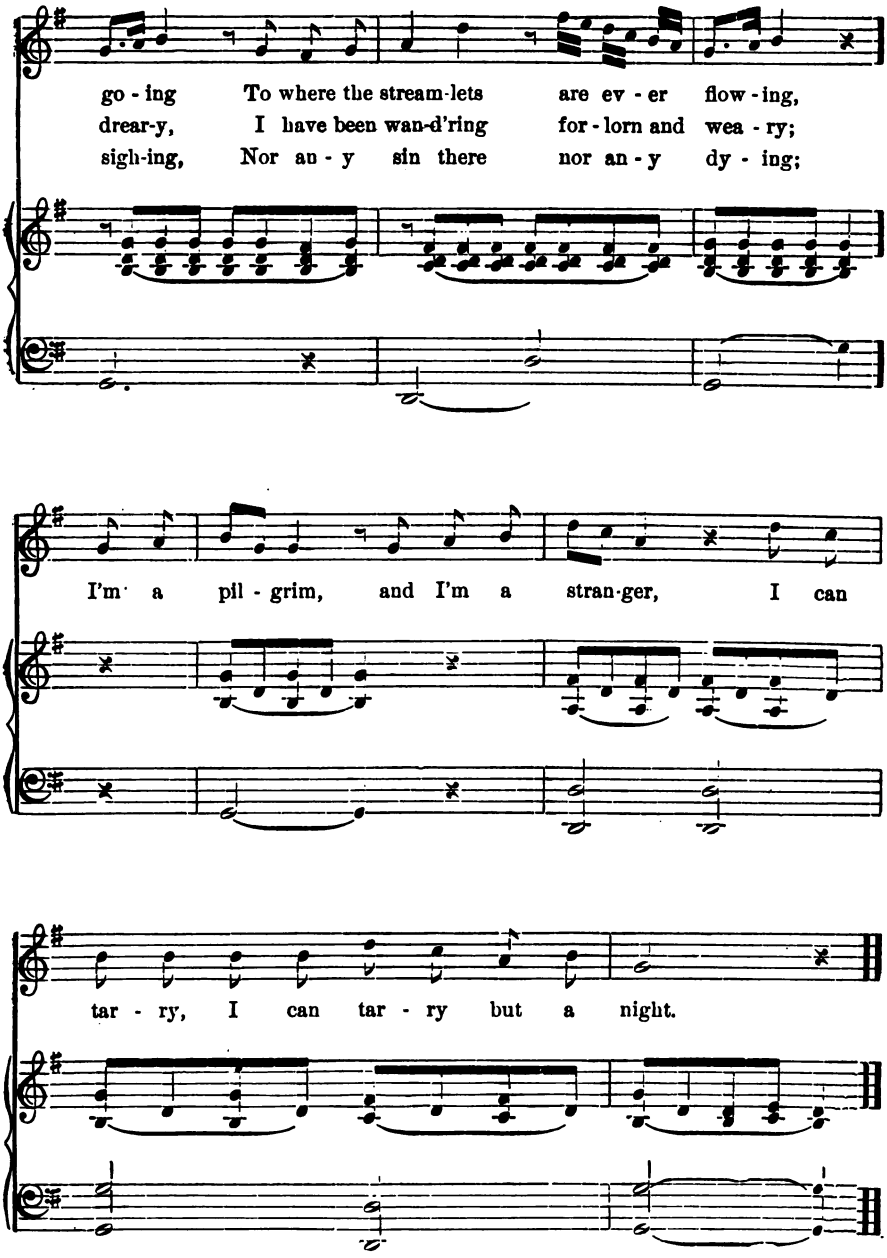

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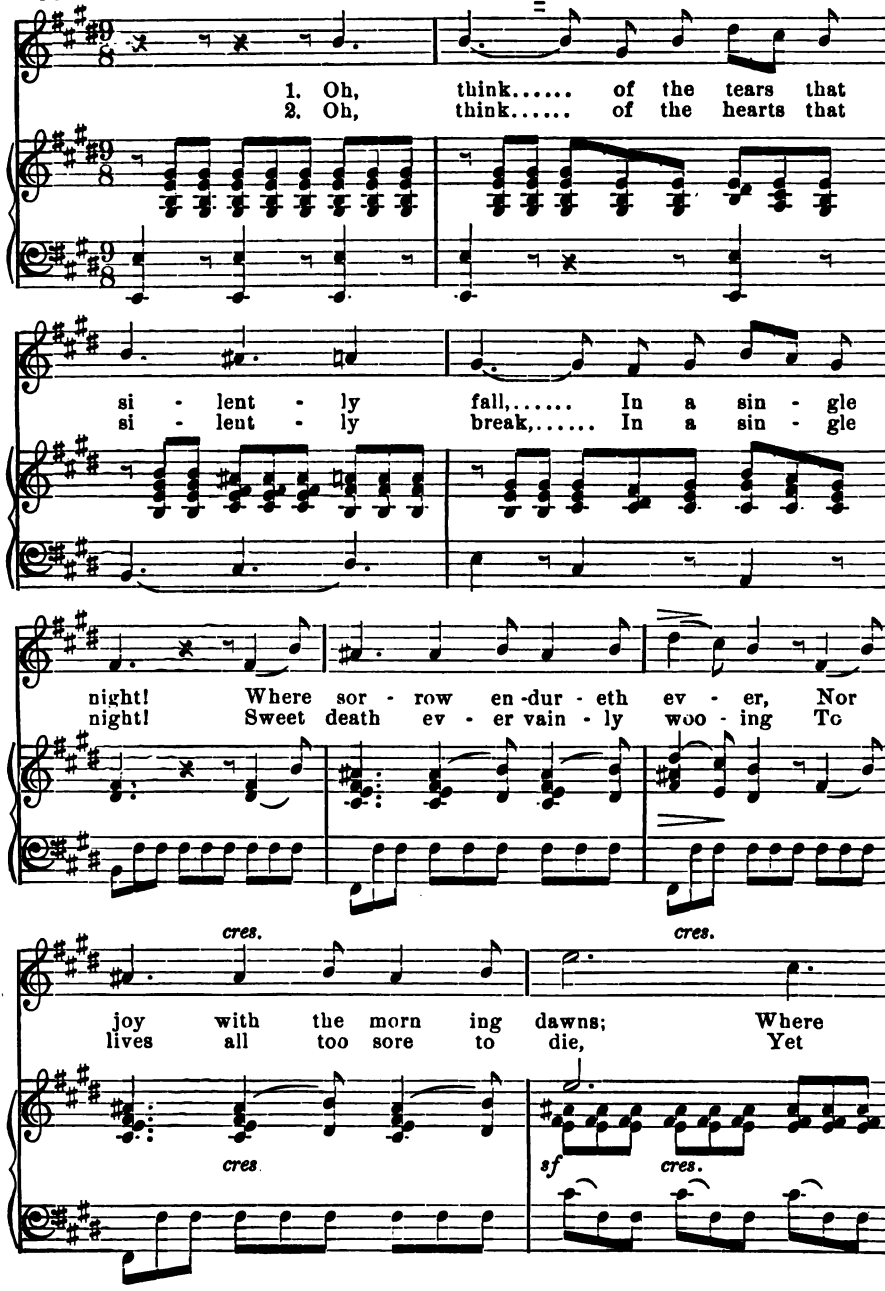
Remember Them that Are in Bonds.

JOHN G. WOOLEY. MENDELSSOHN.



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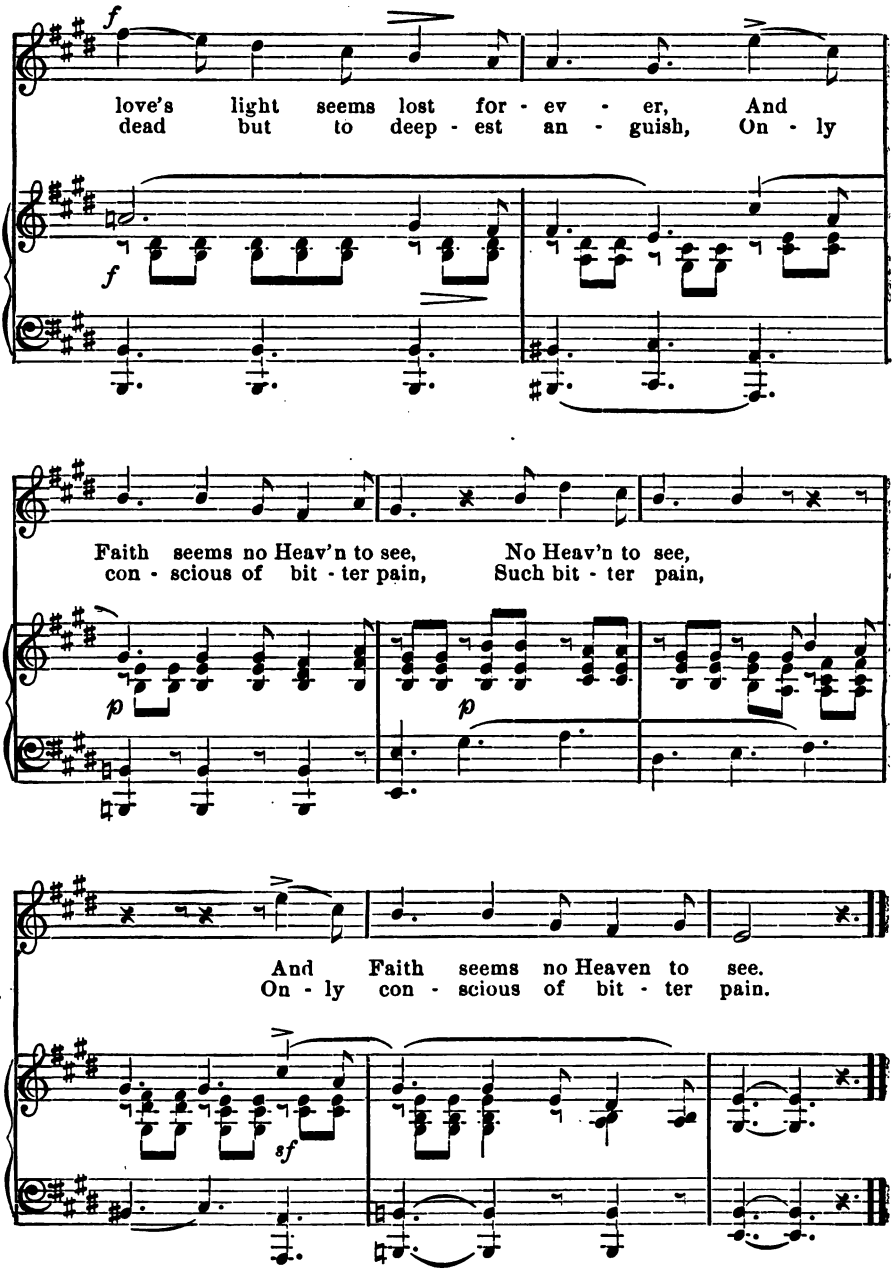

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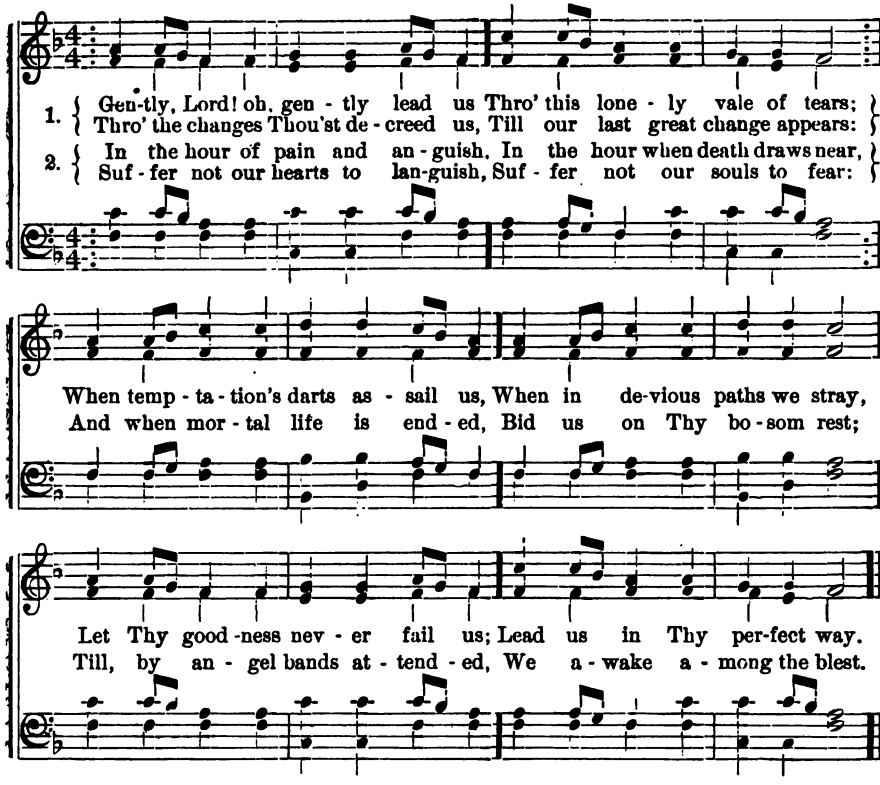
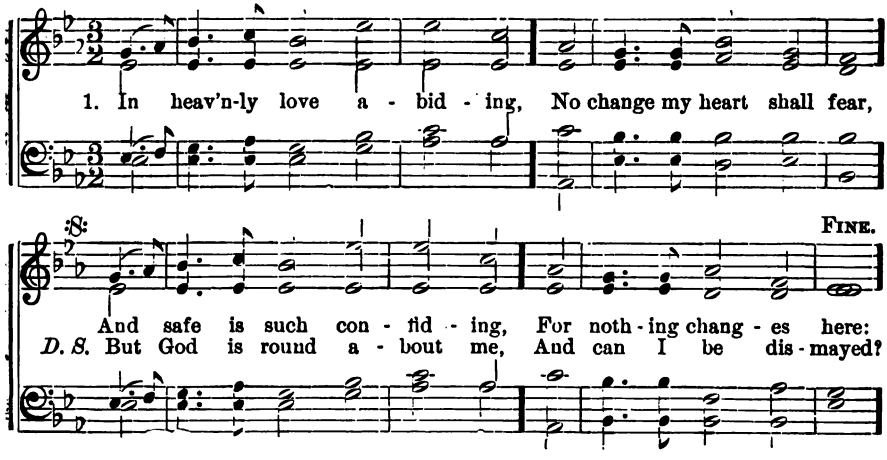
Gently, Lord! Oh, Gently Lead Us.

GREENVILLE.



In Heavenly Love Abiding.



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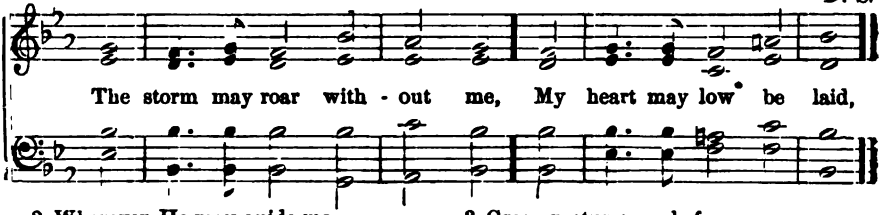
In Heavenly Love Abiding. Concluded.

D. S.

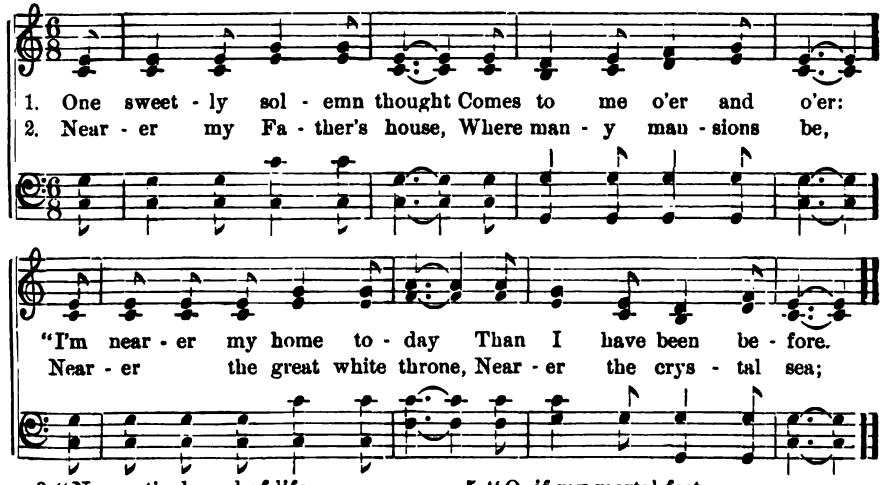


2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack:
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim:
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been:
My hope I cannot measure;
My path to life is free;
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

One Sweetly Solemn Thought.

*Phoebe Cary. Wm. B. Bradbury.



3 "Nearer the bound of life,
Where we lay our burdens down;
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer gaining the crown:

4 "But the waves of that silent sea
Roll dark before my sight,
That brightly, the other side,
Break on a shore of light.

5 "O if my mortal feet
Have almost gained the brink—
If it be I am nearer home
Even to-day than I think—

6 "Father, perfect my trust;
Let my spirit feel in death
That her feet were firmly set
On the rock of a living faith."

* We give the version of this beautiful hymn of which the author said, "I'll rewrite it just as I want it to stand forever, and I'll never touch it again."

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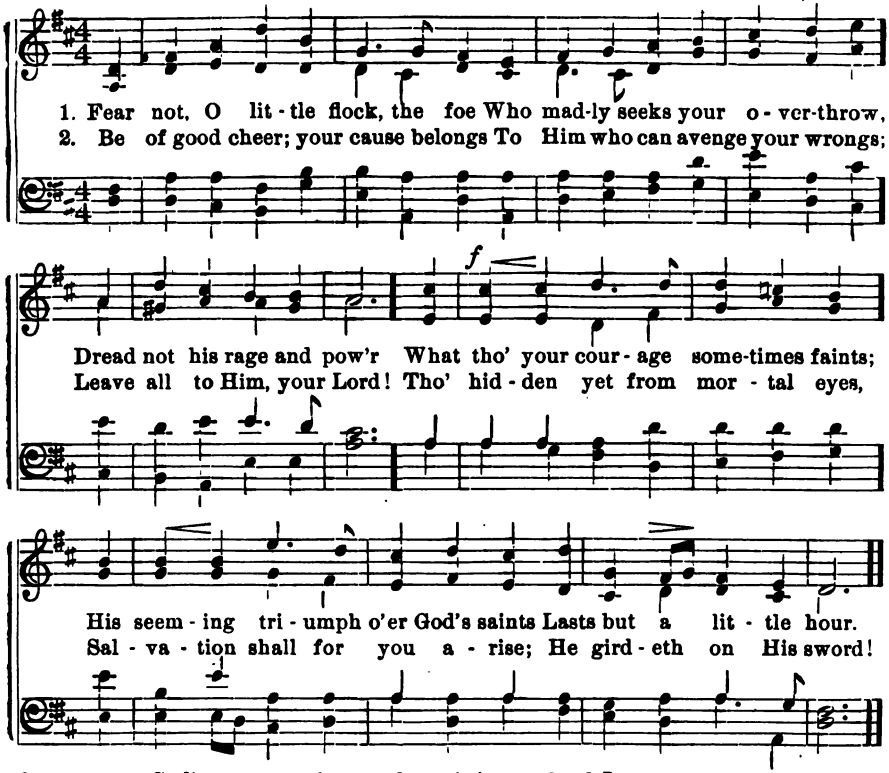
Fear Not, O Little Flock, the Foe.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, 1631.
Tr. CATH. WINKWORTH, 1855. Alt.

WILLIAM HAYES, 1749.



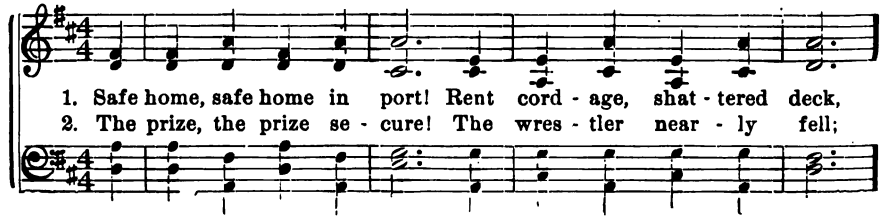
3 As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail.
The Lord shall mock them from His throne,
God is with us, we are His own,
Our vict'ry cannot fail!

4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!
Great Captain, now Thine arm make bare,
Fight for us once again!
So shall Thy saints and martyrs raise
A mighty chorus to Thy praise,
World without end. Amen.

Safe Home in Port.

Tr. by J. M. NEALE.

A. S. SULLIVAN.



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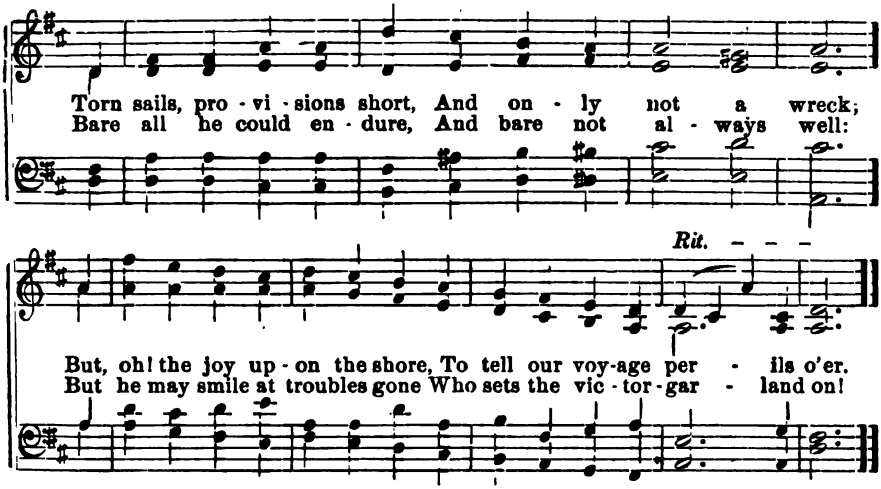
Safe Home in Port. Concluded.

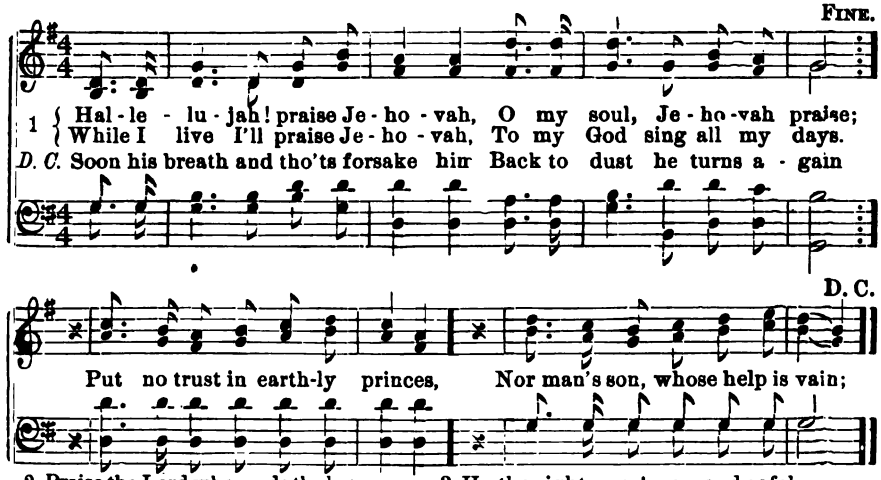


3 No more the foe can harm!
No more of leaguered camp,
And cry of night alarm,
And need of ready lamp:—
And yet how nearly had he failed—
How nearly had that foe prevailed!

4 The exile is at home!
Oh, nights and days of tears!
Oh, longings not to roam!
Oh, sins and doubts and fears!
What matters now grief's darkest day,
When God has wiped all tears away!

The Crusade Psalm.

L. MASON.



2 Praise the Lord who made the heaven,
Earth and sea, and all therein;
Who will keep His truth forever,
Rights of all oppressed maintain.
He gives food to those that hunger,
To the blind restoreth sight;
He gives freedom to the pris'ner,
Makes the bowed to stand upright.

3 He the righteous loves, and safely
Keeps the stranger; He's a stay
To the fatherless and widow,
But subverts the sinner's way.
Evermore Jehovah reigneth,
Through all ages He is King.
Even He, thy God, O Zion,
To Jehovah praises sing.

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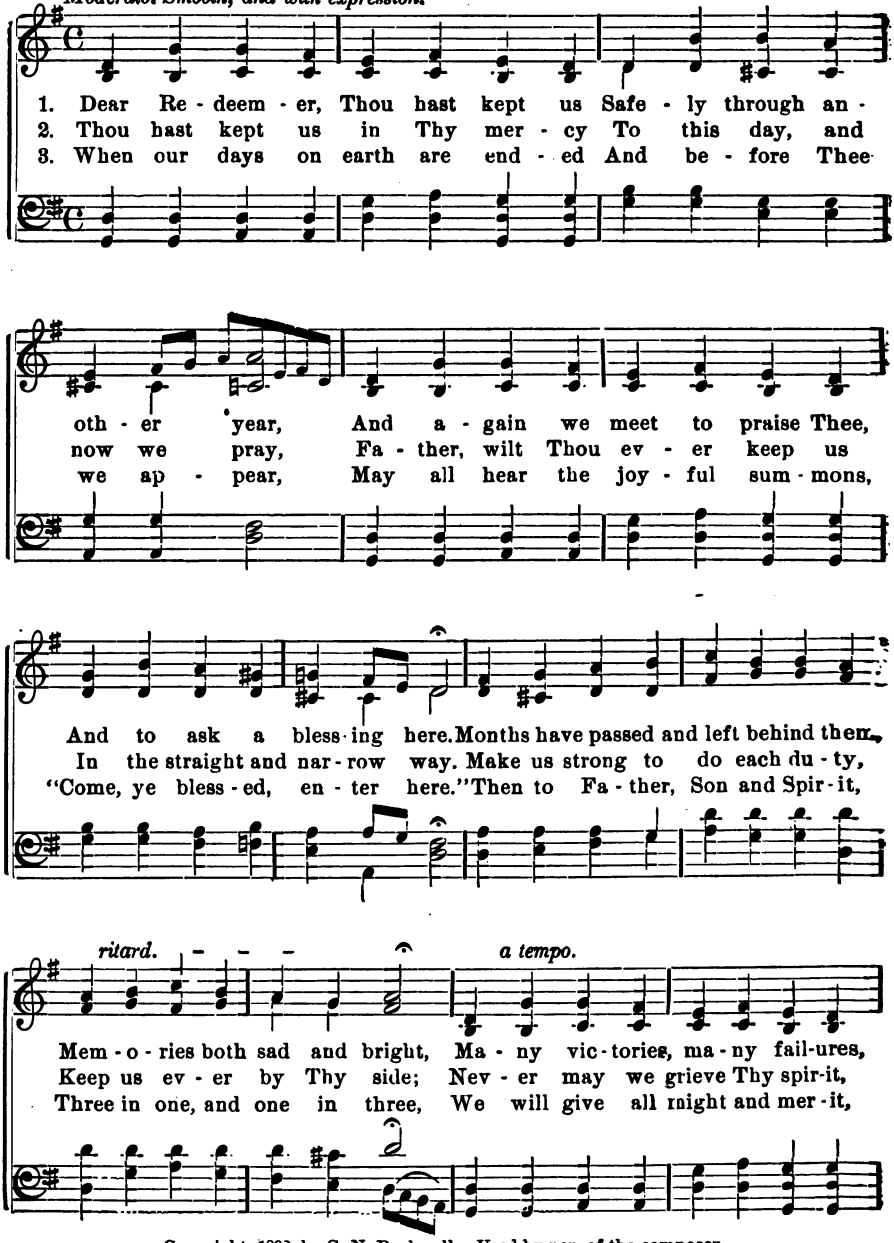
Anniversary Hymn.

G. N. R. GEO. N. ROCKWELL.

Moderato. Smooth, and with expression.



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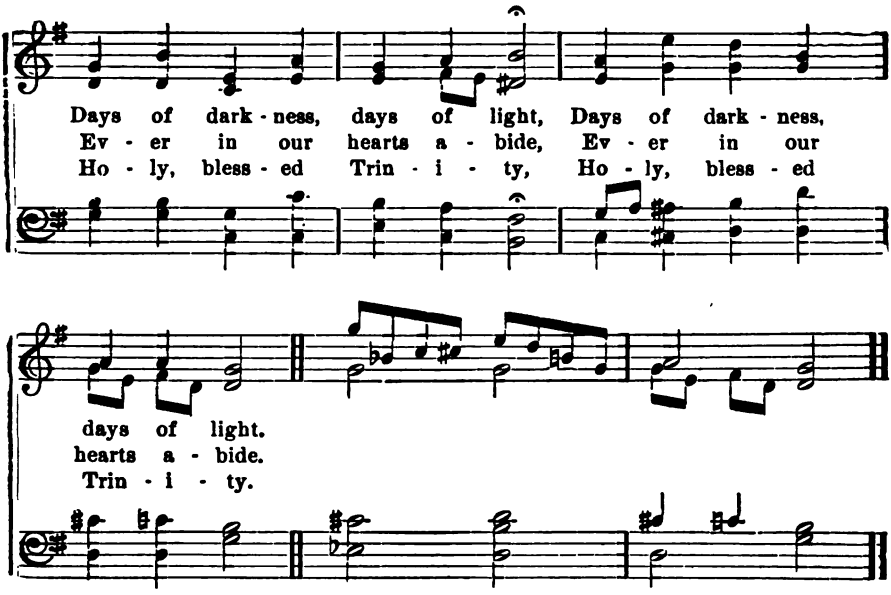
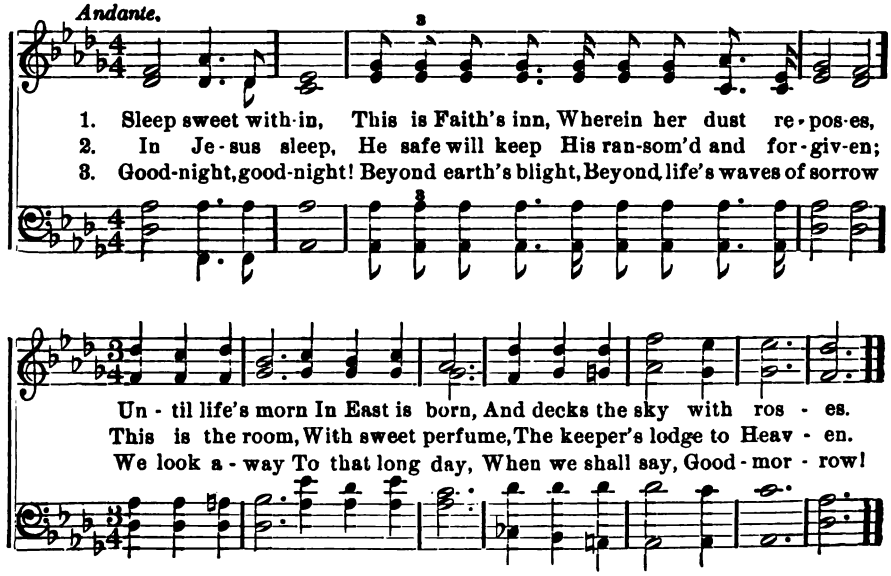
Anniversary Hymn. Concluded.



Sleep Sweet Within.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. R. D. W. Mallory.



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Freedom's Birthday Song.

ANDREA HOFER. CHAS. T. KIMBALL.

T'empo di marcia.

f

f SOLO. *Resoluto.*

1. Sweet day, when broke the smoul-d'ring light Our
2. We sons and daugh - ters of to - day Sa -
3. And may the com - ing race in - spire Its

f

fa - thers' hearts had nursed so long, We raise our ban - ners,
lute thy dawn with swell ing breasts, And pray to live, bound
new - er mean - ing in thy name; And may our na - tion's

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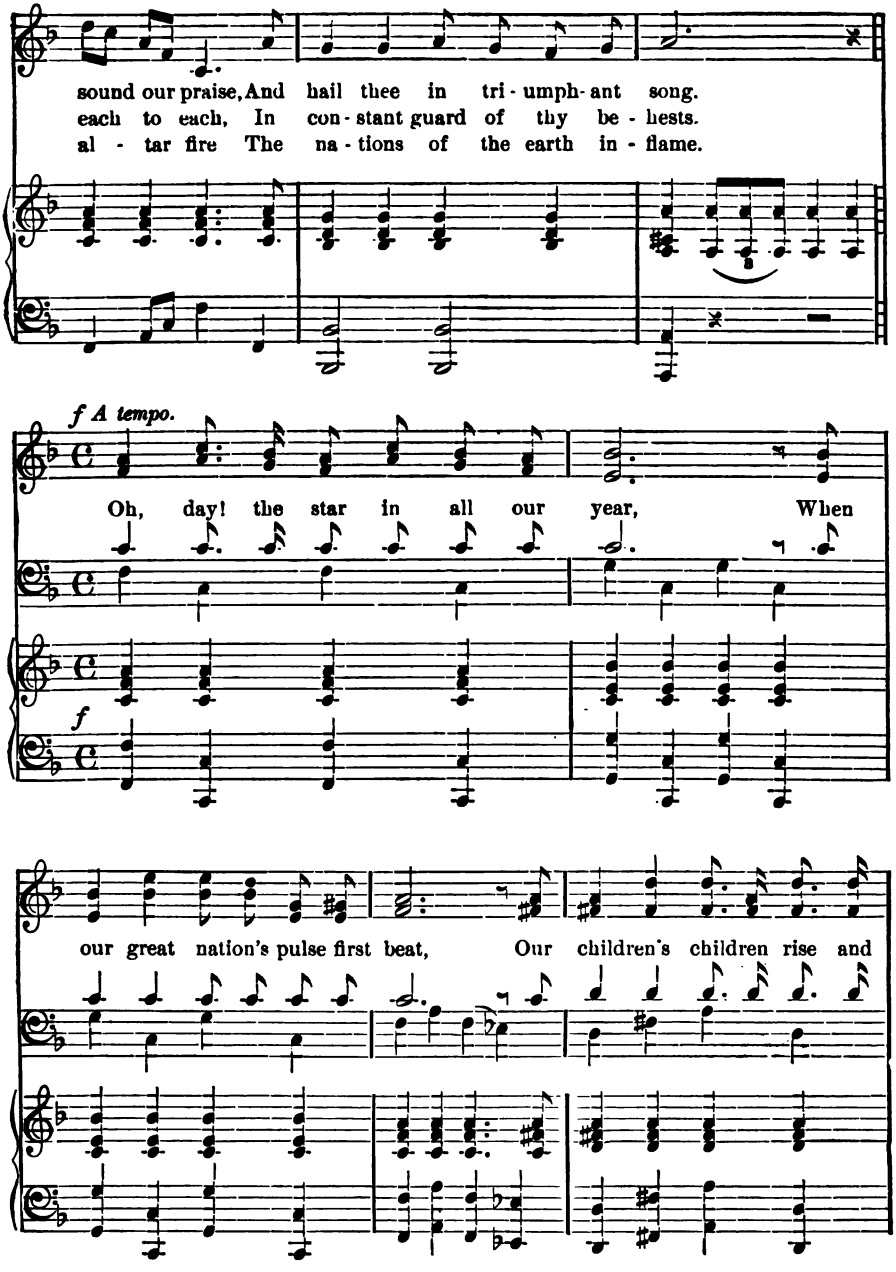
Freedom's Birthday Song. Continued.



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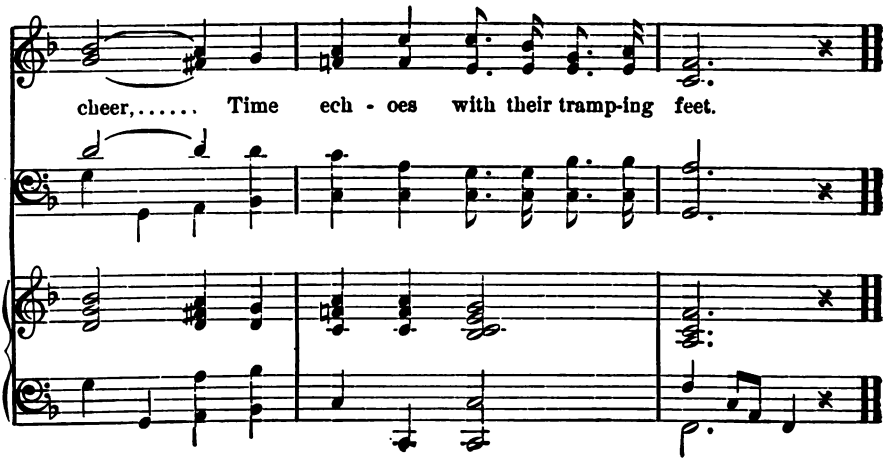
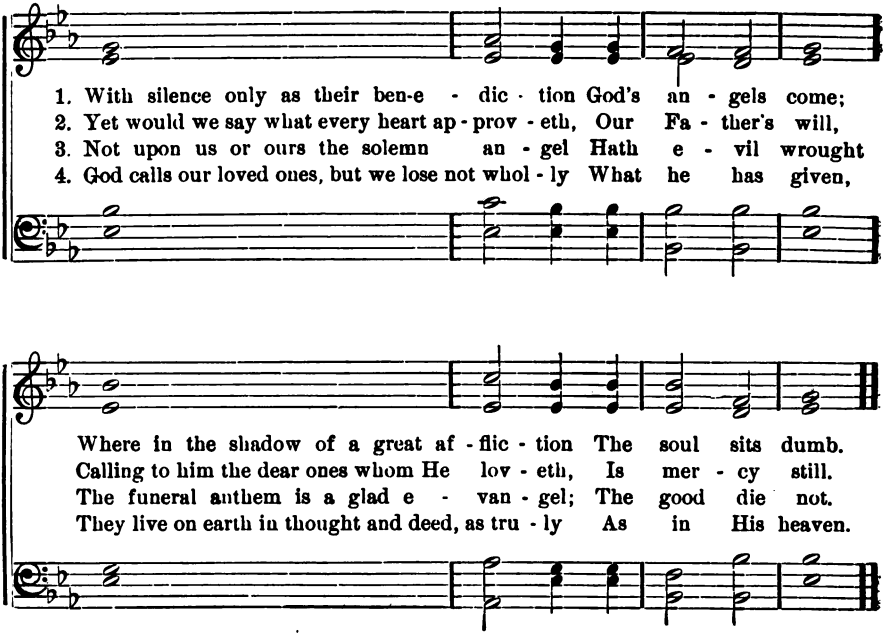


Angels' Visits.

J. G. WHITTIER.



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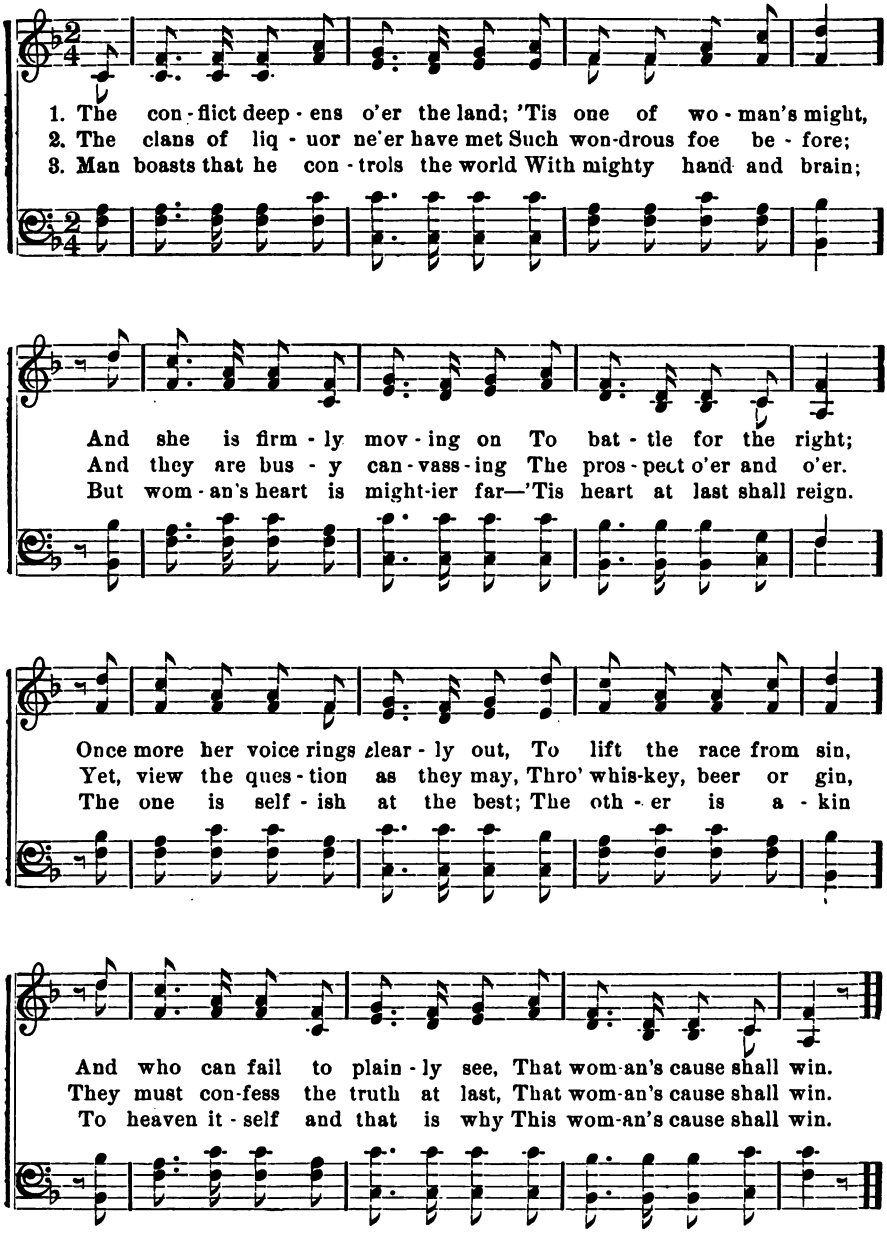
Woman's Cause Shall Win.

Dr. Horace B. Durant. Auld Lang Syne.



From Prohibition Party Campaign Songs, by per. of Mrs. H. Abraham Durant, Publisher, Philadelphia.

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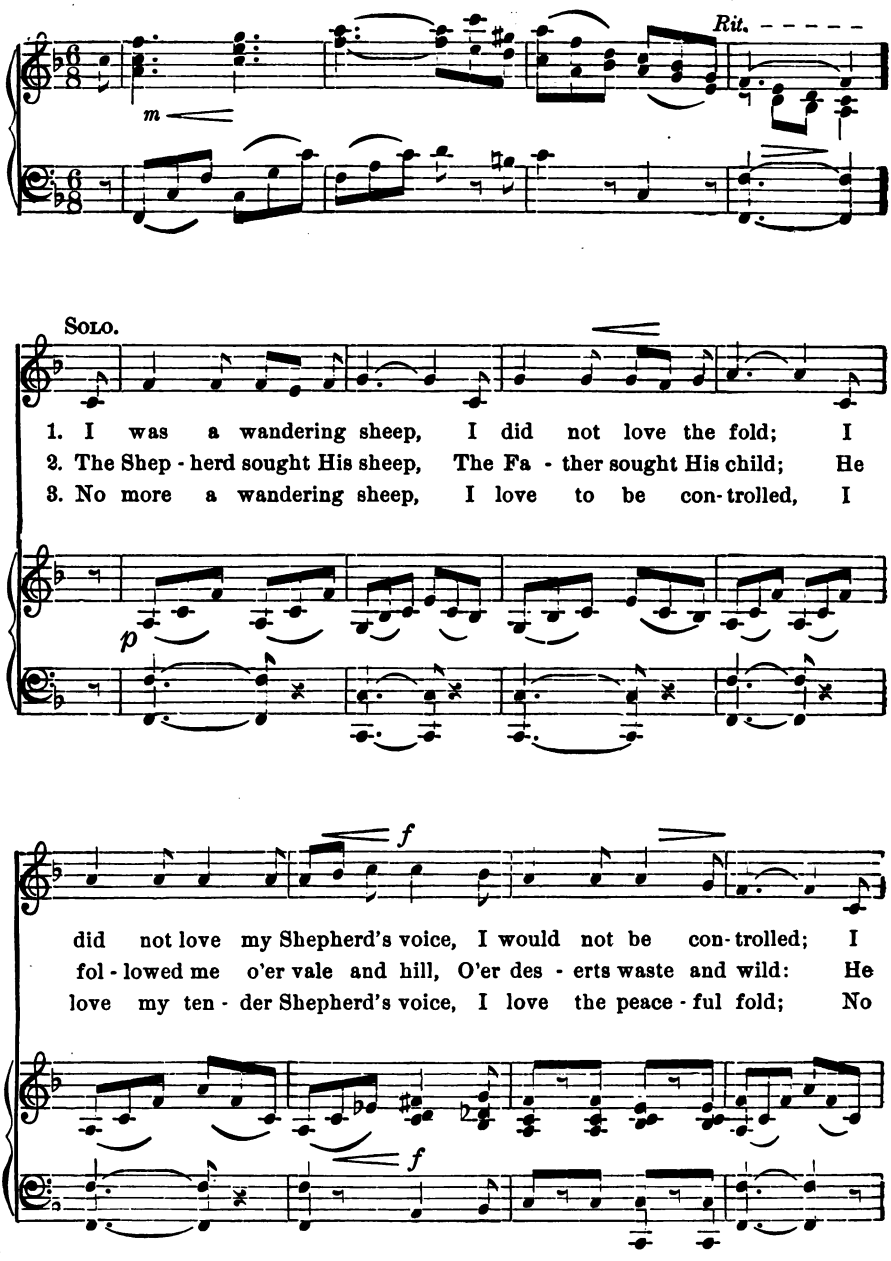
The Peaceful Fold.

H. Bonar.

Zundel.
Arr. by A. Beirly.



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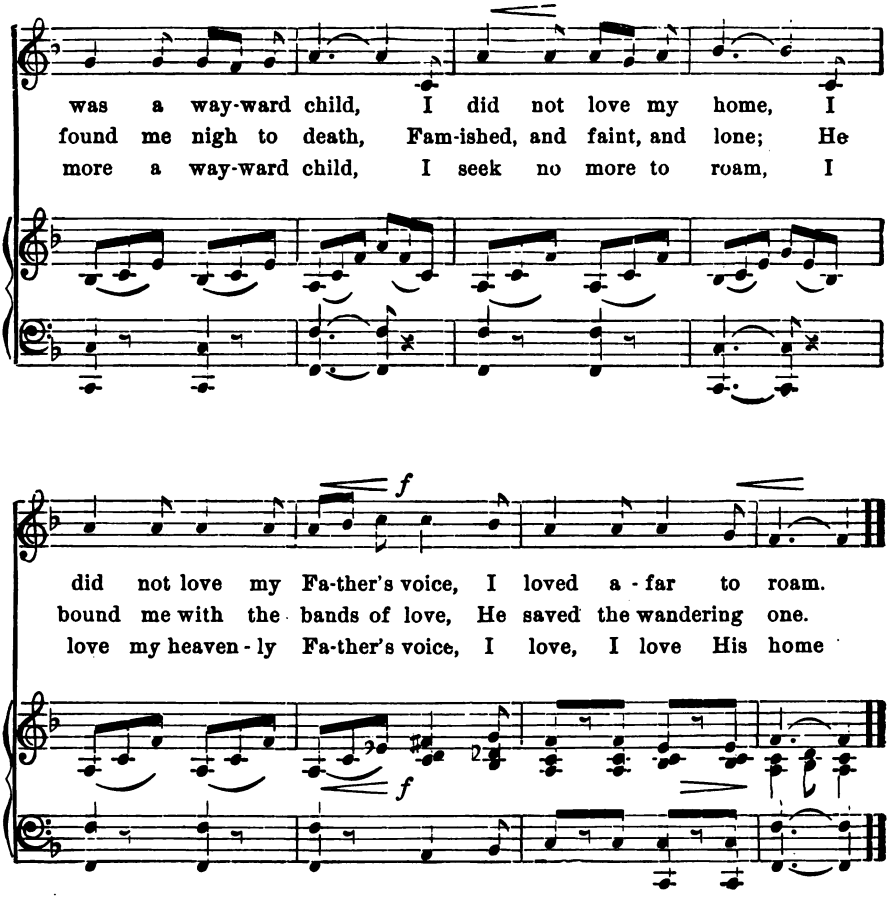
The Peaceful Fold. Concluded.



Guide Me.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven, Bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through;
Strong Deliverer, Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praises, songs of praises
I will ever give to Thee. WILLIAMS.

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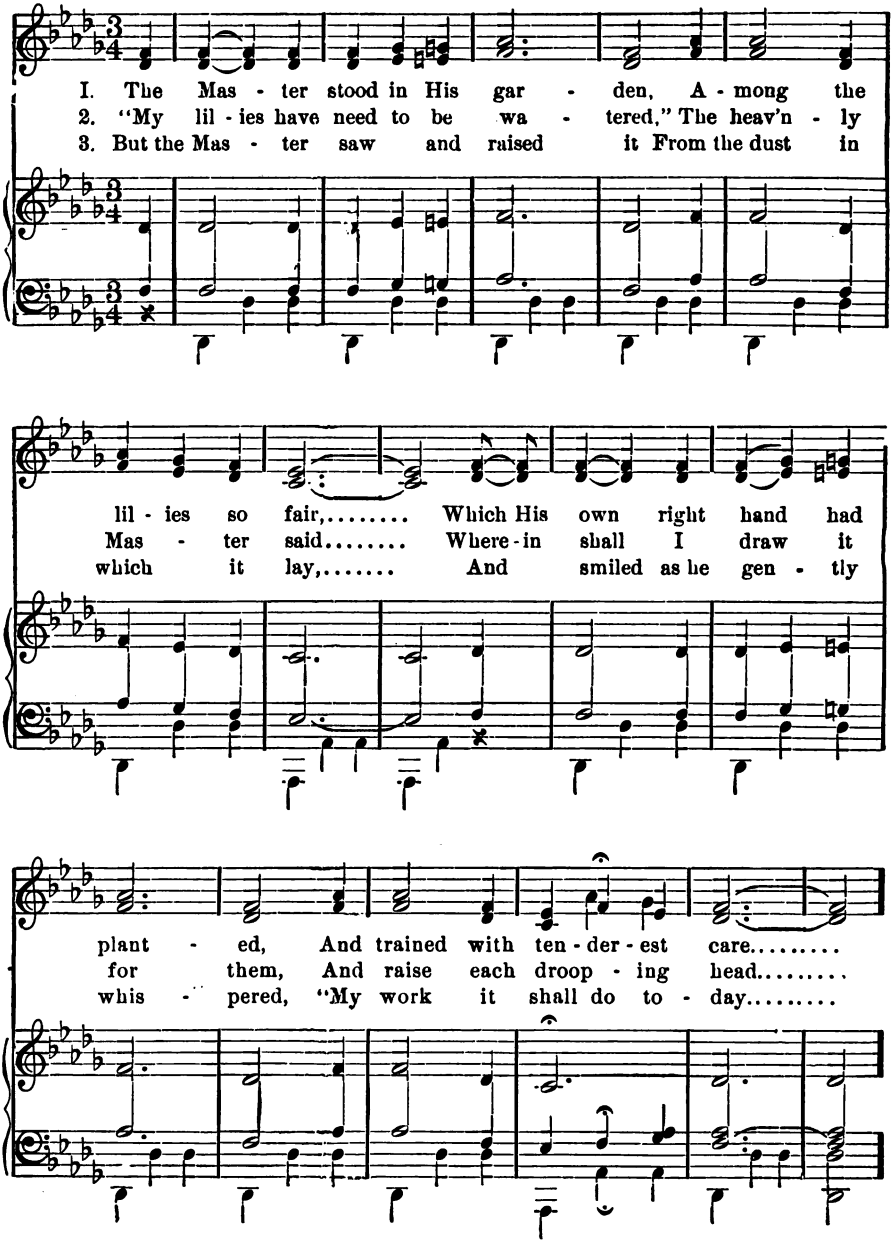
The Earthen Vessel.

Words selected. I. S. Hopkins.



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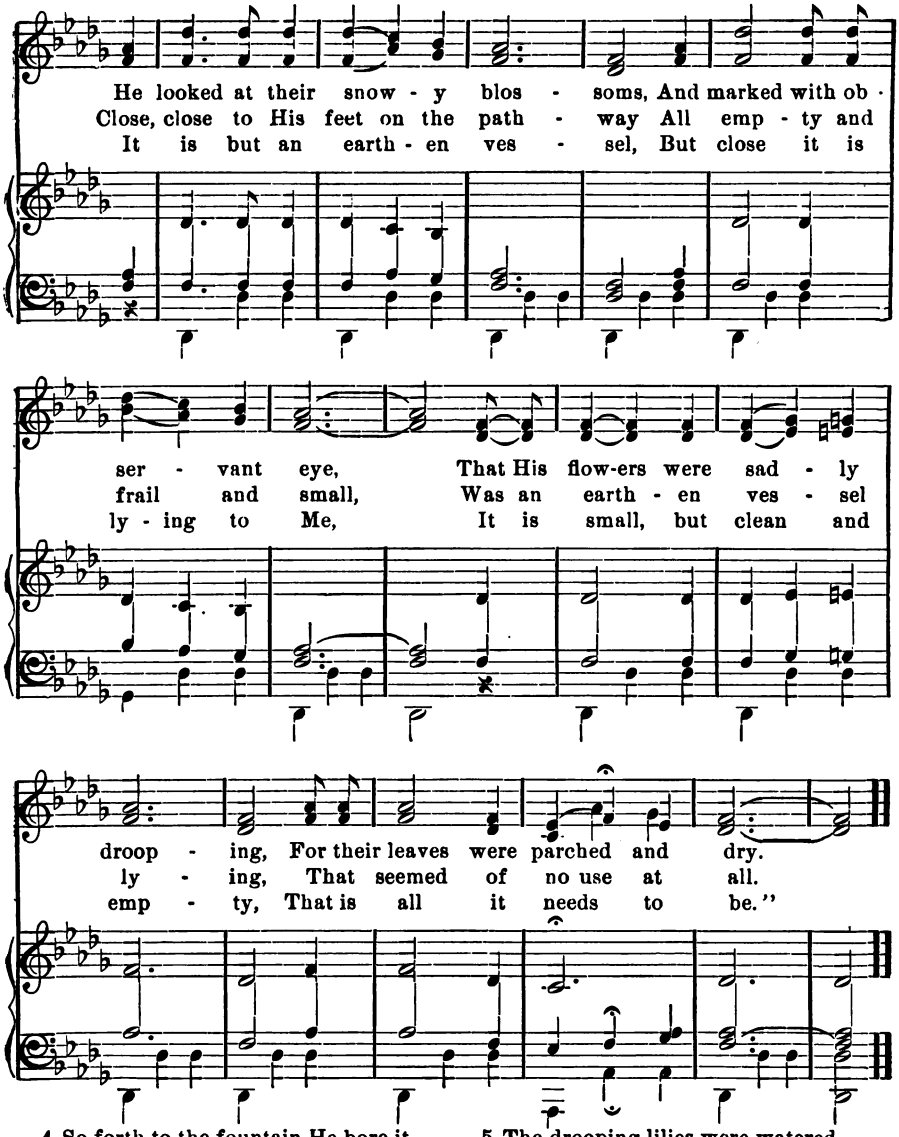
The Earthen Vessel. Concluded.



4 So forth to the fountain He bore it,
And filled it to the brim;
How glad was the earthen vessel
To be of some use to Him;
He poured forth the living water
All over His lilies so fair,
Till empty was the vessel,
And again He filled it there.

5 The drooping lilies were watered
Till all revived again;
The Master saw with pleasure
His labor had not been in vain.
His own hand drew the water,
Refreshing the thirsty flowers,
But He used the earthen vessel
To convey the living showers.

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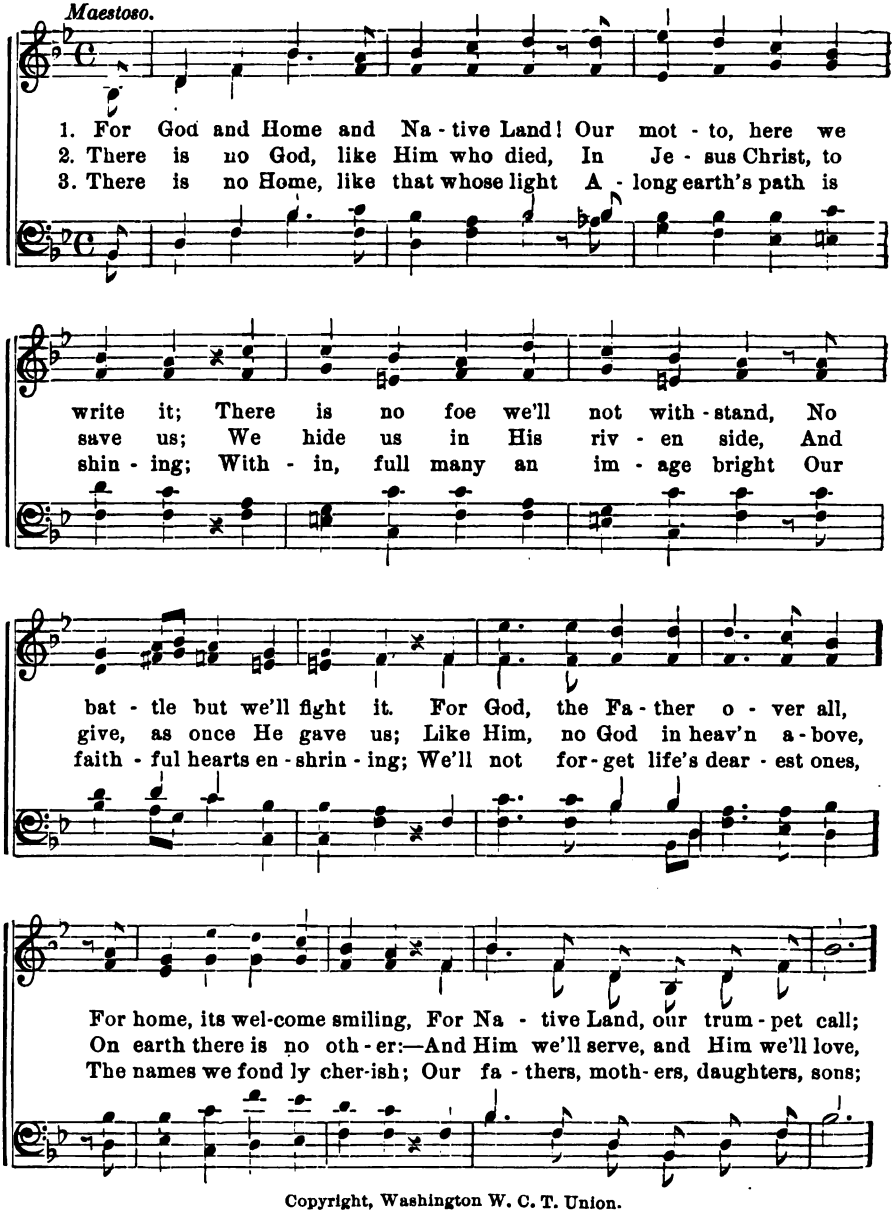
For God and Home and Native Land.

"Let us have a stirring tune to your choice words, and we will send them rolling across the continent."—Miss Willard to Dr. Rankin.

Rev J. E. Rankin, D. D. J. W. Bischoff

Maestoso.



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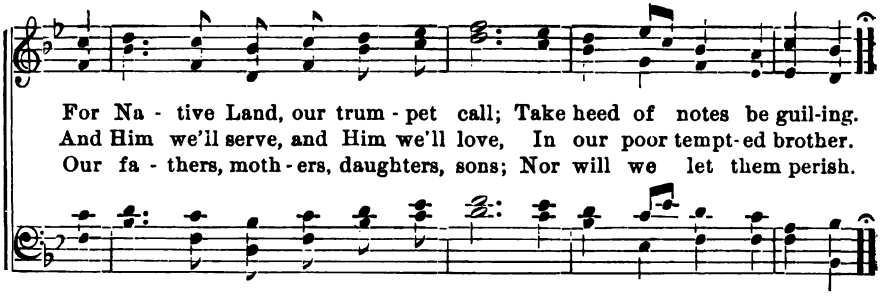
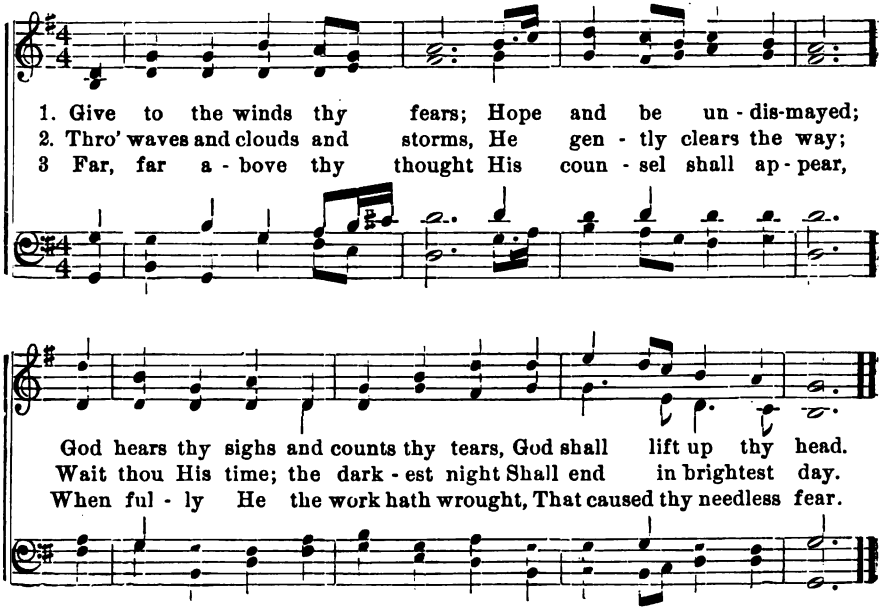


4 There is no Land like our fair Land,
With freedom's sons and daughters;
Her shores by healthful breezes fanned,
And bathed by ocean's waters.
Baptized with blood on many a field,
Still brighter grow her story!
God be her strength, her tow'r, her shield,
God be her strength, her tow'r, her shield,
And be His truth her glory.

5 For God and Home and Native Land,
Our motto, here we write it;
Here seal our vow, here make our stand,
No battle but we'll fight it.
We clasp our hands, and kneel in prayer
To Him who rules above us;
That He will make our cause His care,
That He will make our cause His care,
And prosper those who love us.

St. Thomas. Crusade Hymn.

GERHARDT. J. WESLEY. TR. TANSUR.



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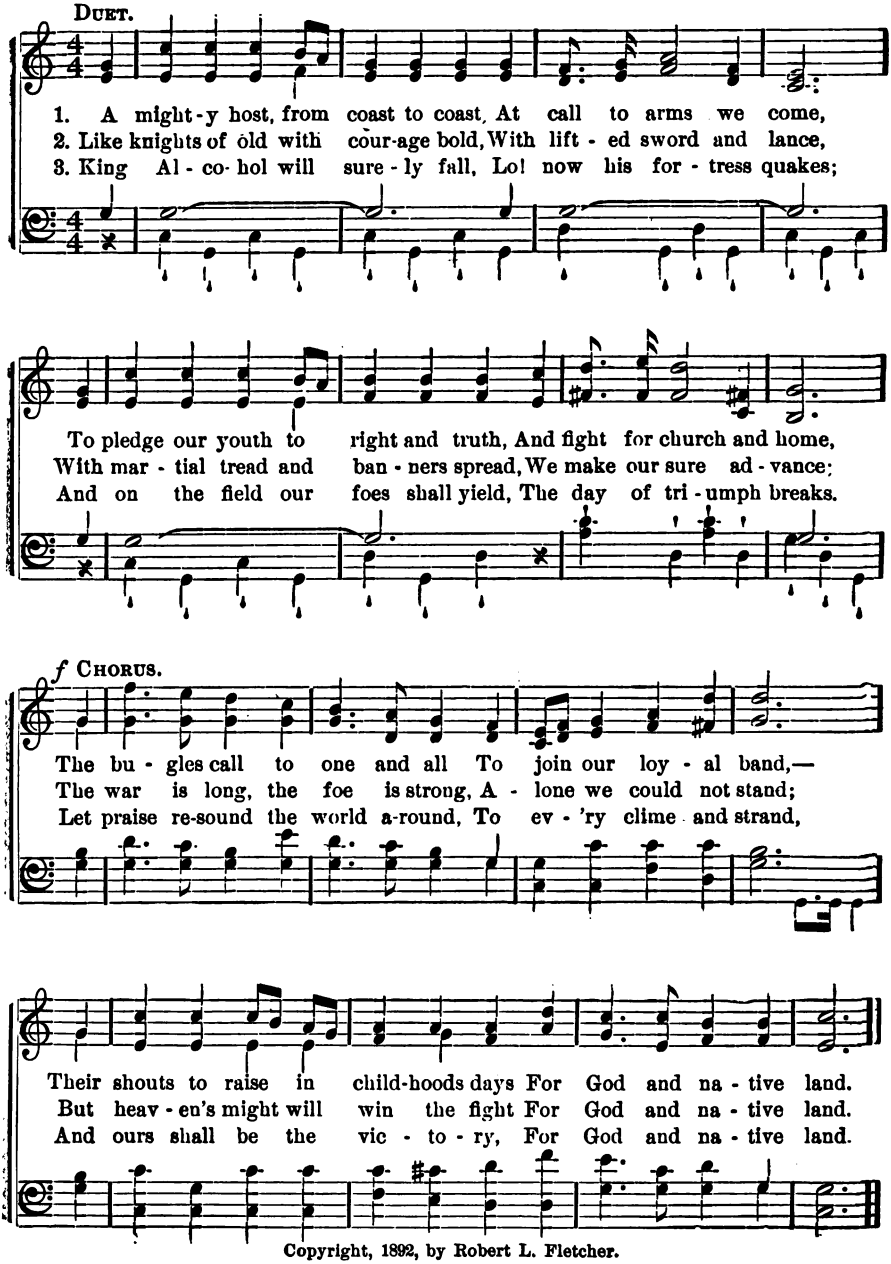
For God and Native Land.

JESSE H. BROWN. **Processional.** W. A. OGDEN.



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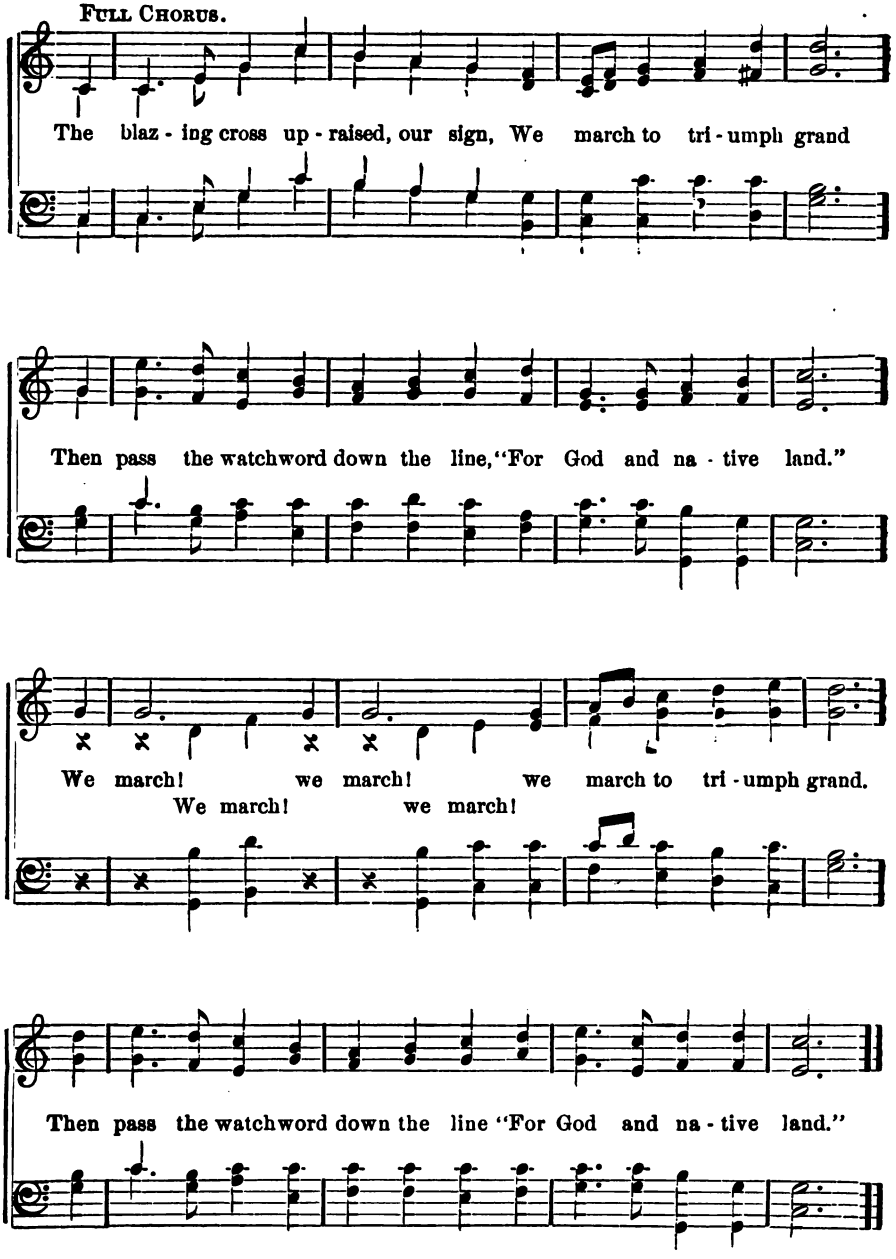

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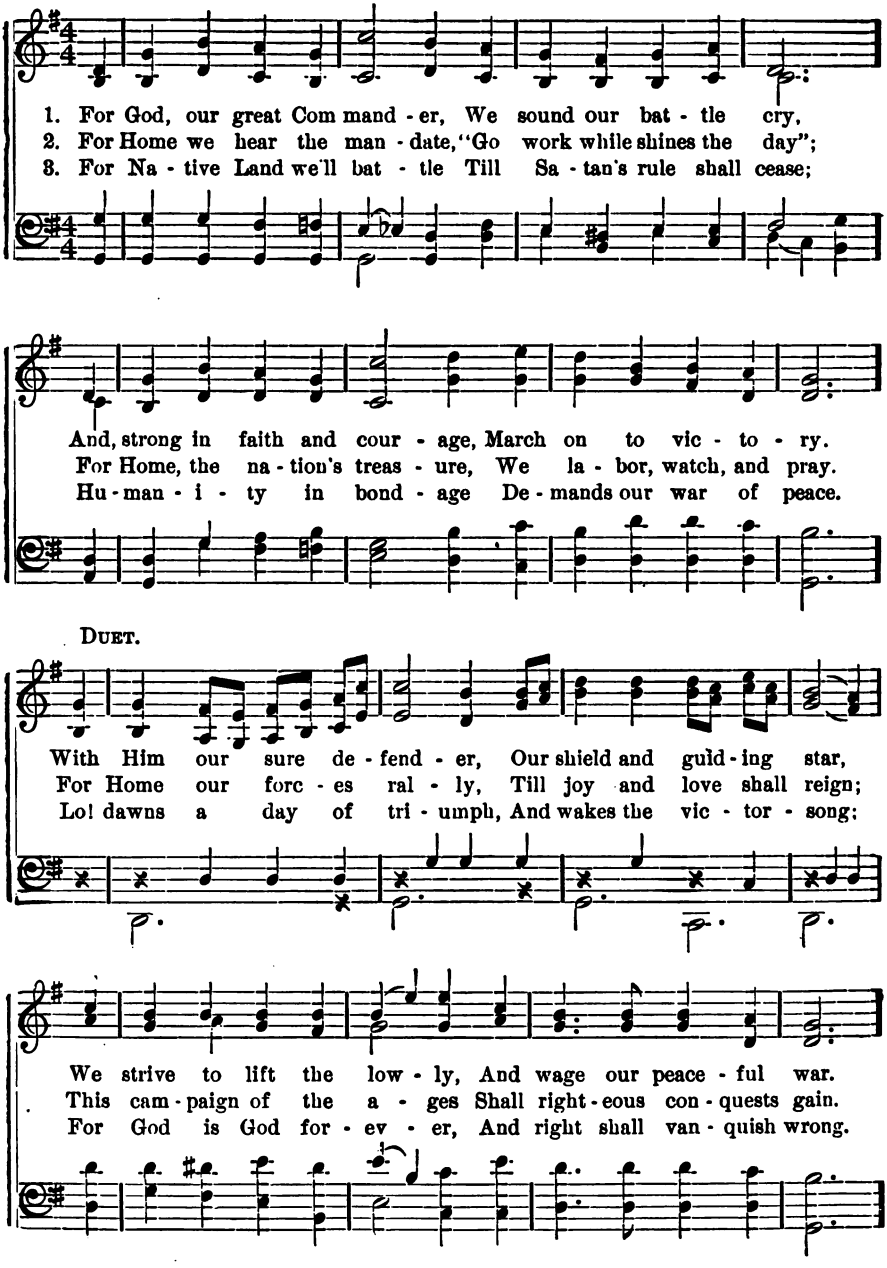
God and Home and Native Land.

Mrs. C. Blackall. E. S. Lorenz.



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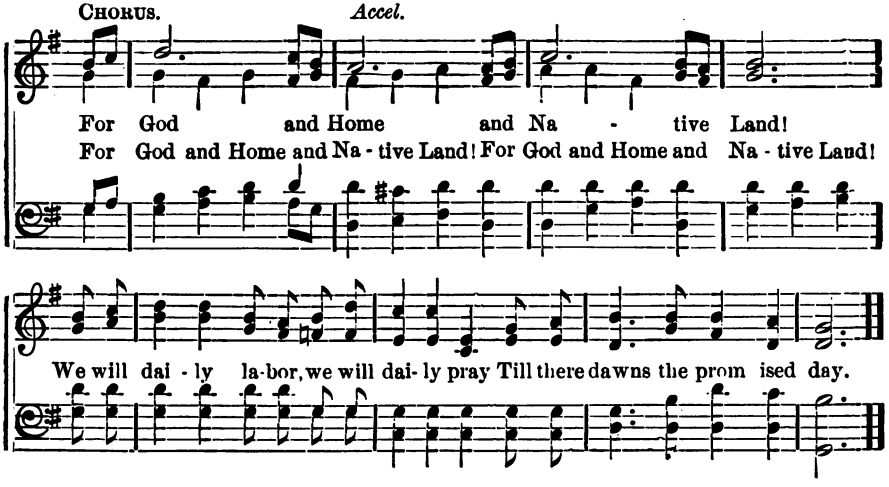

A National Hymn.

Tune: America.

1

God bless our native land;
All glorious and grand
To all oppressed;
No false lights may they meet
To lure their gladsome feet,
When first they come to greet
This harbor blest.

2

God bless the United States,
May their wide-open gates
Lead on to peace;
To cities free from vice,
Pure from unholy strife;
Where plenty crowns the life
When wars shall cease.

3

God bless the people pure;
The voters who secure
Our righteous laws;
Men who will take no bribe
Nor ever turn aside,
Tempted by pelf or pride,
From noble cause.

4

God bless our statesmen brave;
Who would our country save
By love of right;
Whose hate of sin and wrong,
Exalts above the throng
Who voice the earth-born song
That "might is right."

5

God bless the nation grand;
Whose fathers wisely planned
Themselves to free.
Now let Columbia pray
For freedom's noblest sway,
O'er self the mastery,
Nor slaves to be.

Sarah A. McLees.

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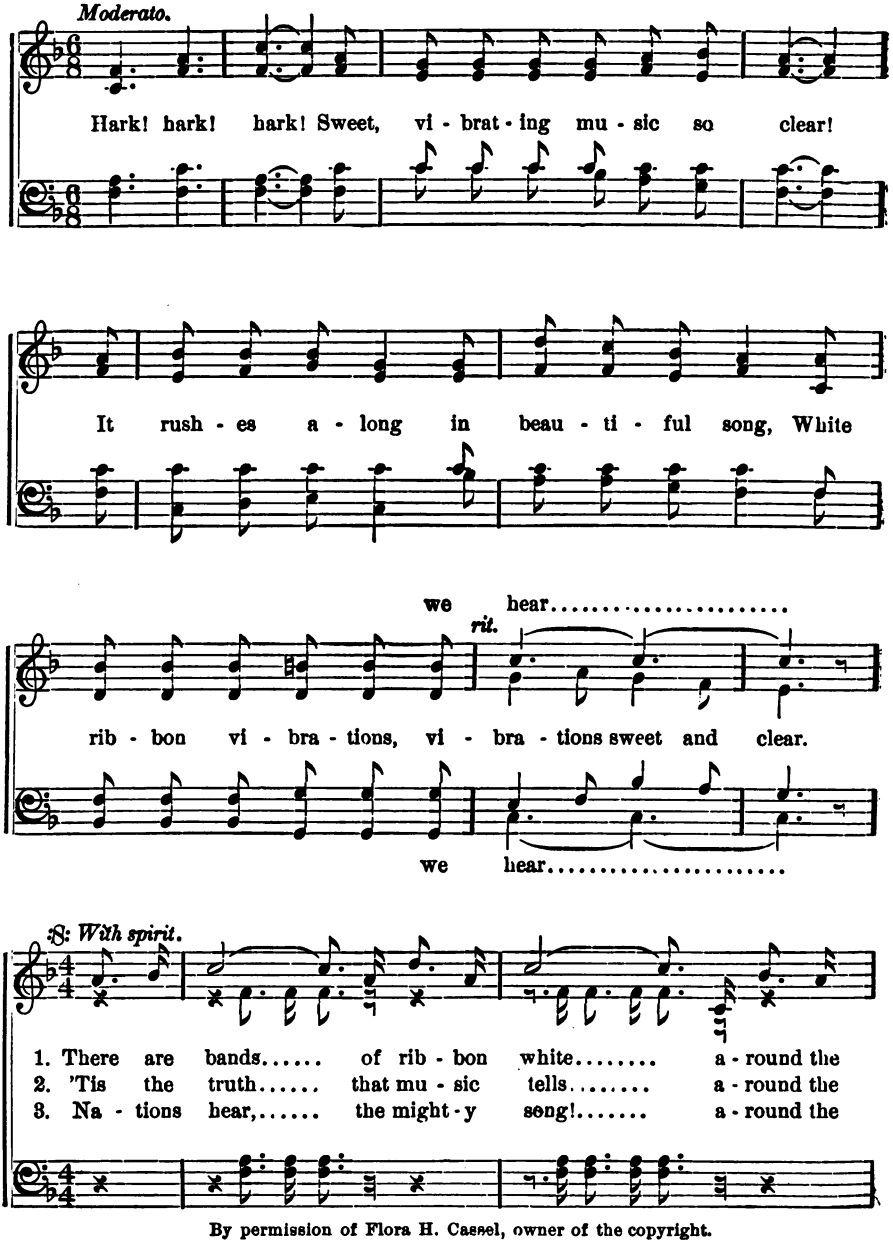
White Ribbon Vibrations.

F. H. C. FLORA HAMILTON CASSEL

Moderato.



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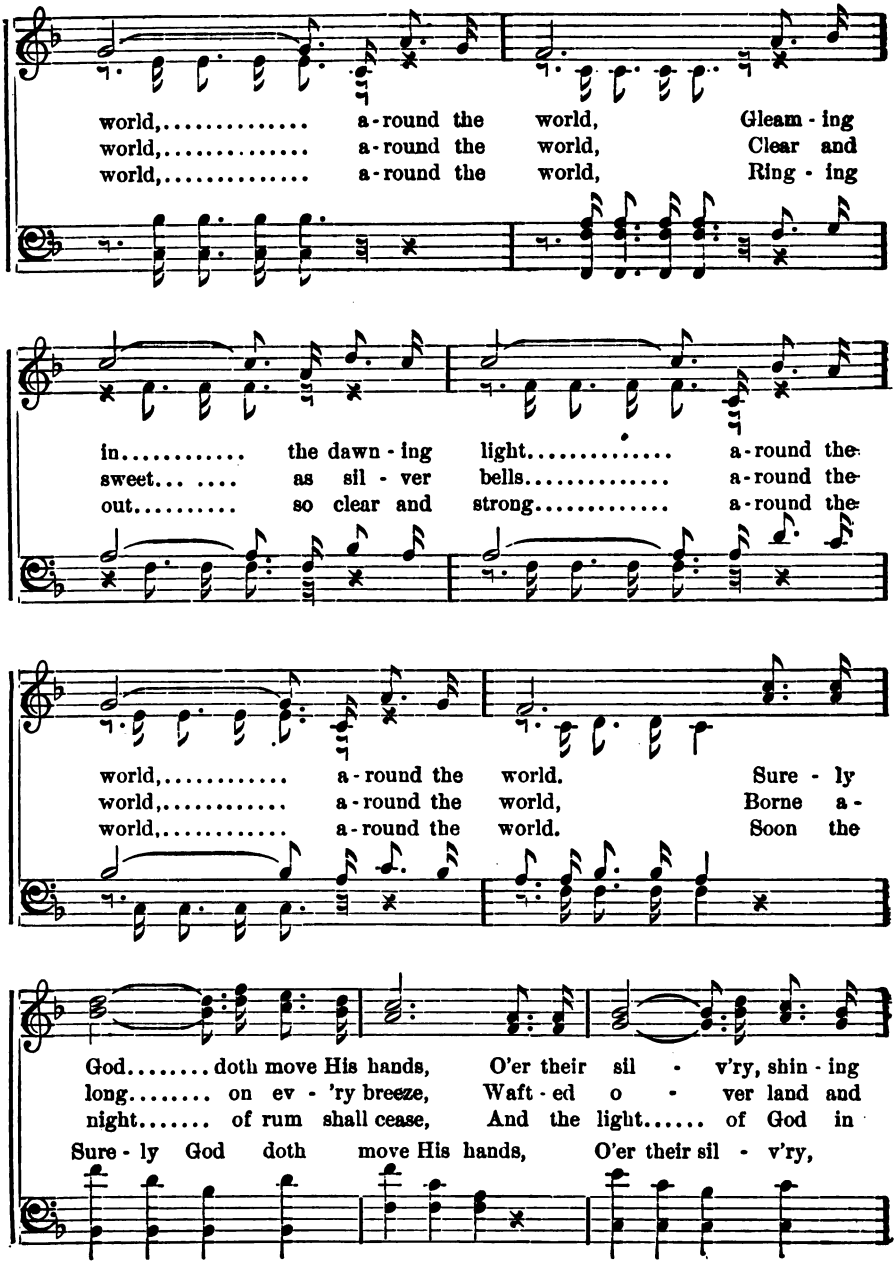
White Ribbon Vibrations. Continued.



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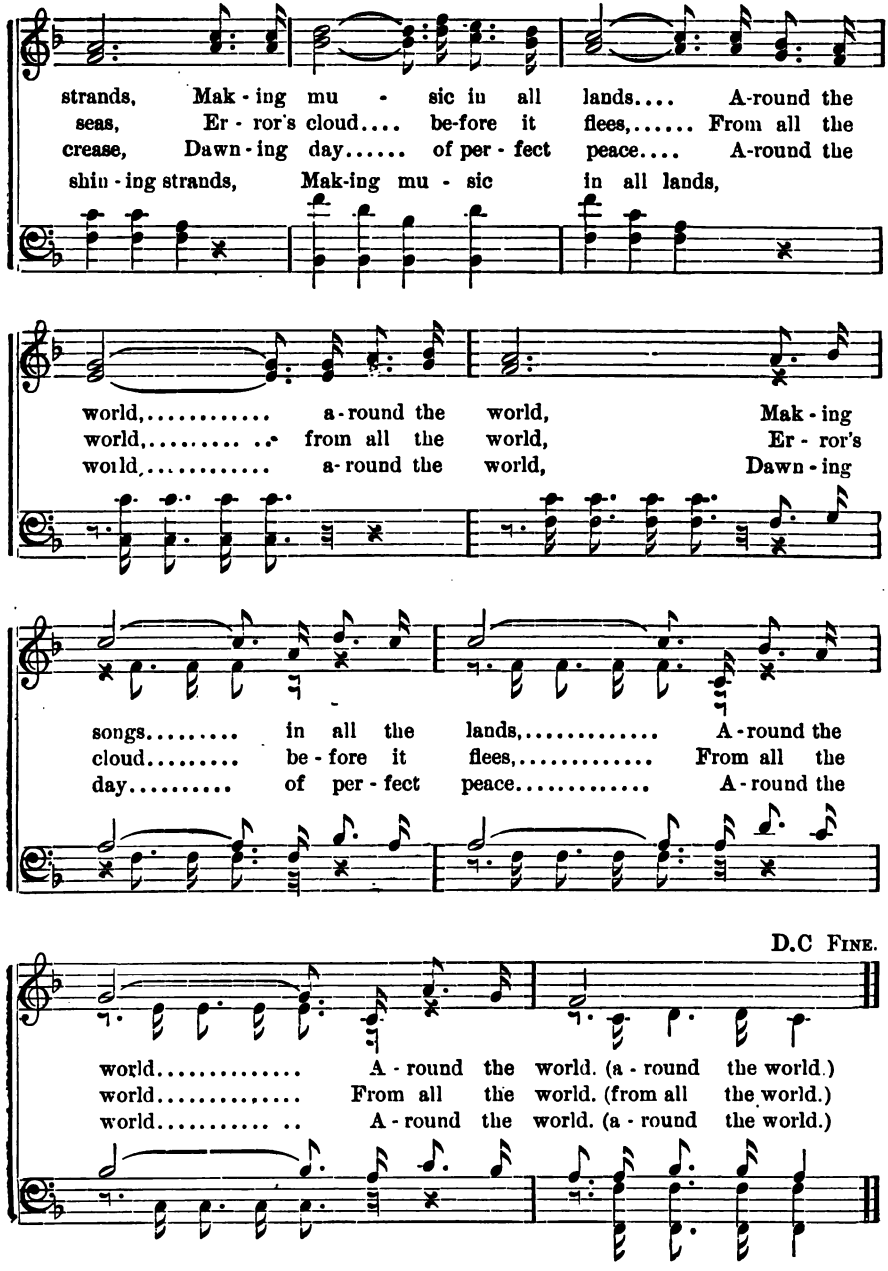

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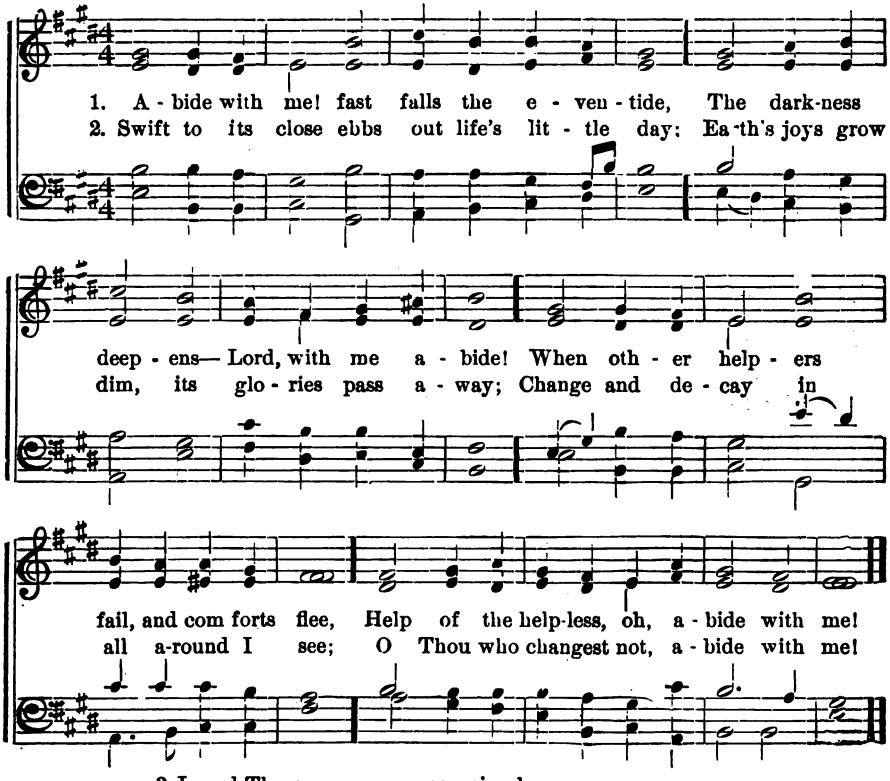
Abide with Me.

LYTE. W. H. MONK.



3 I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who, like Thyself, my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me!

4 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee!
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

Blest Be the Tie.

1 Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one—
Our comforts and our cares.

3 We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be joined in heart,
And hope to meet again.

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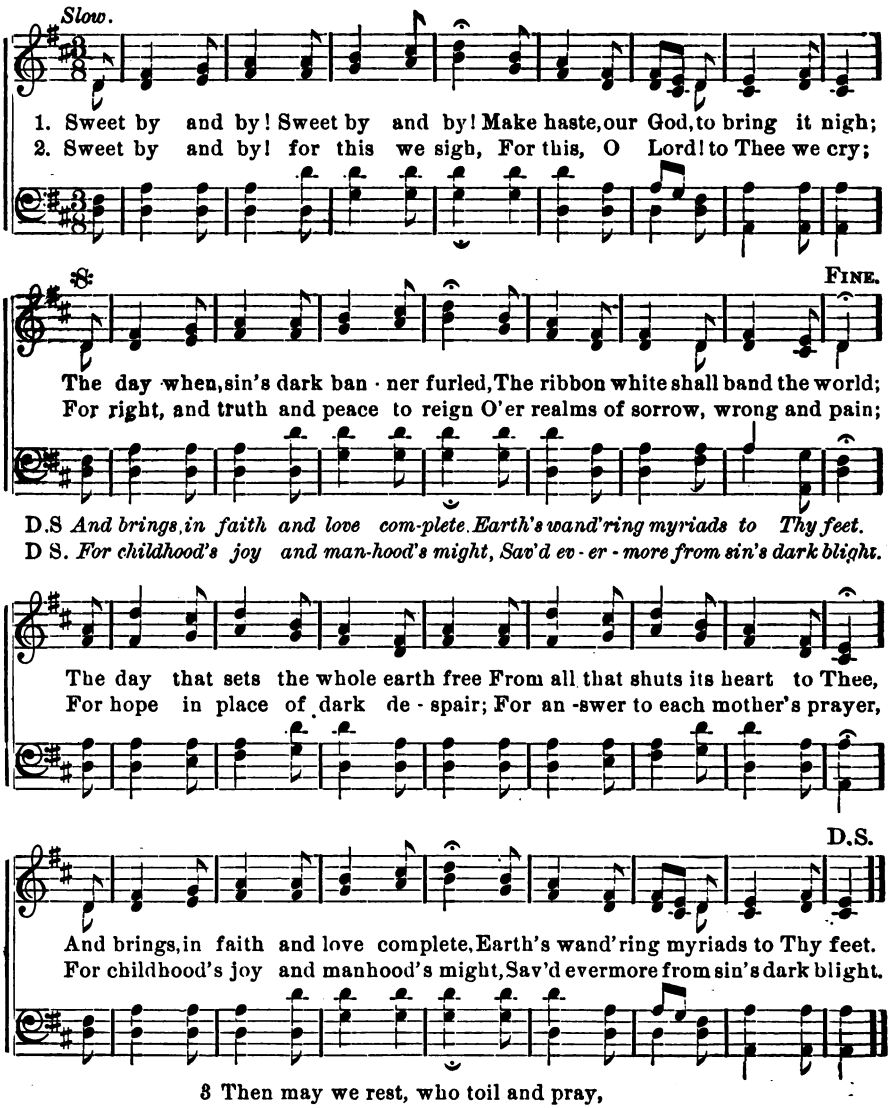
By and By.

MARY LOWE DICKINSON. WM. B. BRADBURY.



3 Then may we rest, who toil and pray,
Through bitter night and weary day;
Then may we lay our armor by,
Who heard the world's heart-broken cry
For help that love alone could bring,
Deliverance from the tempter's sting.
Before our faith God's foes shall fly,
And victory waits us by and by

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By and By. Concluded.

4 Take Thou our many earnest years,
Our countless prayers, our toils, our tears,
All we have been, all we can be,
And build a barrier 'gainst the sea
That whelms our well-beloved land;
Our host awaits Thy high command;
Upon Thy Cross is fixed each eye,
It leads to triumph, by and by.

Lord. Speak to Me.

Tune By and By.

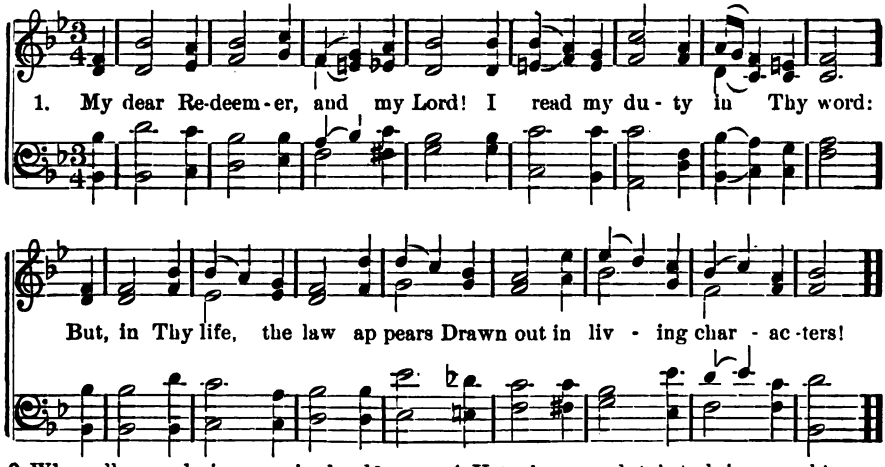
1 Lord, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of Thy tone;
As Thou hast sought so let me seek
Thine erring children, lost and lone.
O lead me, Lord, that I may lead
The wandering and the wavering feet,
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed
Thy hungering ones with manna sweet.

2 O teach me, Lord, that I may teach
The precious things Thou dost impart;
And wing my words, that they may reach
The hidden depths of many a heart.
O give Thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from Thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

3 O fill me with Thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show
O use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
Until Thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share.

Service.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. BEETHOVEN. ARR.



2 Who calls our glorious service hard?
Who deems it not its own reward?
Who, for its trials, counts it less
A cause of praise and thankfulness?

3 It may not be our lot to wield
The sickle in the ripened field;
Nor ours to hear, on summer eves,
The reaper's song among the sheaves.

4 Yet when our duty's task is wrought
In unison with God's great thought,
The near and future blend in one,
And whatsoe'er is willed is done!

5 And were this life the utmost span,
The only end and aim of man,
Better the toil of fields like these
Than waking dreams and slothful ease.

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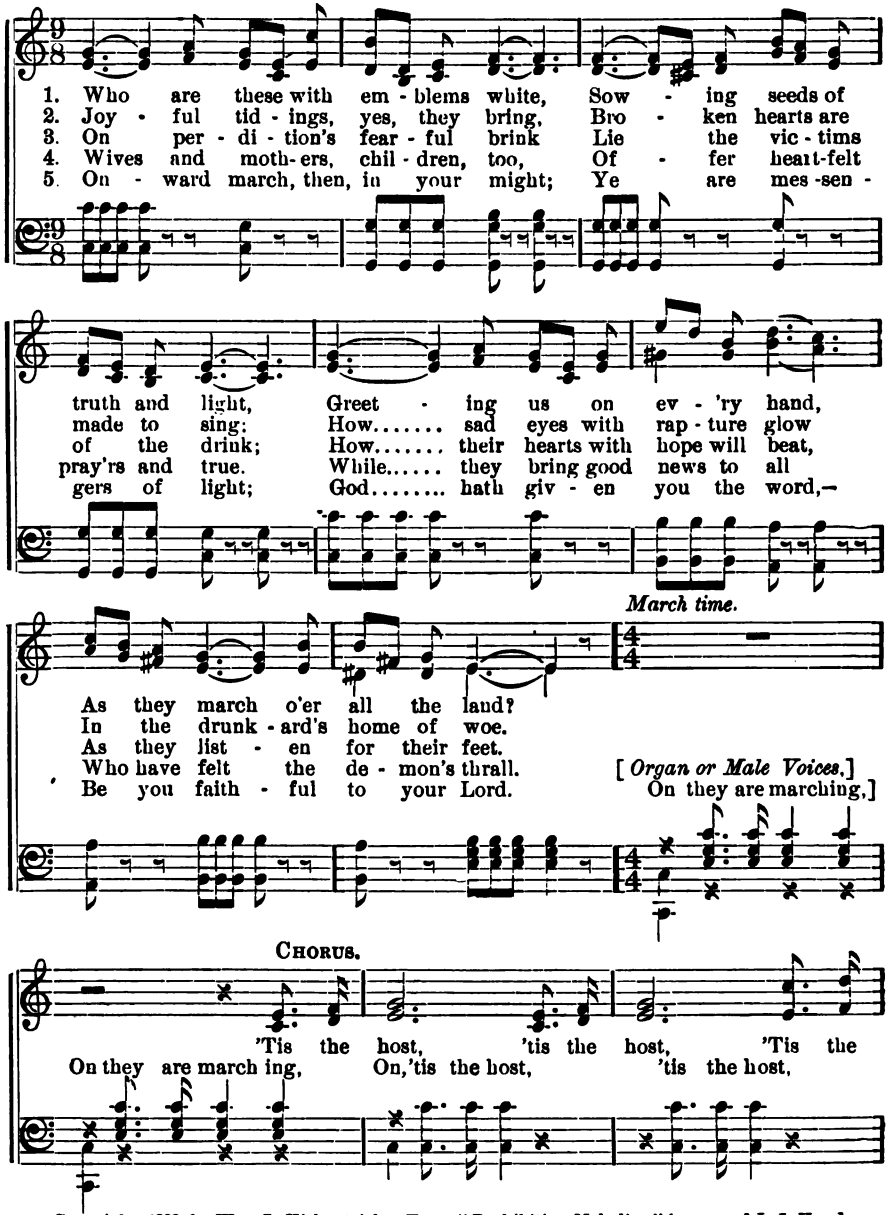
The White Ribbon Host.

"The Lord giveth the word; the women that publish the tidings are a great host."—Ps. 68: 11 (Revised version).

ELIZA D. HAND. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK



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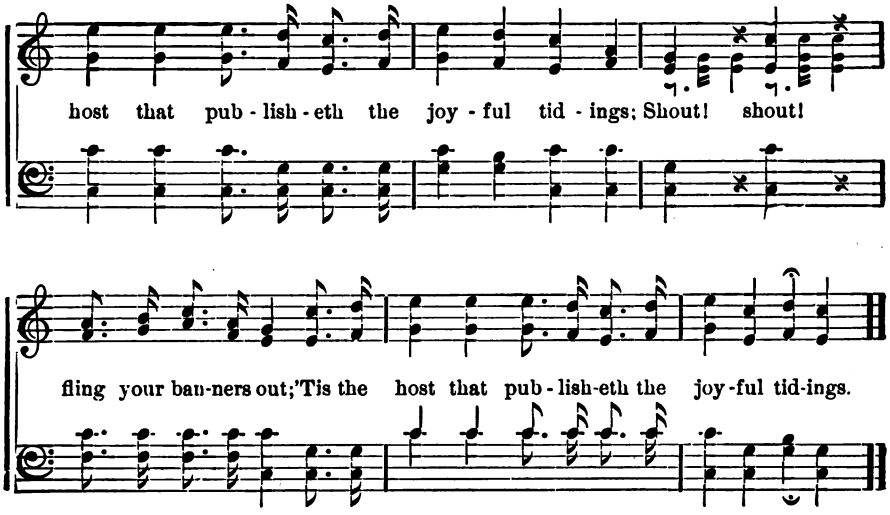

For God and Home and Native Land.

(*Dedicated to Frances E. Willard by Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*)

Air: "The Watch on the Rhine."

1 Hark! Through the land I hear the cry
That echoes round the circling sky;
And heaven repeats the anthem grand,
"For God and Home and Native Land."

CHORUS:— For Native Land, for Native Land,
For God and Home and Native Land!
Come, swell the anthem grand and true,
For God and Home we'll dare and do.

2 Hark, hark! The shibboleth goes forth,
From East and West and South and North,
Lo, millions to the standard flee,
To shout for home and liberty. CHO.

3 O Zion's daughters, calm and sweet,
How beauteous are your blessed feet!
Arise, awake, and haste to bring
The jubilee of Christ your king. CHO.

4 Come, wave your glorious banner high,
The beams of morning kiss the sky;—
The hosts of wrong shall cower and flee
Before your golden jubilee. CHO.

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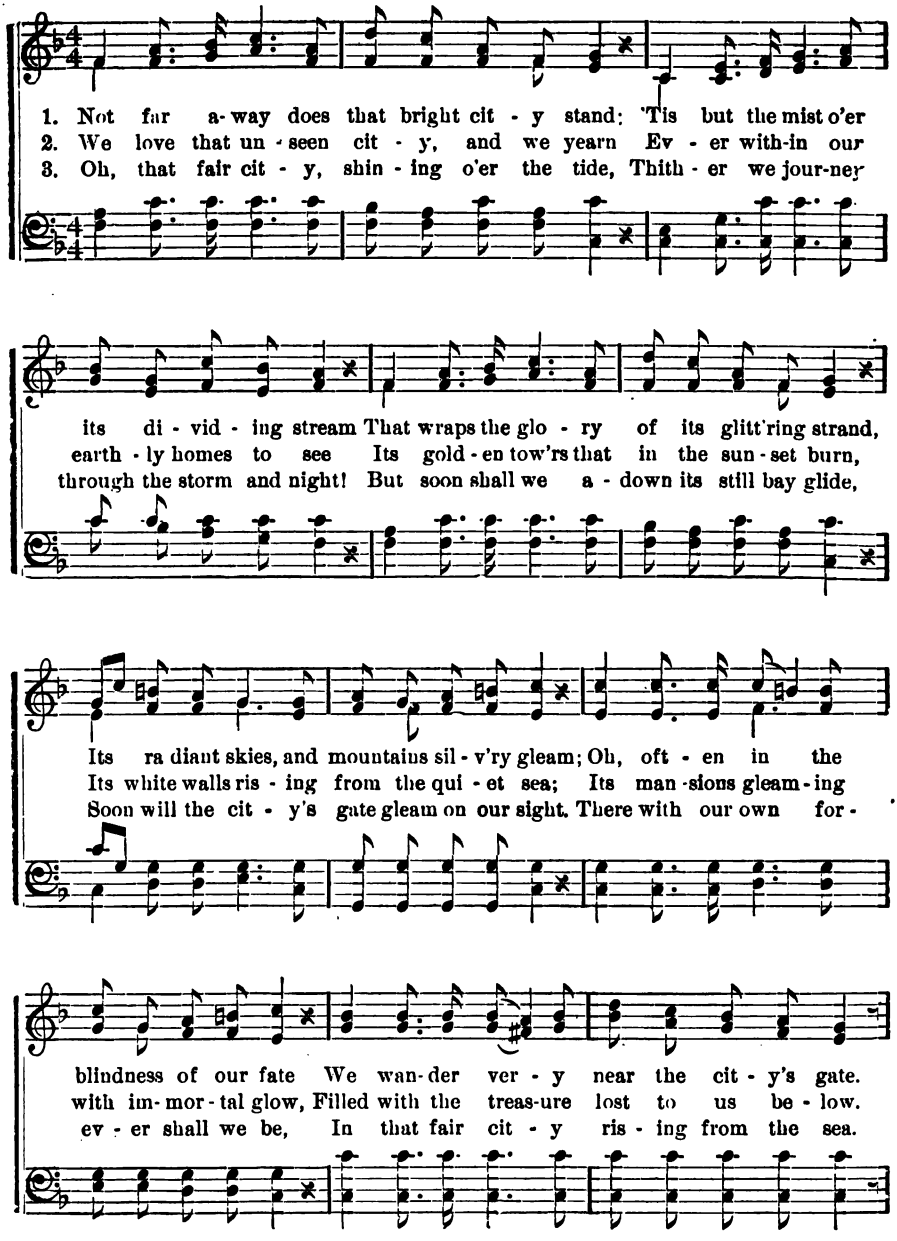
The Unseen City.

MARIETTA HOLLEY. THEO. F. SEWARD.



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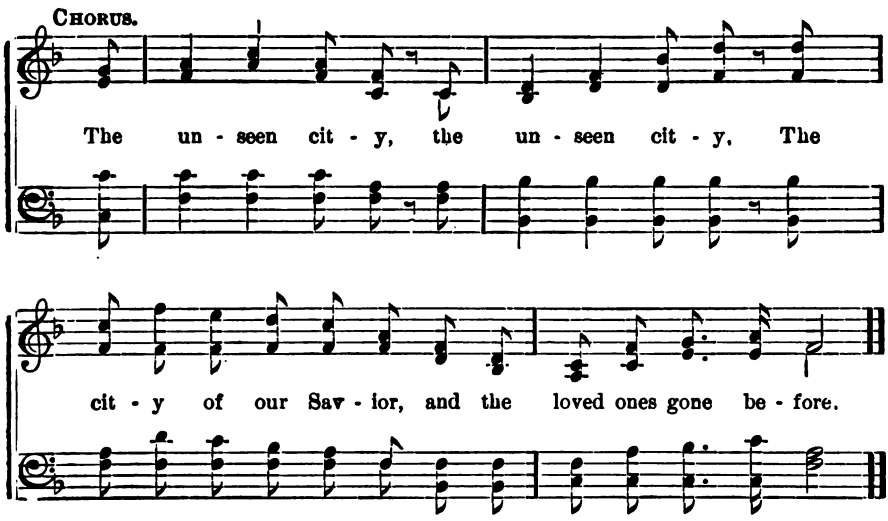

Our Beacon Hymn.

"I am come a light into the world."—John 12: 46.

Tune: Sweet By and By.

1 There's a light that is beaming above,
And a promise to us has been given,
From the Father of truth and of love,
That it heralds the kingdom of heaven.

Cho. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

2 It will scatter the darkness away,
From the homes of the poor and oppressed:
It will gather in brightest array
All the works that our faith have expressed.

Cho. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

3 To our merciful Father of light,
Let us offer our humblest and best;
For the hope of the triumph of right,
For the promise of peace and of rest.

Cho. It will shine more and more,
Till its glory like noontide shall be.

Elzabeth A. Lawson.

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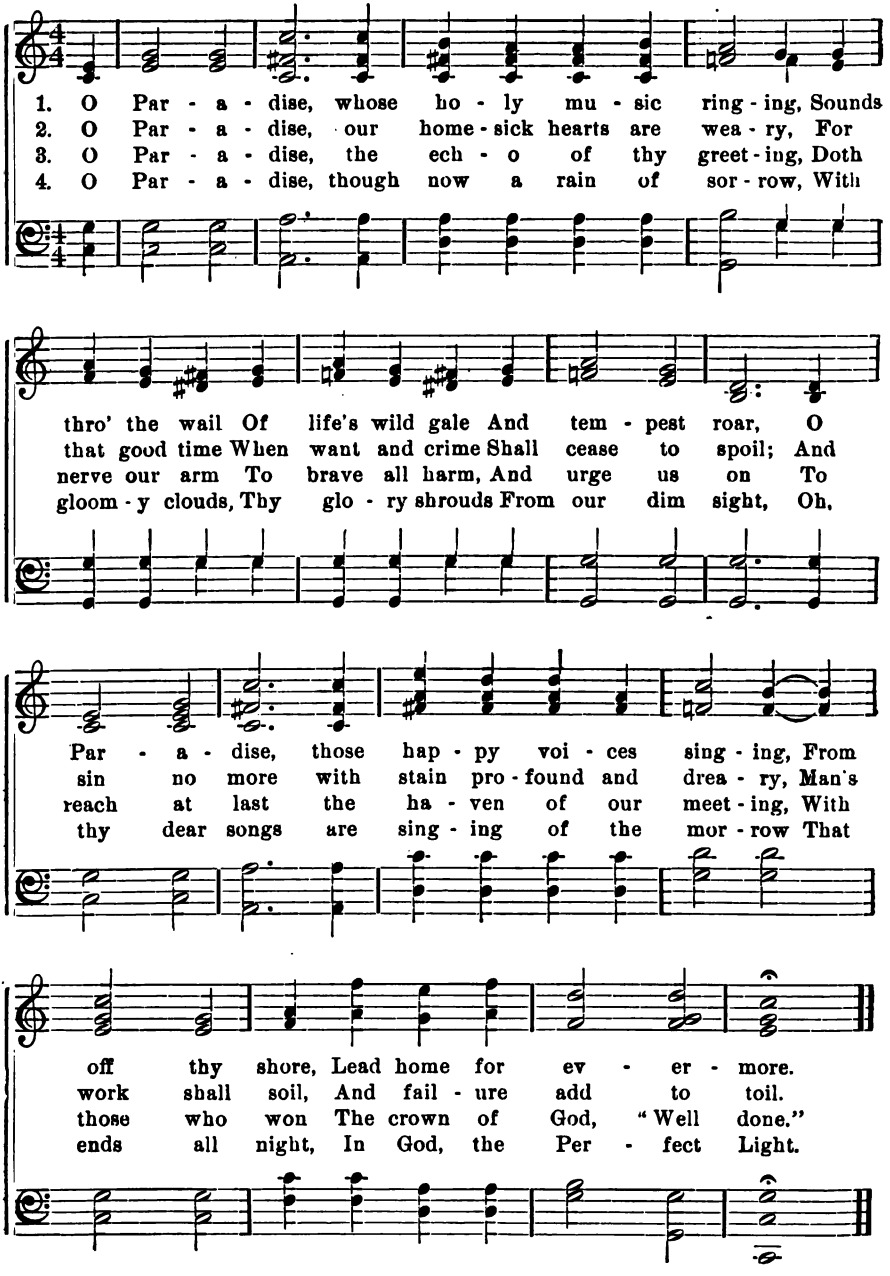
PARADISE.

LAURA ORMISTON CHANT. L. O. C.

Tune: "ANNA GORDON."



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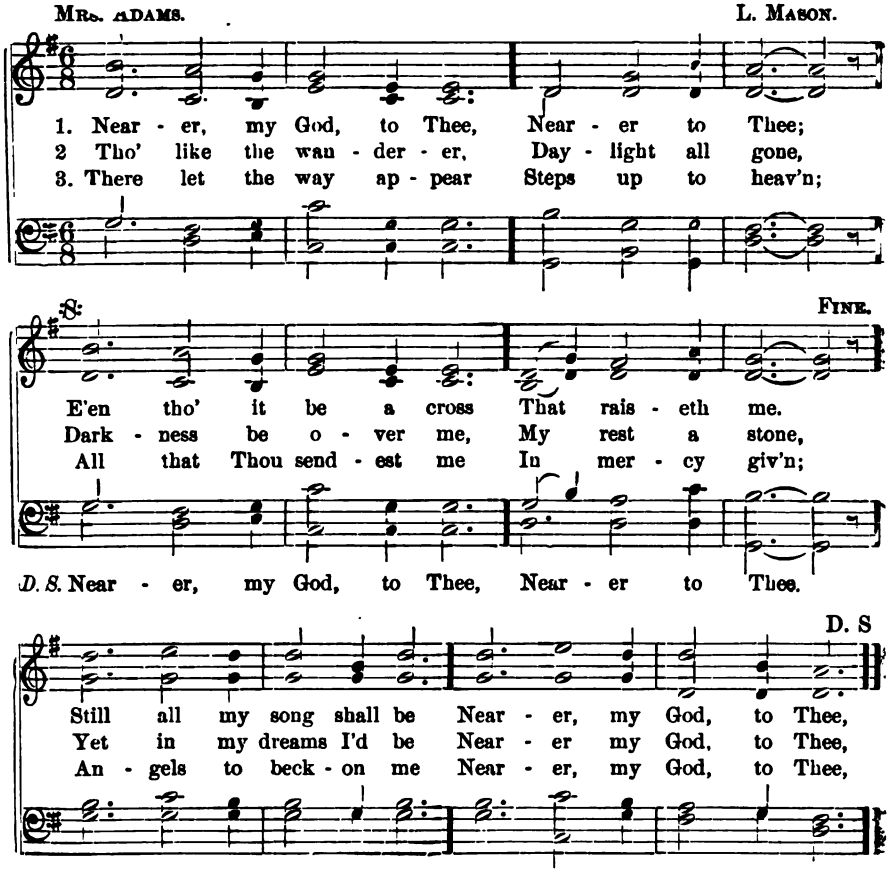
Nearer, My God, to Thee.



Purer in Heart.

MRS. A. L. DAVIDSON.

(Sing to tune above. Appropriate for a Solo.)

1 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
May I devote my life
Wholly to Thee;
Watch Thou my wayward feet
Guide me with counsel sweet;
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

2 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
Teach me to do Thy will,
Most lovingly;
Be Thou my friend and guide,
Let me with Thee abide,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

3 Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be;
That I Thy holy face
One day may see;
Keep me from secret sin,
Reign Thou my soul within,
Purer in heart, O God,
Help me to be.

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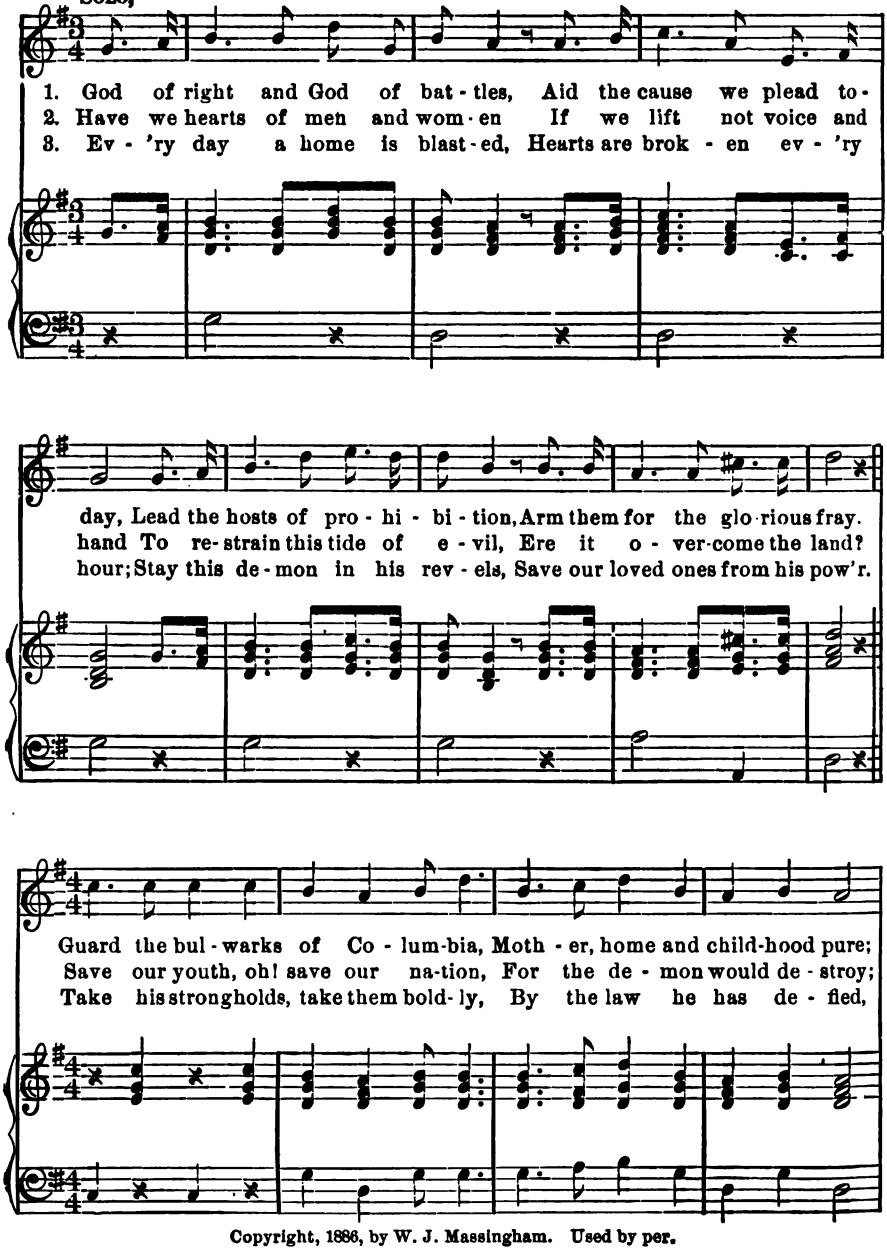
Battle Song of Prohibition.

W. J. M. Massingham. I. L. Andrews.

Solo,



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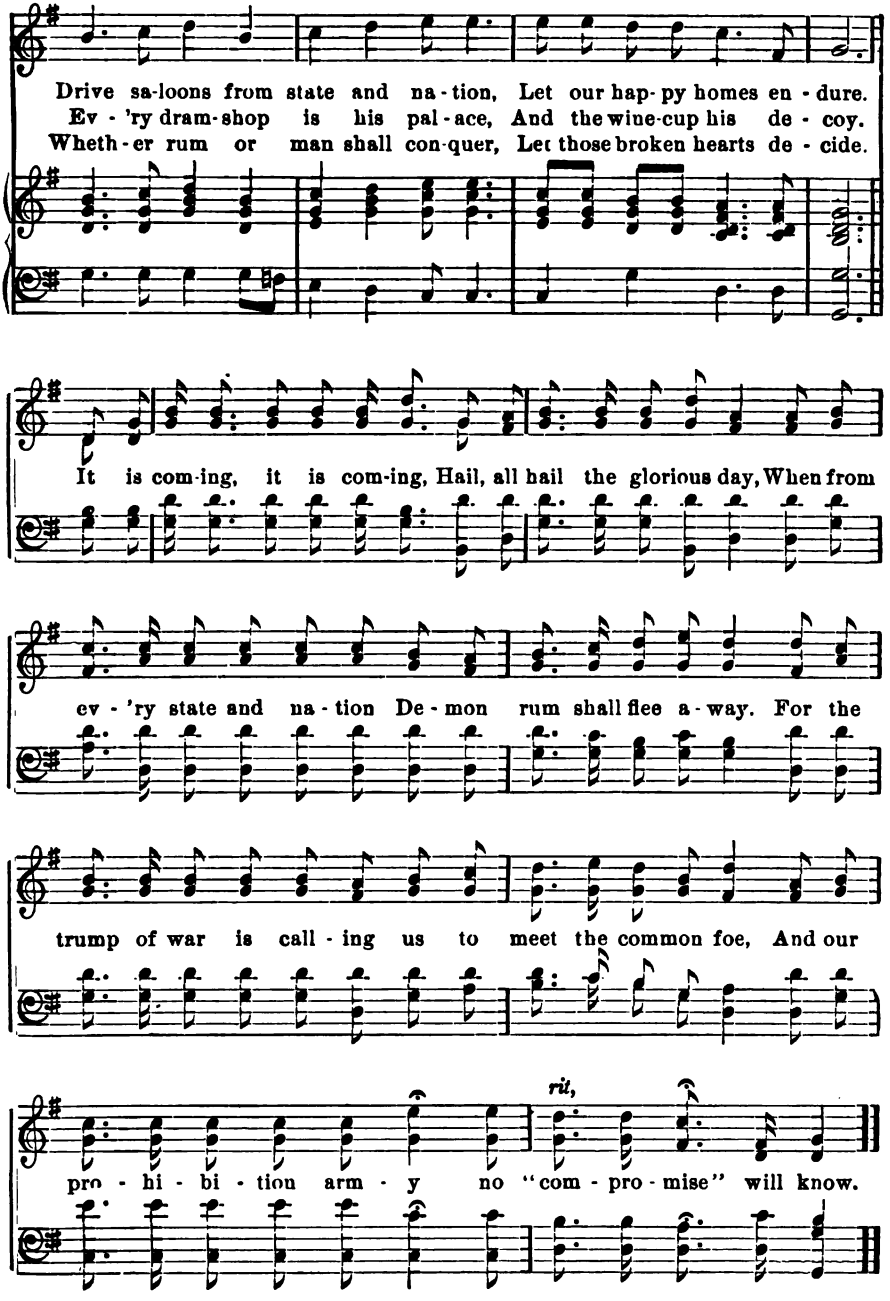
Battle Song of Prohibition. Concluded.



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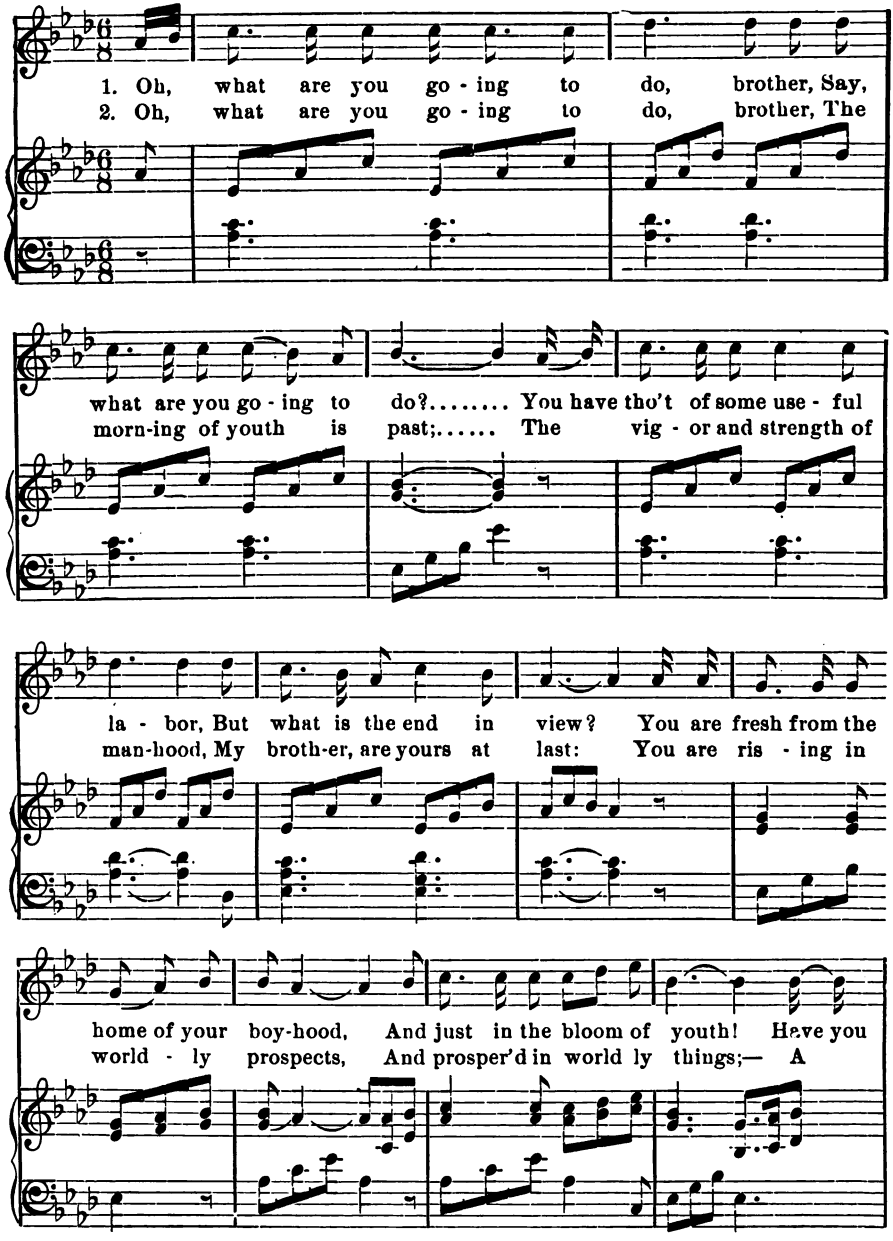
What Are You Going to Do?

FANNY J. CROSBY. PHILIP PHLILIPS.



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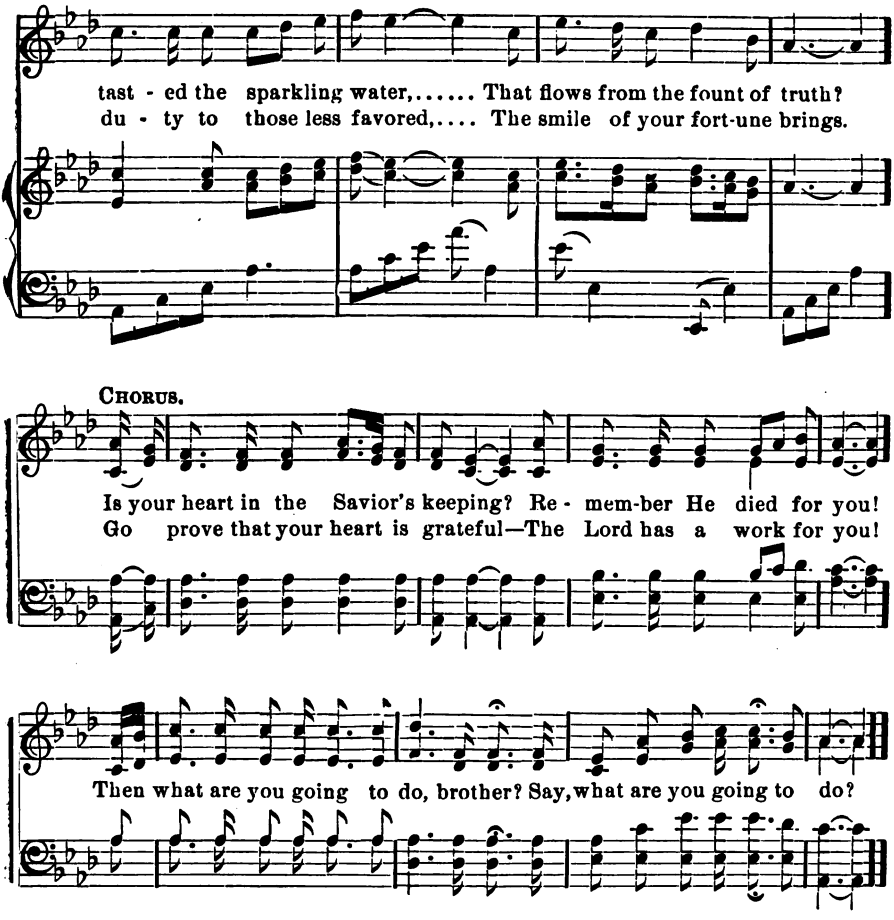
What Are You Going to Do? Concluded.



3 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
Your sun at its noon is high;
It shines in meridian splendor,
And rides through a cloudless sky:
You are holding a high position,
Of honor, and trust, and fame;—
Are you willing to give the glory
And praise to your Savior's name?

CHORUS.

Is your heart in the Savior's keeping?
Remember, He died for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

4 Oh, what are you going to do, brother?
The twilight approaches now;—
Already your locks are silvered,
And winter is on your brow:
Your talents, your time, your riches,
To Jesus, your Master, give;
Then ask if the world around you
Is better because you live.

CHORUS.

You are nearing the brink of Jordan,
But still there is work for you!
Then what are you going to do, brother?
Say, what are you going to do?

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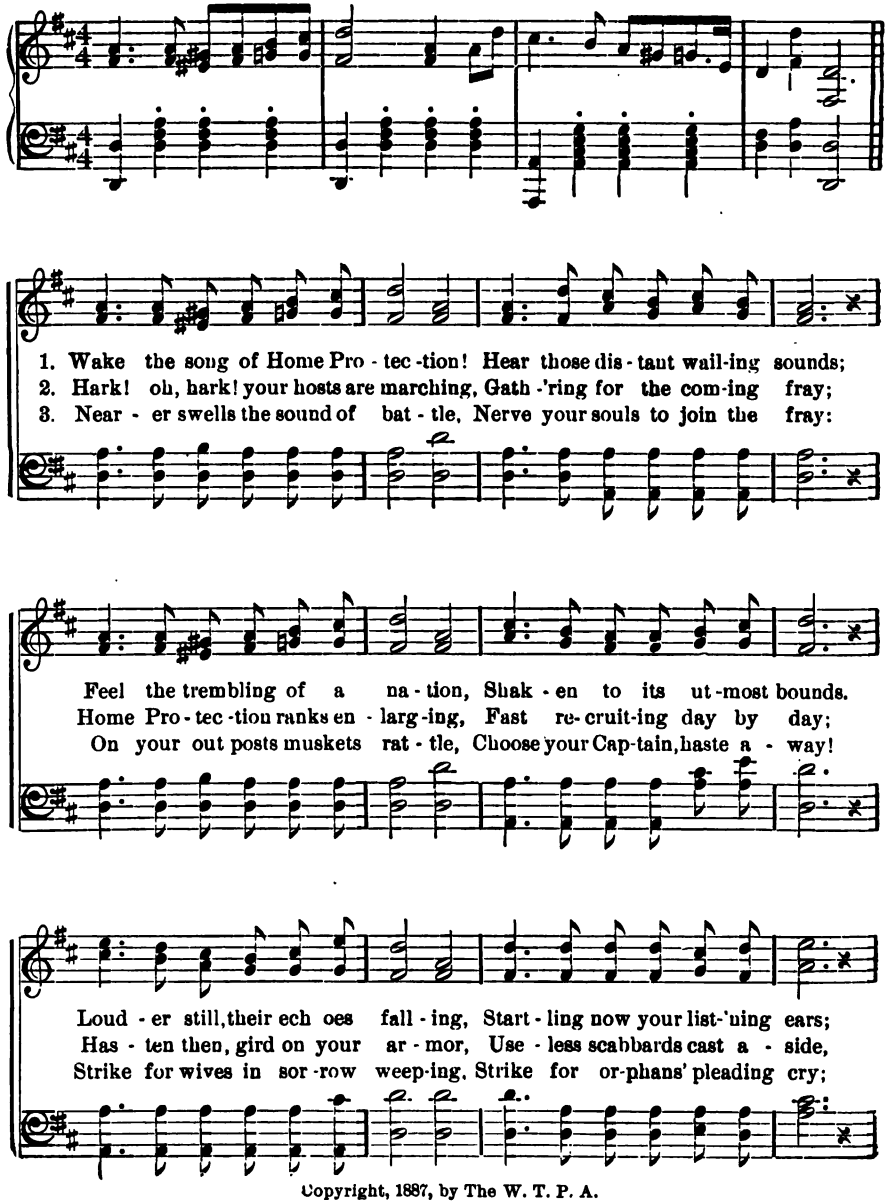
Home Protection Song.

Quartet and Chorus.

May be sung as Solo by omitting Chorus.

J. M. FORDEN. EVA MUNSON SMITH.



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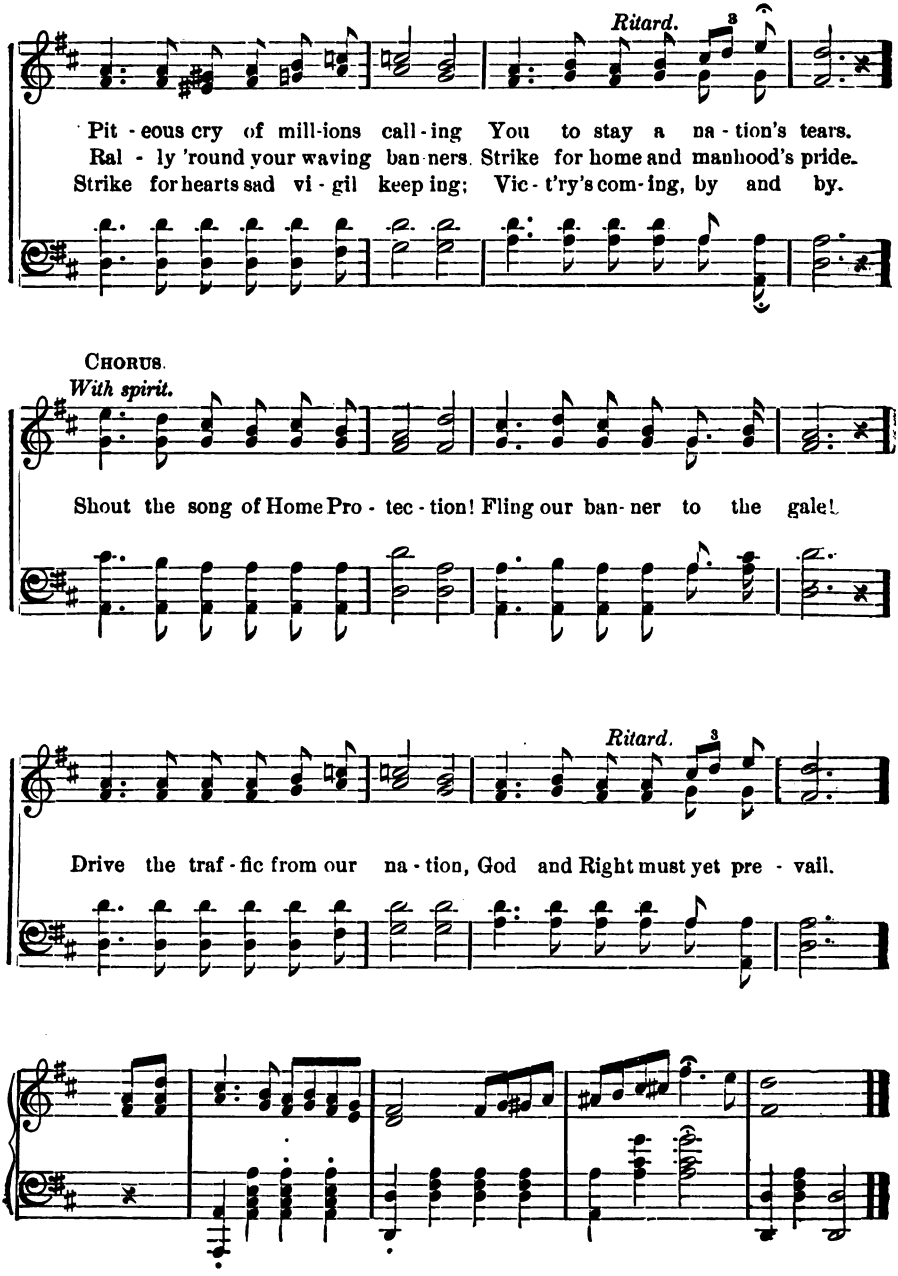

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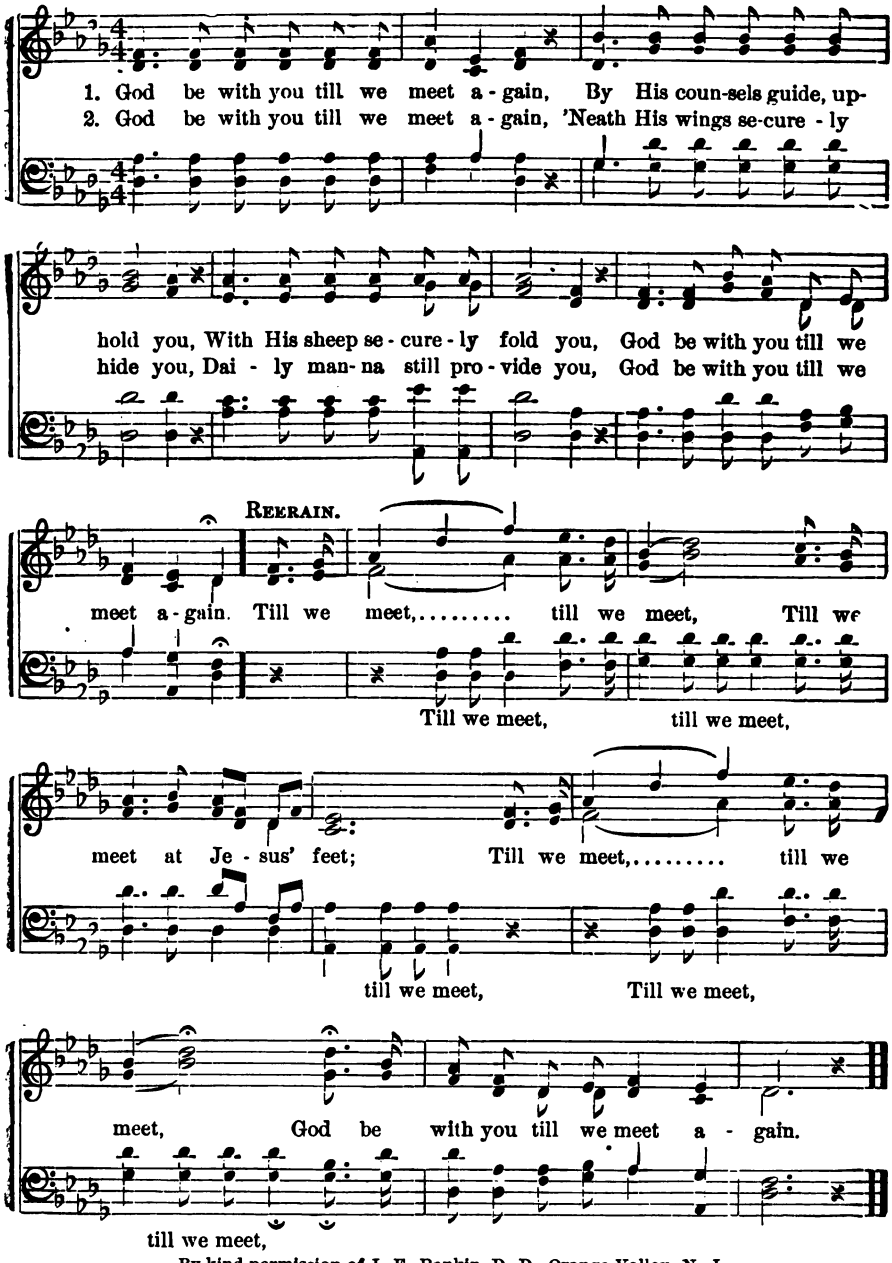
God Be with You.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. W. G. Tomer.



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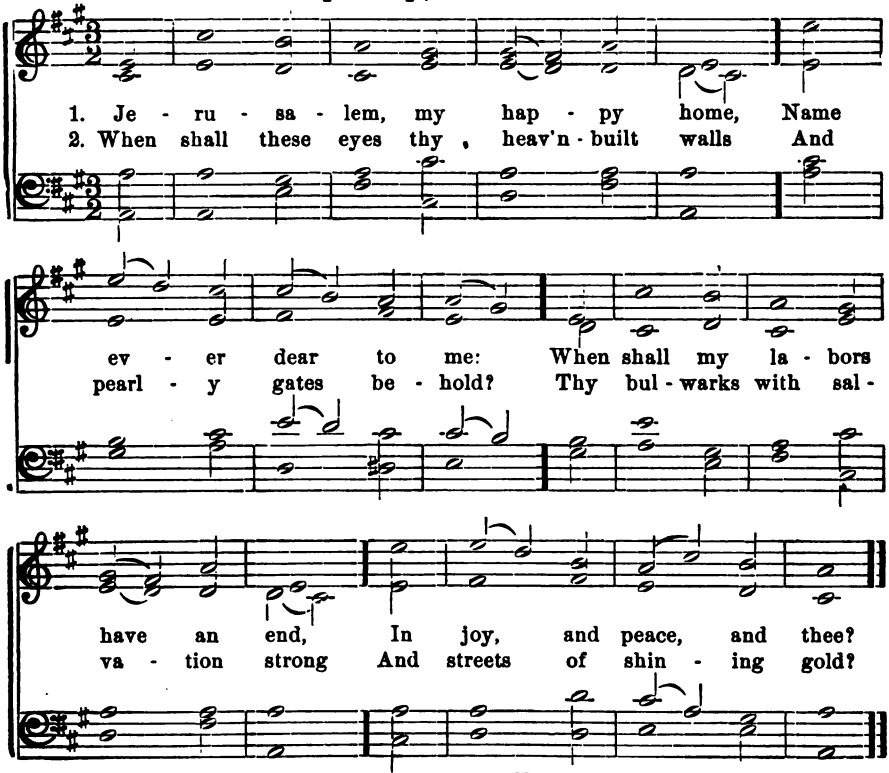
God be With you. Concluded.

3 God be with you till we meet again;
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again

4 God be with you till we meet again;
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before
God be with you till we meet again. [you,

The Holy City, New Jerusalem. MOZART.



3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know;
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes
Onward I press to you.

4 Why should I shrink from pain or woe,
Or feel at death dismay?
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,
And realms of endless day.

5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there
Around my Savior stand;
And soon my friends in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

6 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

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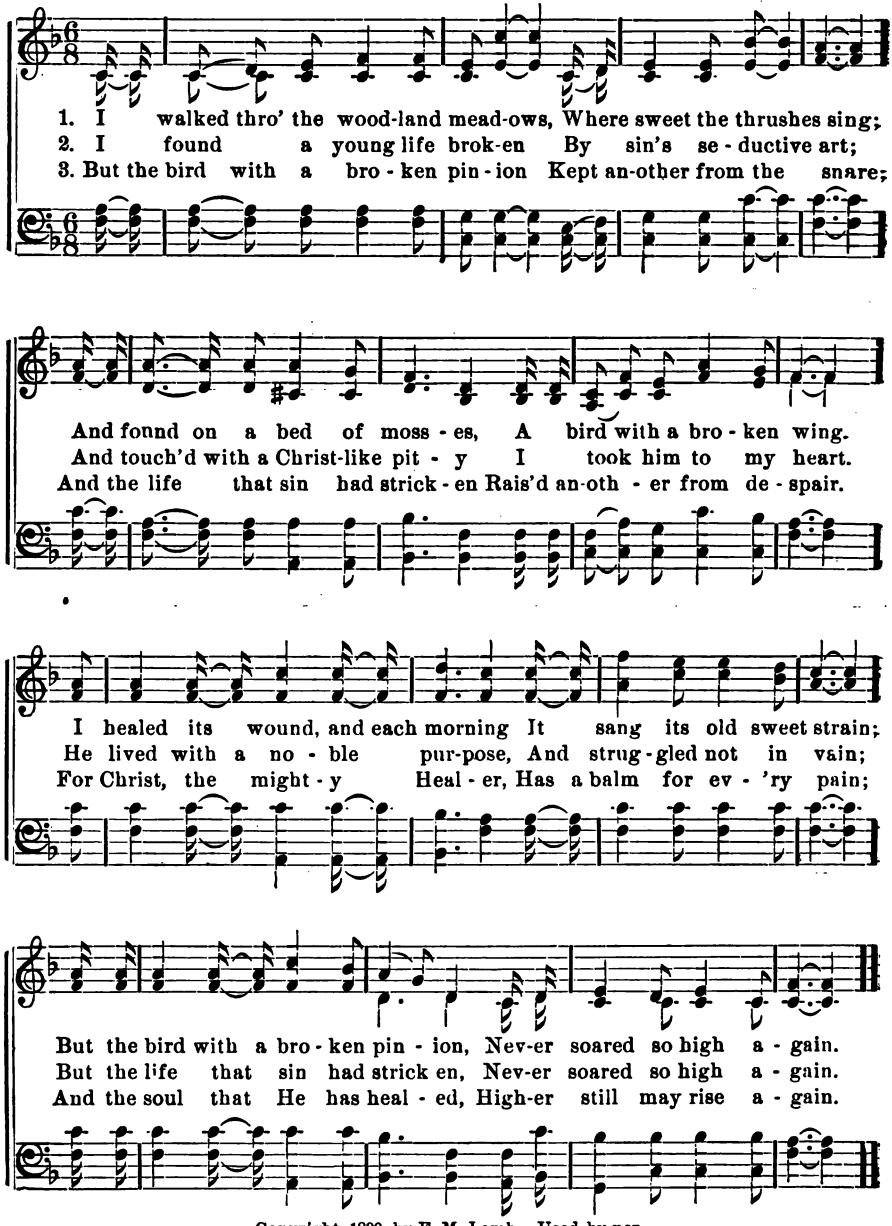
The Bird with a Broken Wing.

Dedicated to Thomas Elgar.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH. F. M. LAMB.



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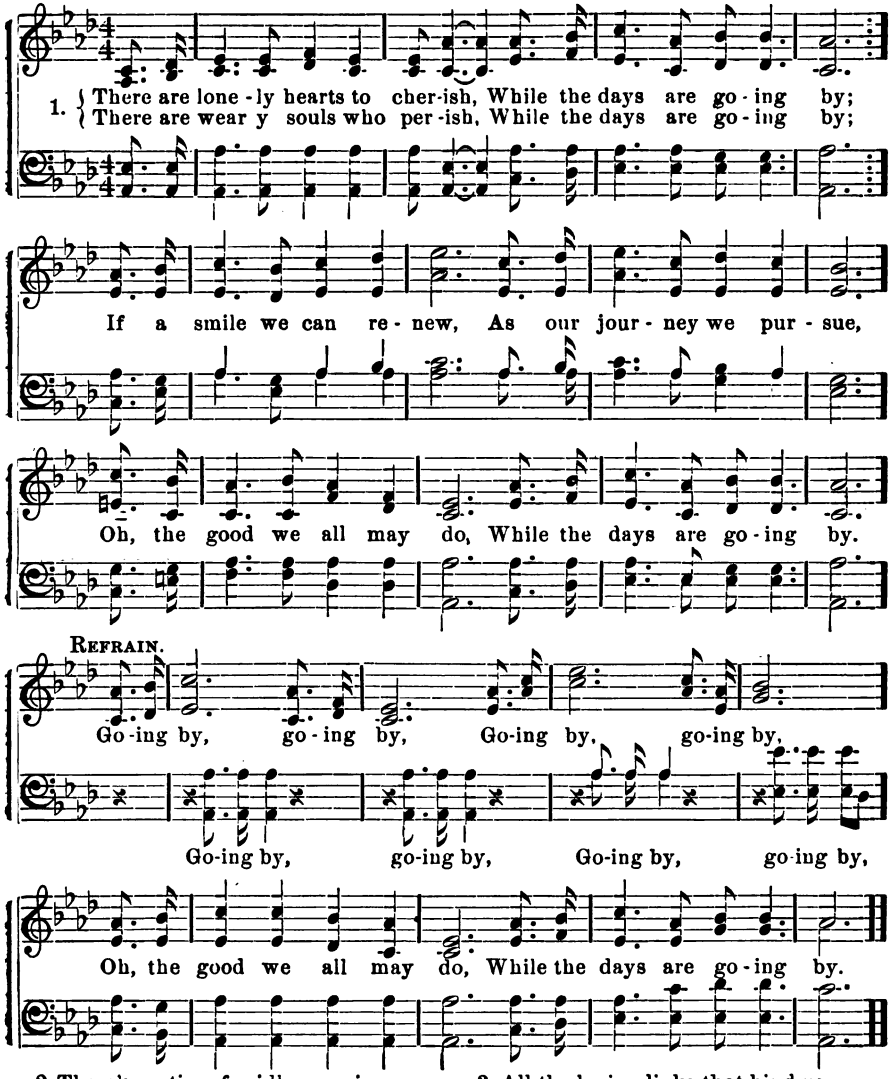
While the Days Are Going By. 133

GEORGE COOPER. IRA D. SANKEY.



2 There's no time for idle scorning,
While the days are going by;
Let your face be like the morning,
While the days are going by;
Oh, the world is full of sighs,
Full of sad and weeping eyes;
Help your fallen brother rise,
While the days are going by.

3 All the loving links that bind us,
While the days are going by,
One by one we leave behind us,
While the days are going by;
But the seeds of good we sow,
Both in shade and shine will grow,
And will keep our hearts aglow,
While the days are going by.

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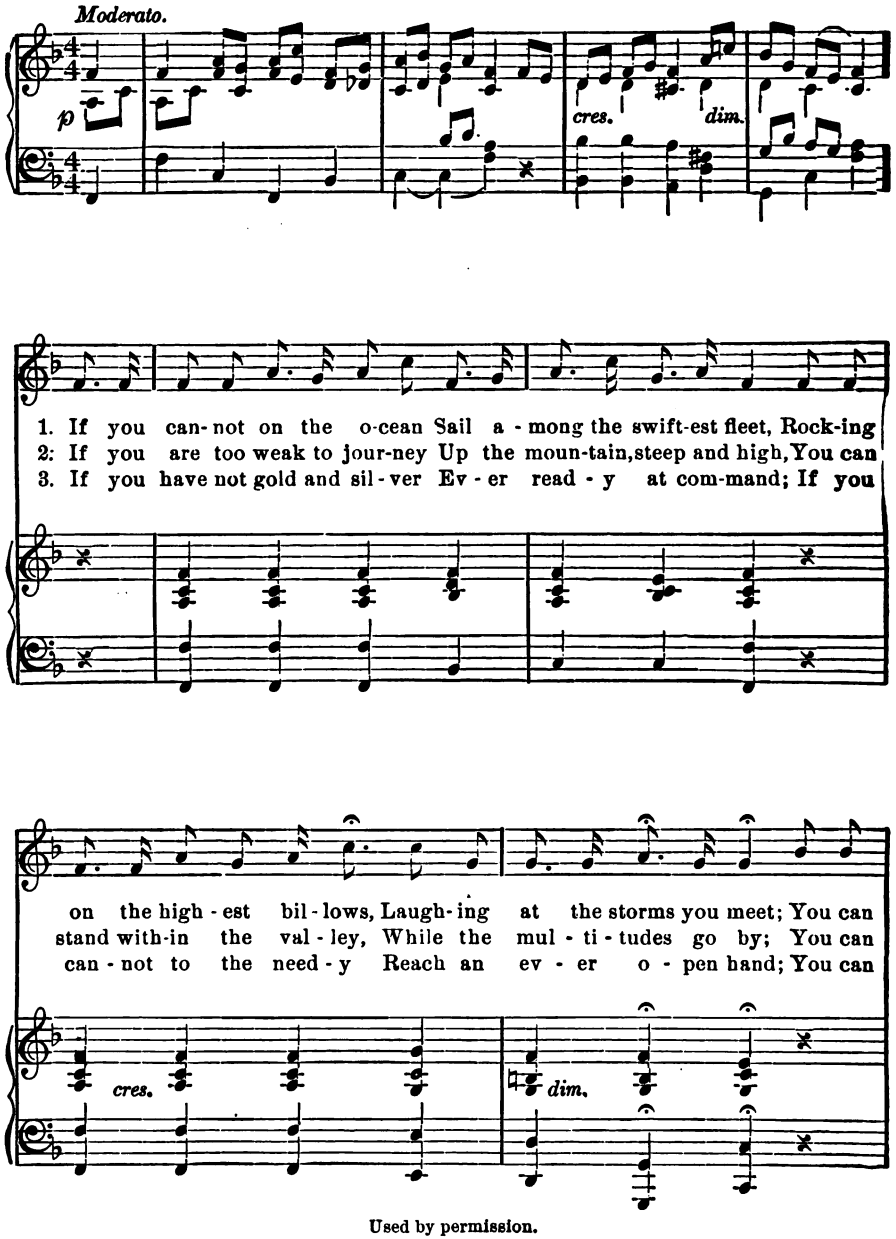
Your Mission.



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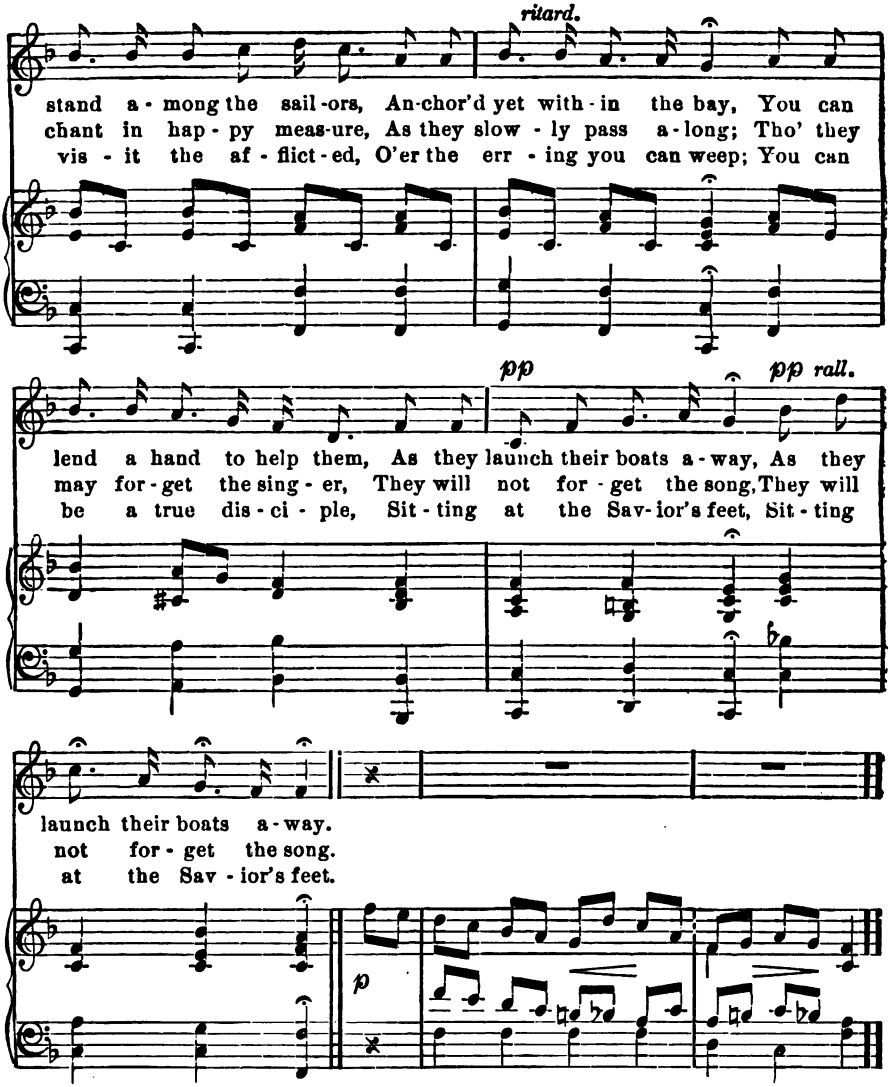

4 There's a field already open,
You may lend a helping hand,
Working in the cause of temperance
For the rescue of our land.
You can help us try to banish
Evermore the cursed bowl,
You may gain a crown of glory,
If you save a human soul.

5 Do not then stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do;
Oh, improve each passing moment,
For your moments may be few.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do and dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere.

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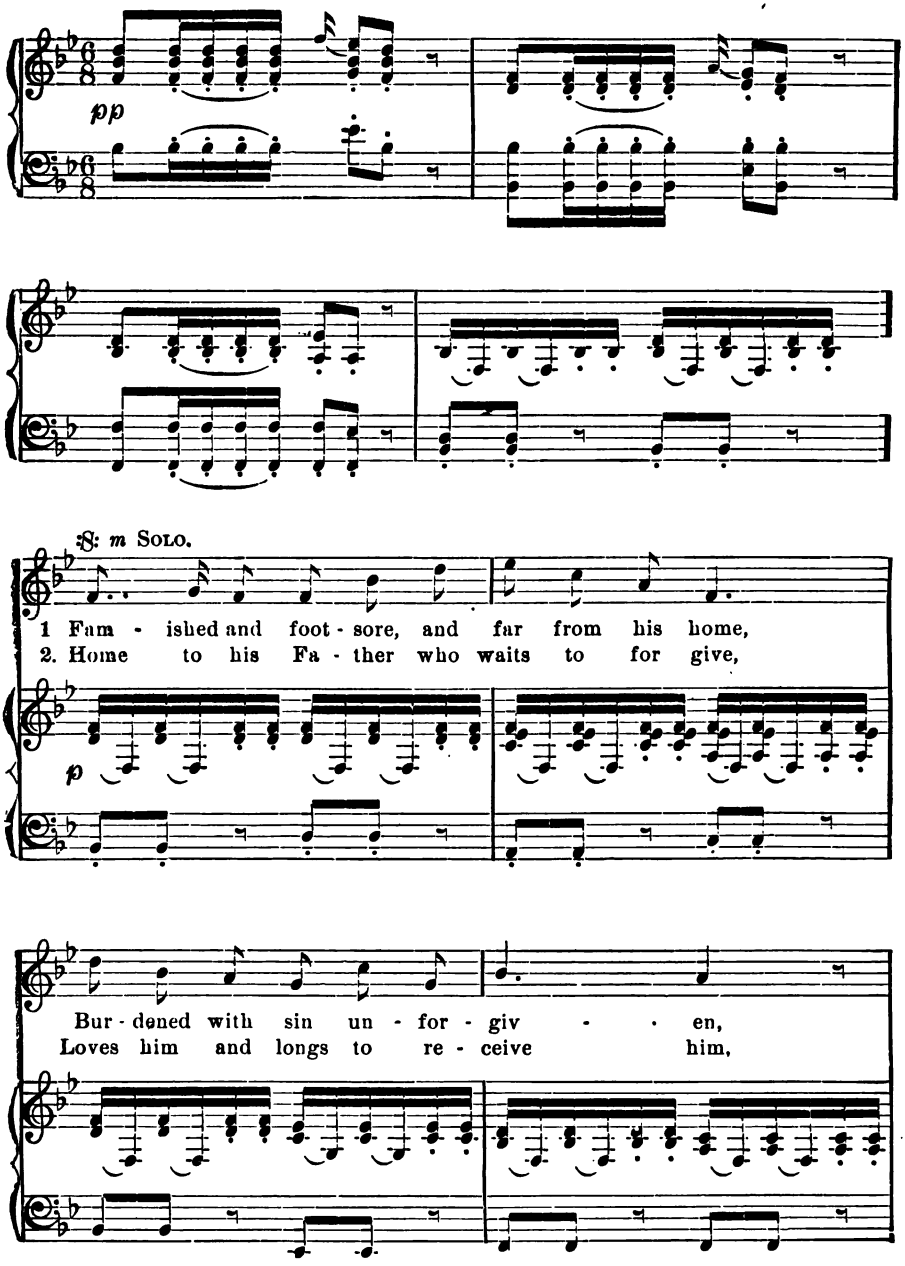
Bring the Wanderer Home.

ANNA A. GORDON. F. MENDELSSOHN.



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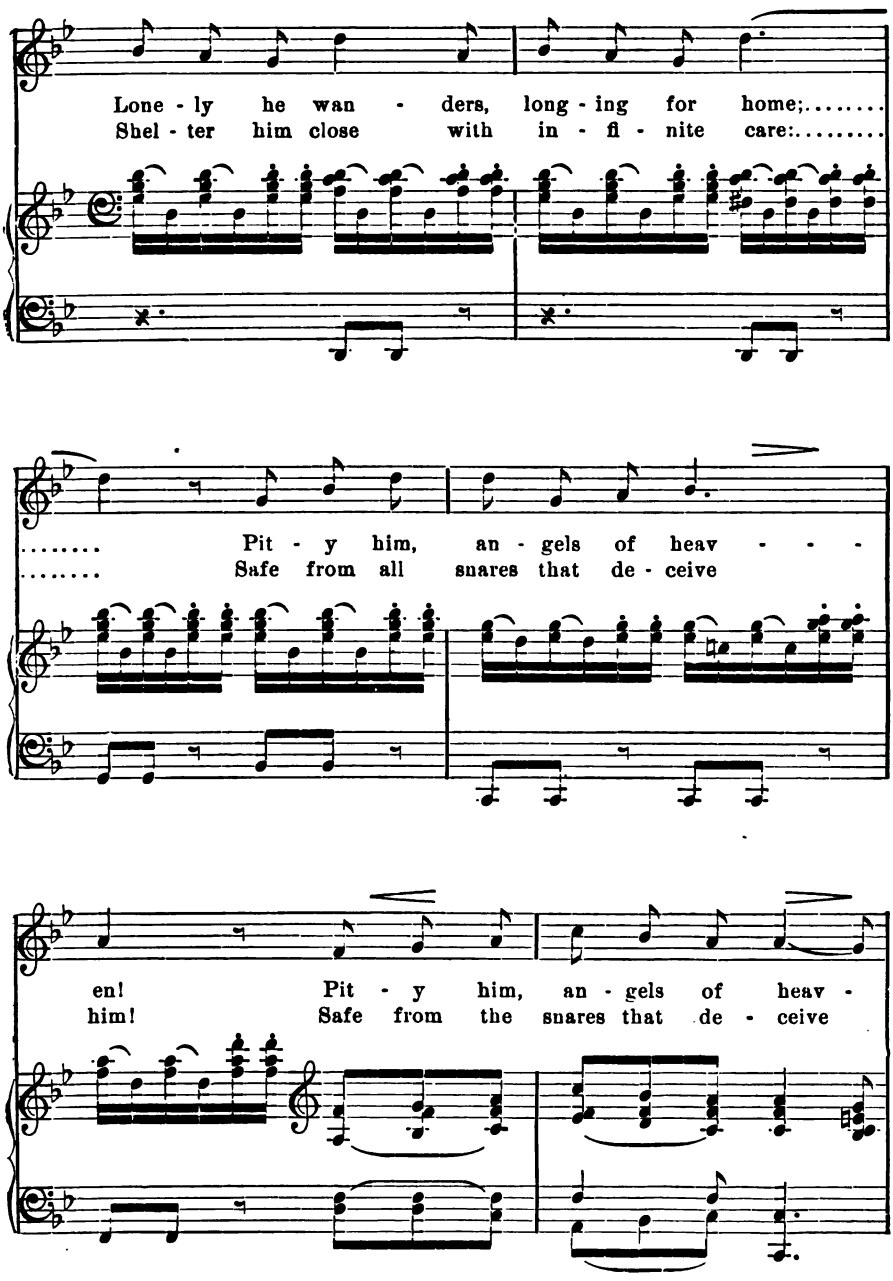

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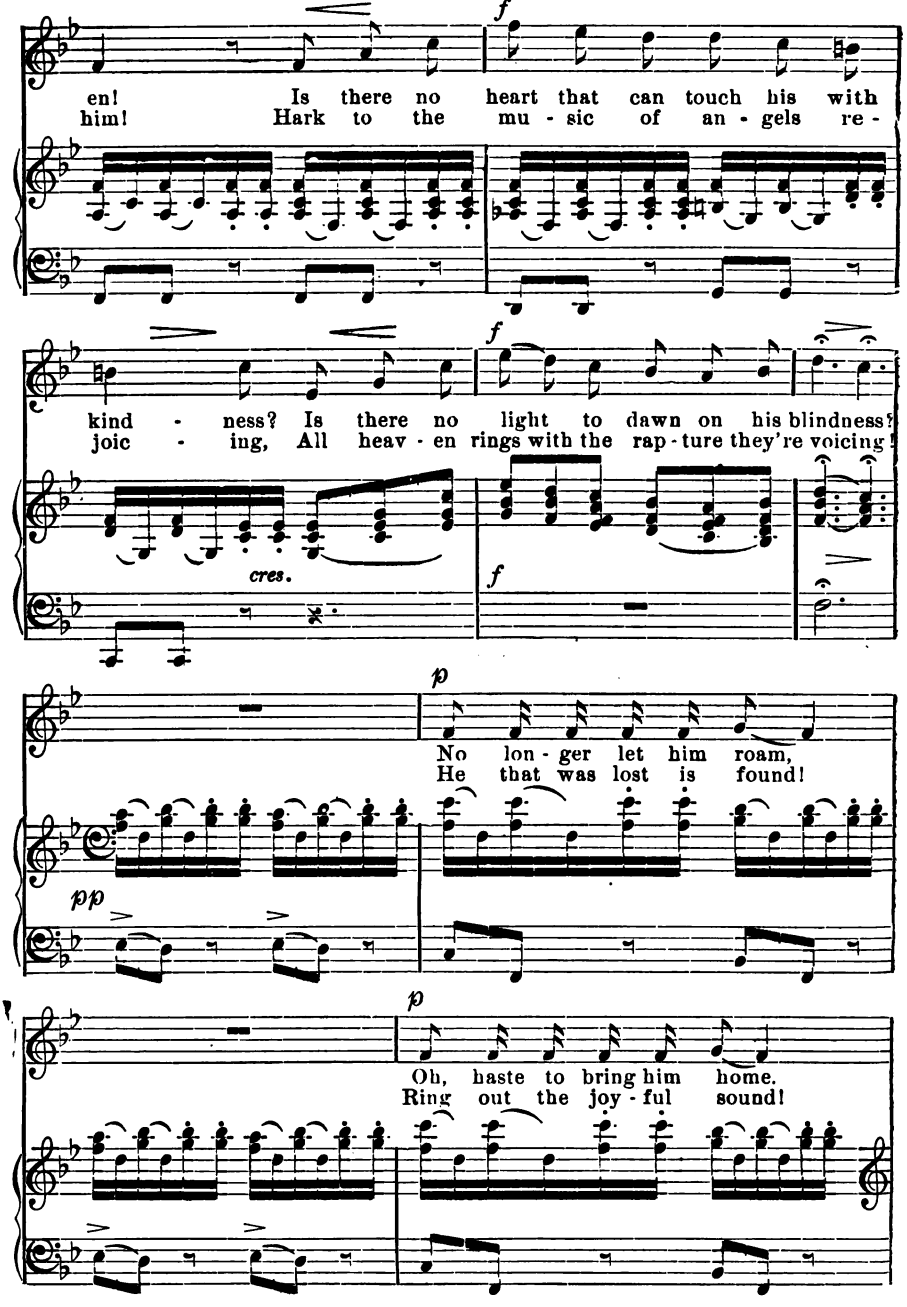
Bring the Wanderer Home. Continued.



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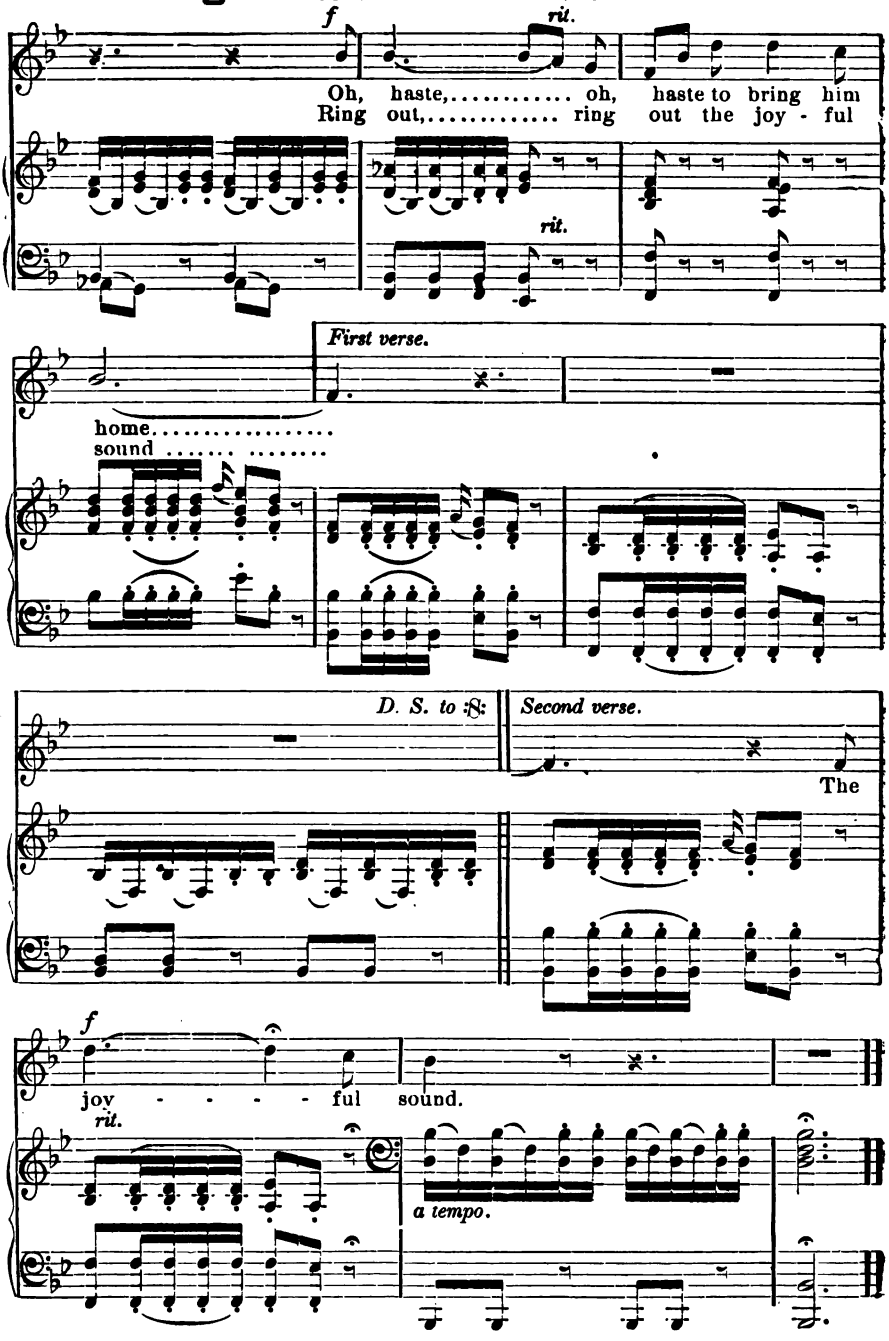

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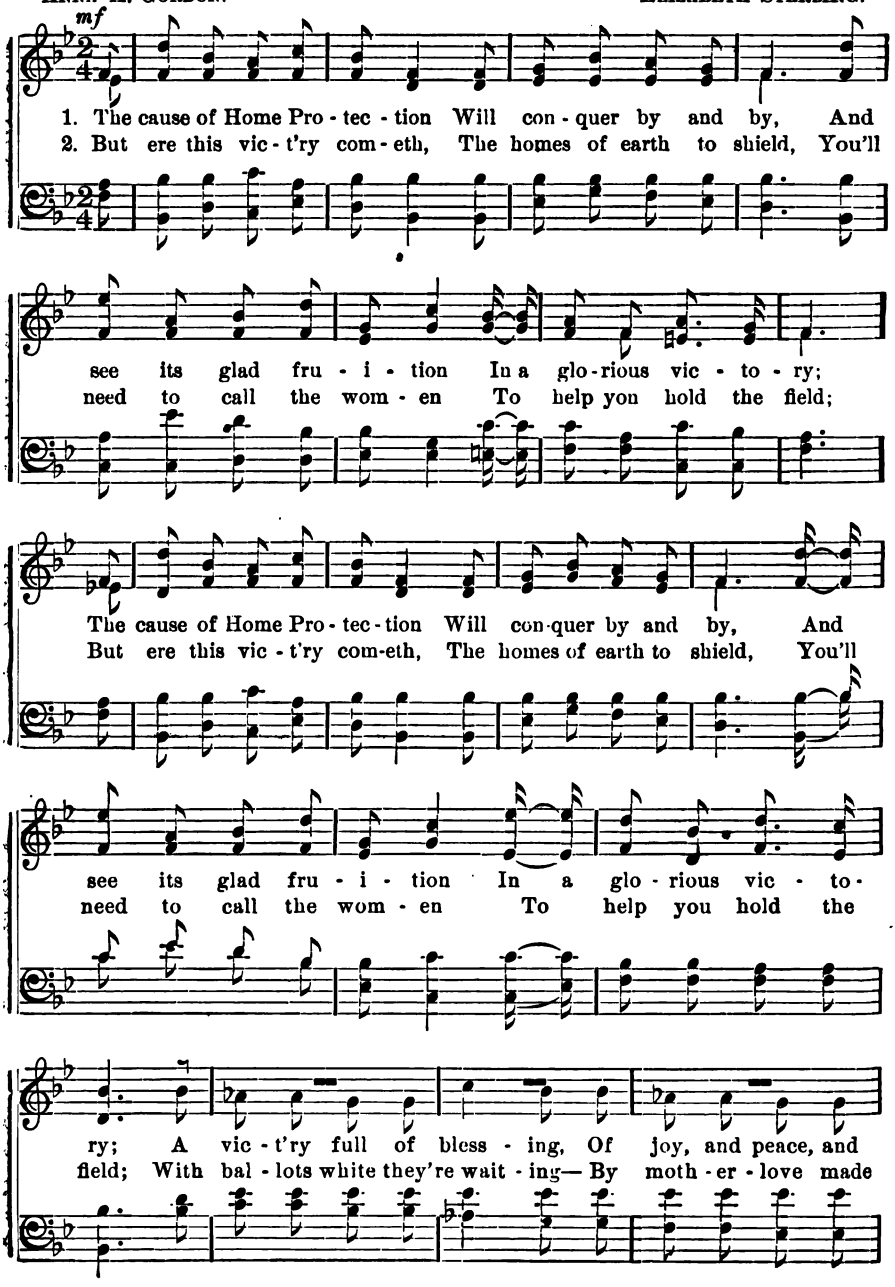
Home Protection.

ANNA A. GORDON. ELIZABETH STERLING.



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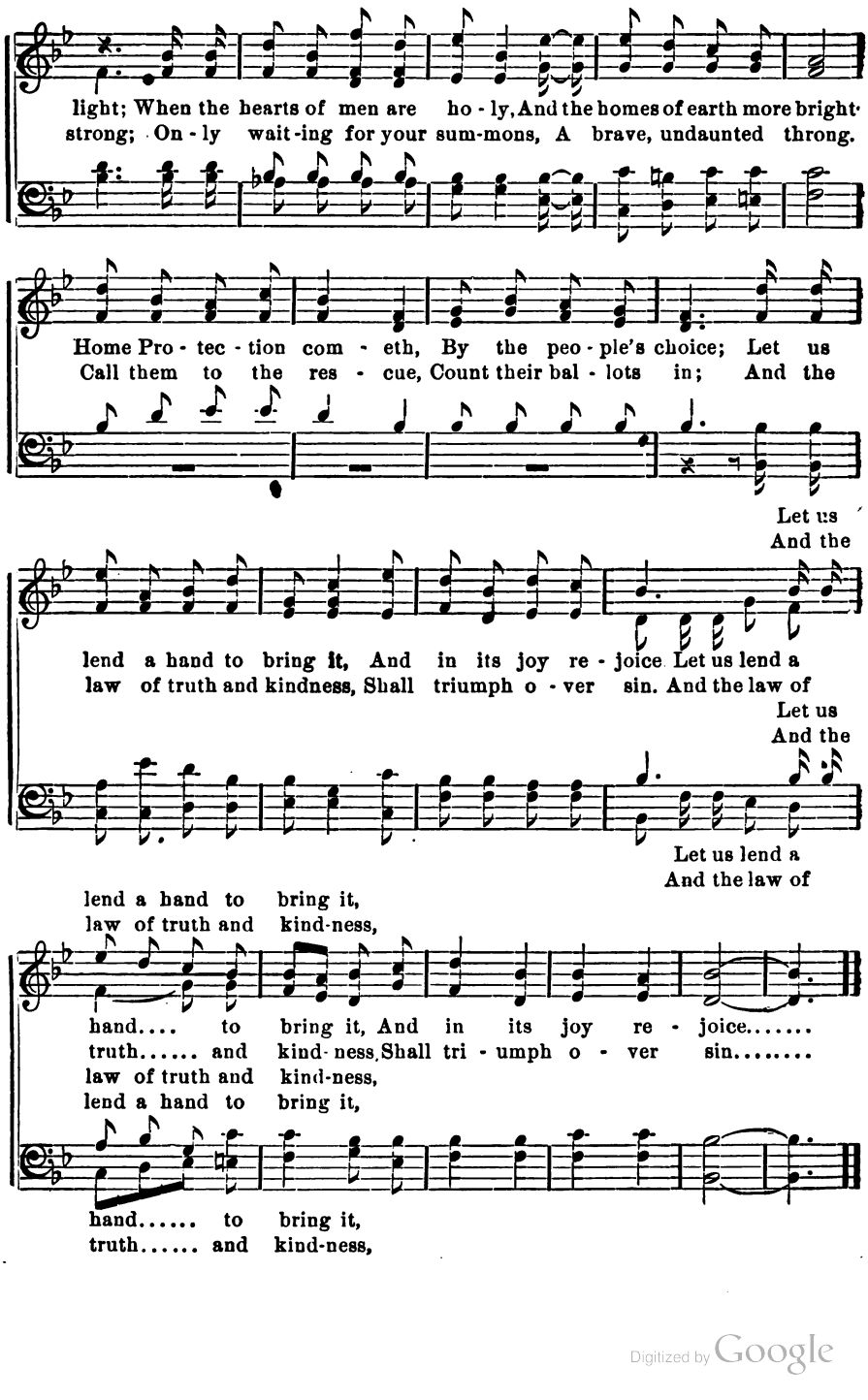

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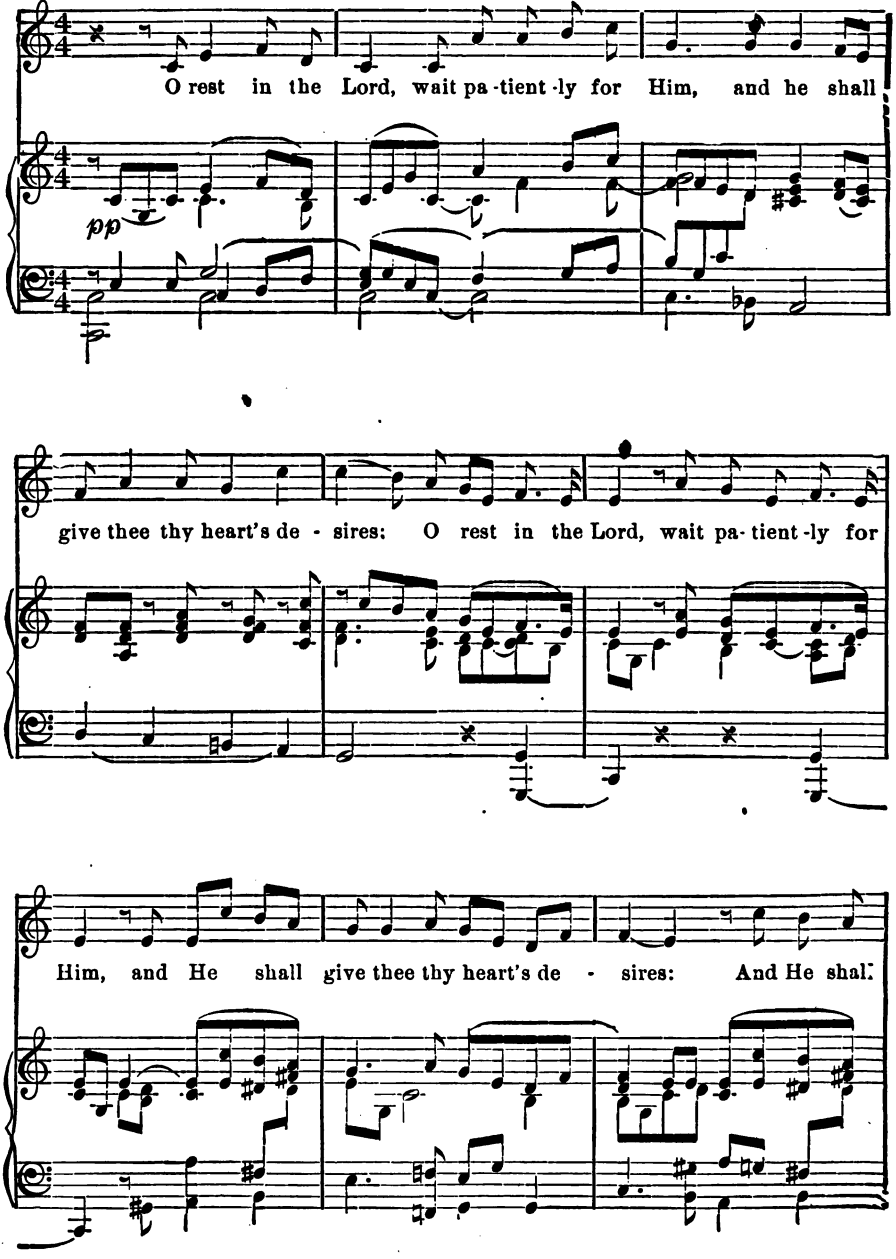
O Rest in the Lord.

Andantino. MENDELSSOHN.

SOLO. Alto.



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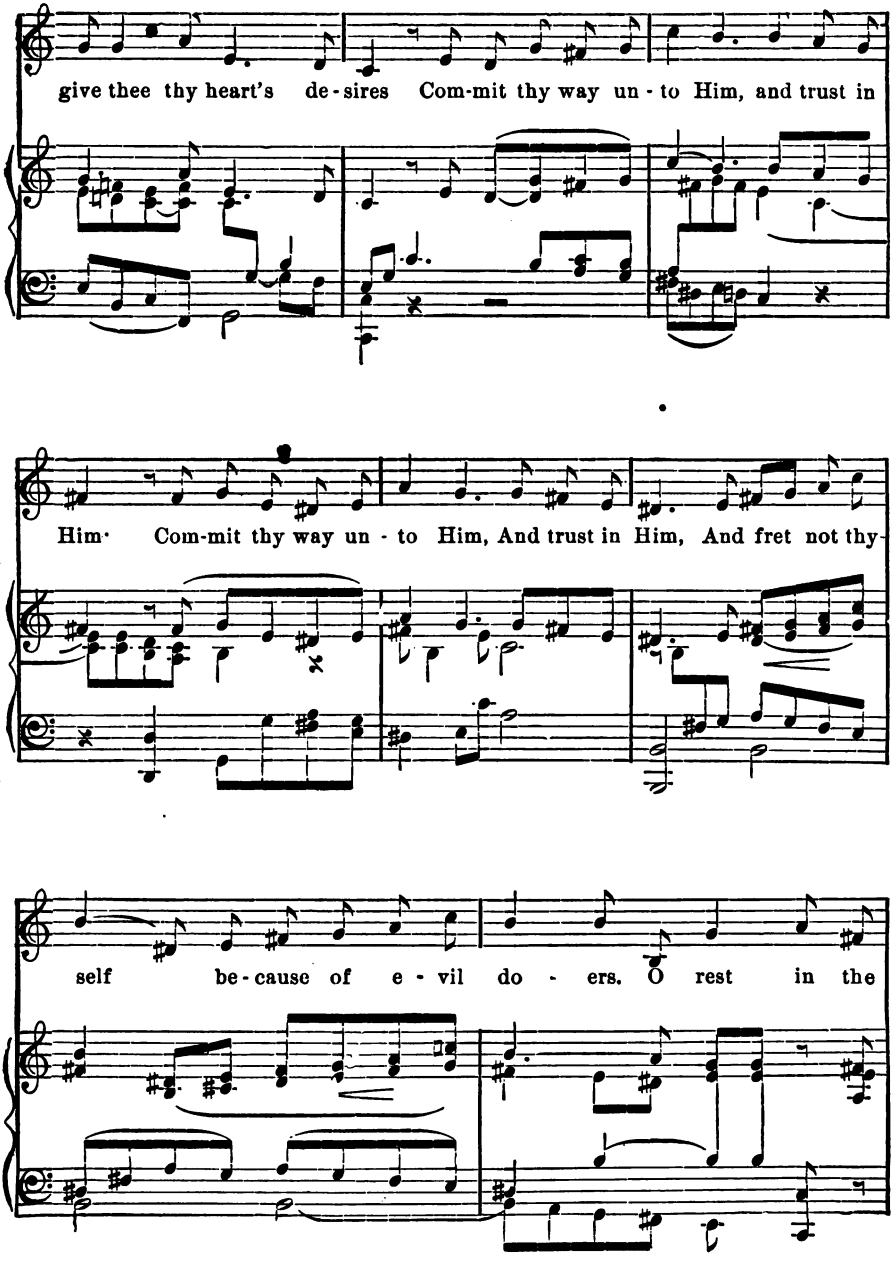
O Rest in the Lord. Continued.



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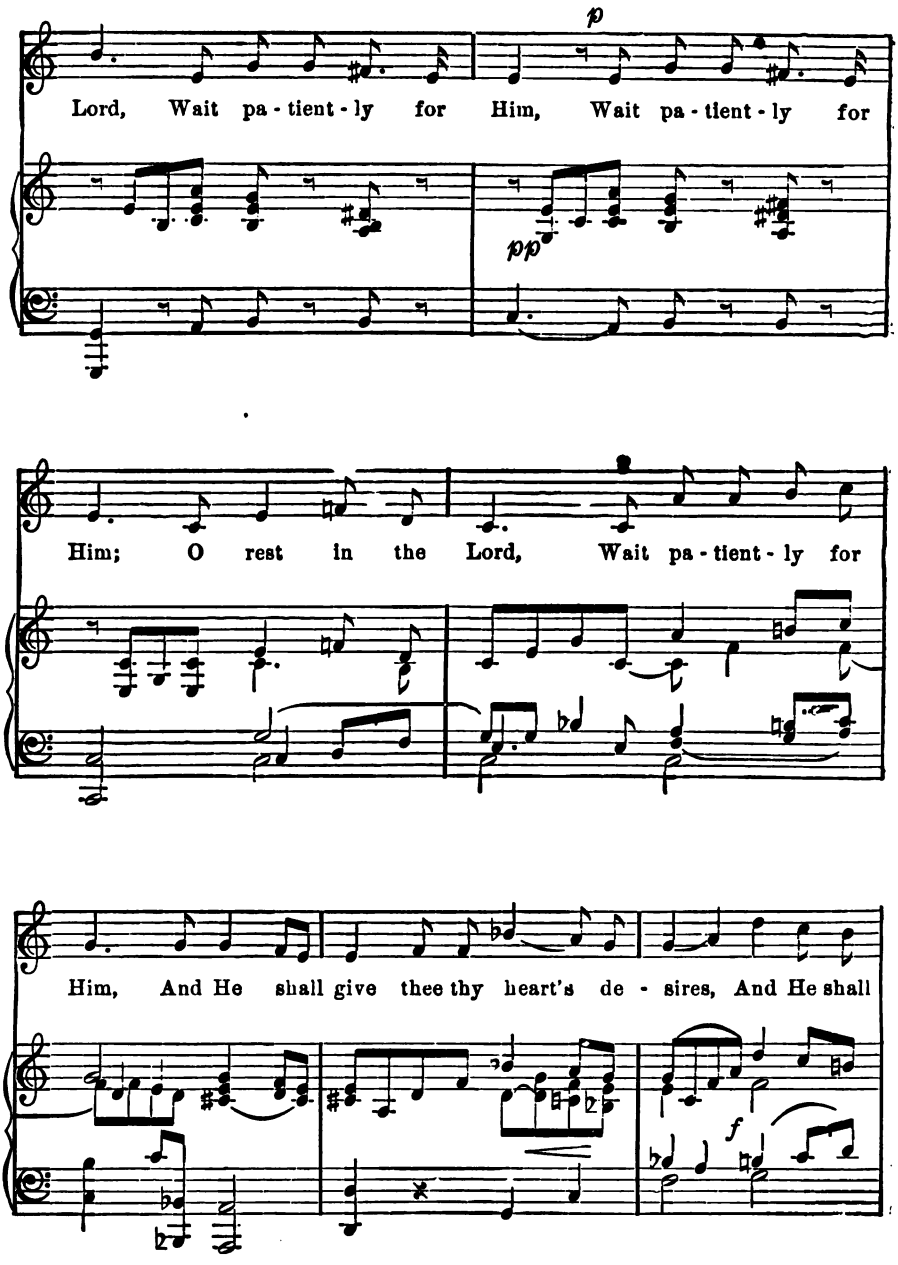
O Rest in the Lord. Continued.



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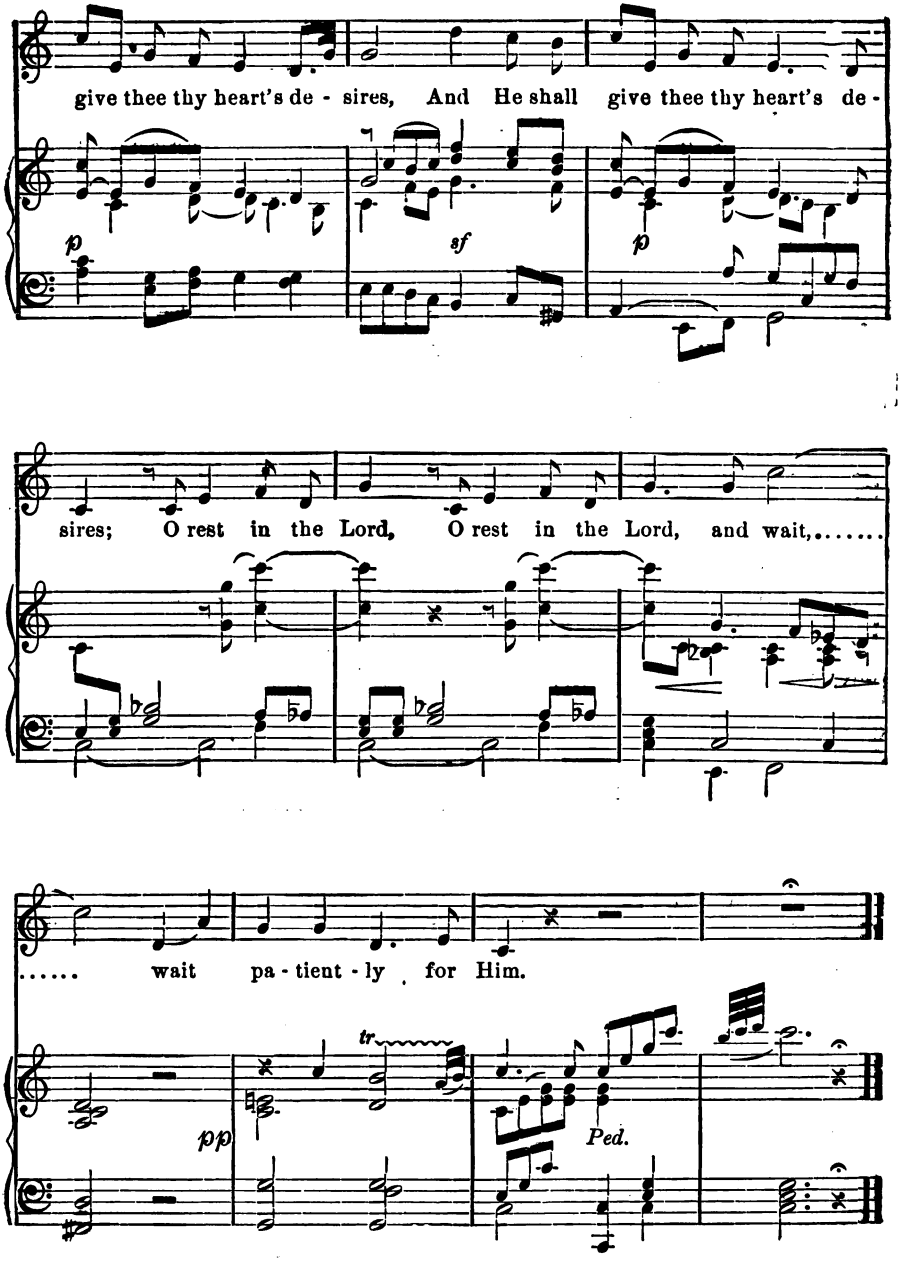
O Rest in the Lord. Concluded.



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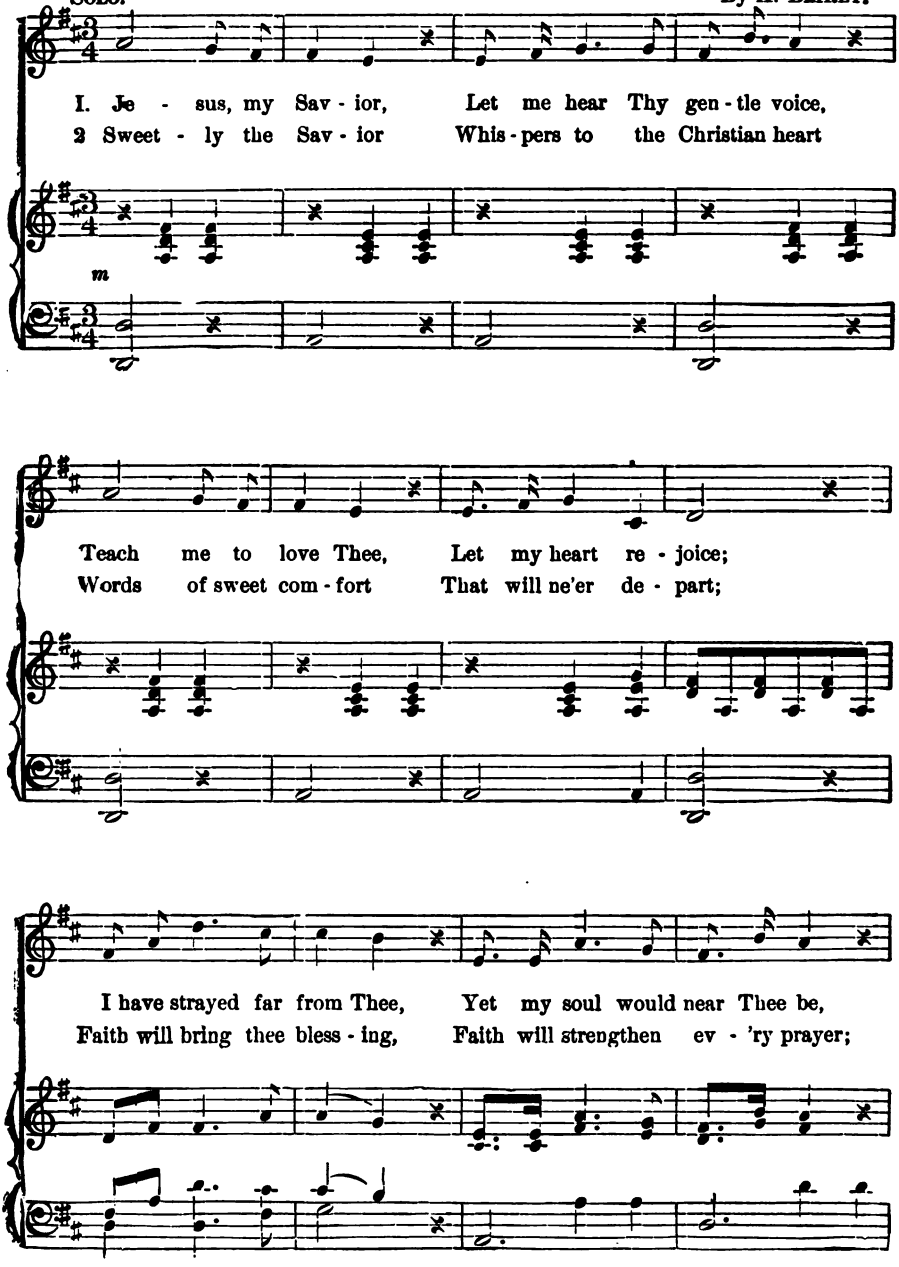
Nearer, Lord, to Thee.

ARRANGED
By A. BEIRLY.

SOLO.



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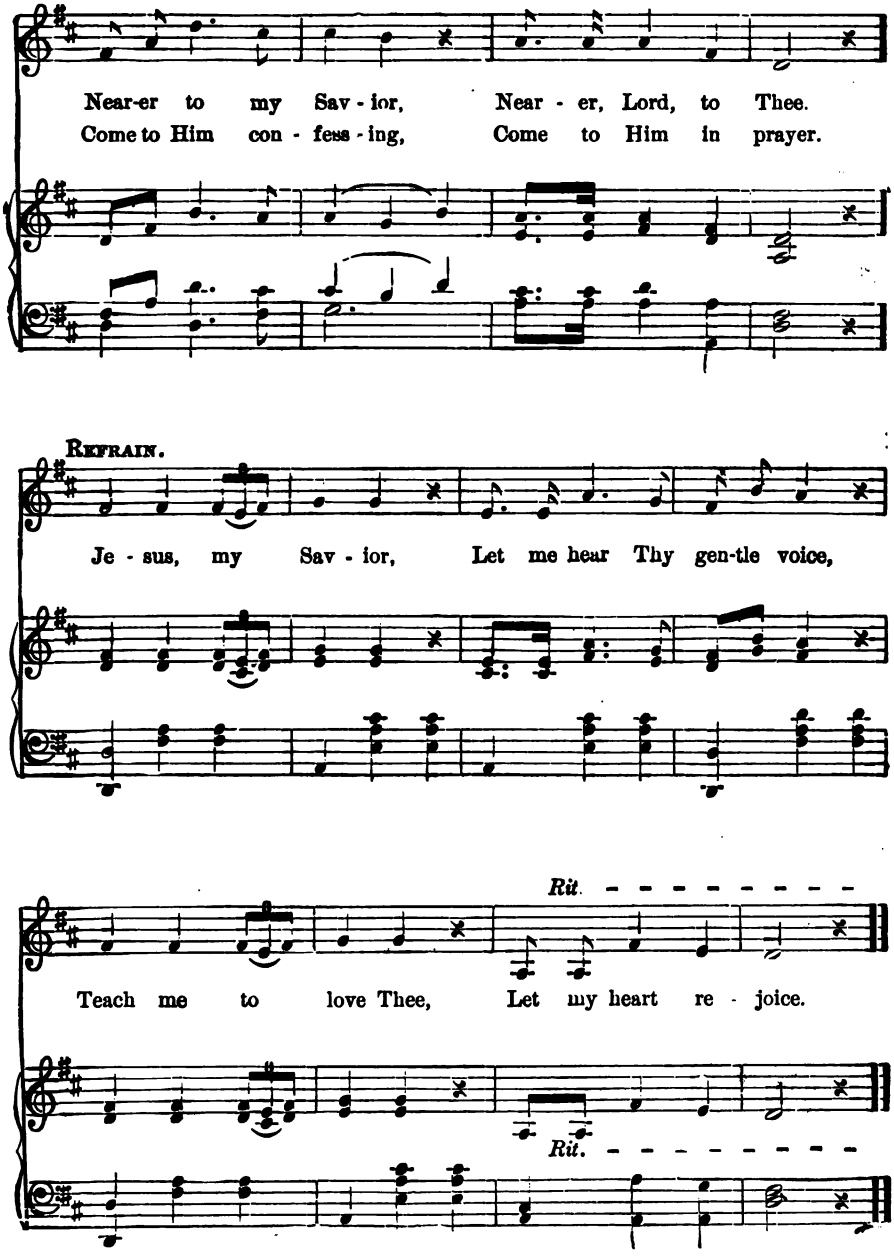

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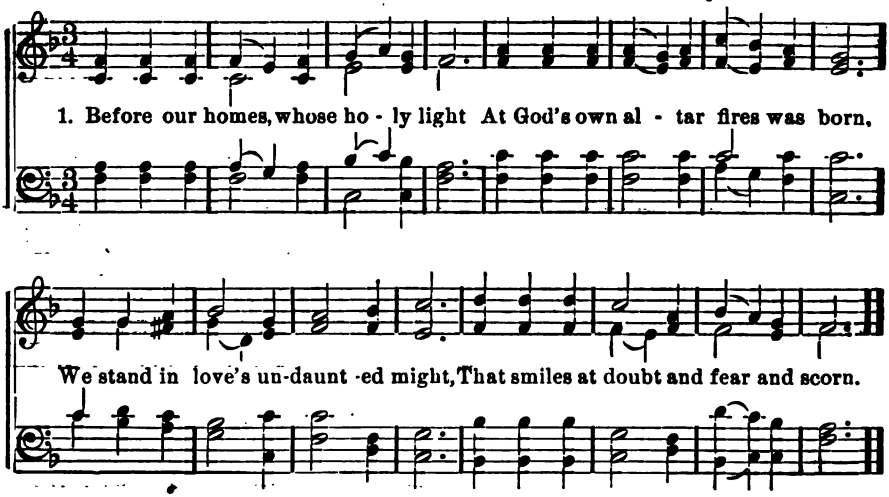
Invocation.

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER. Arr. by W. H. MONK.



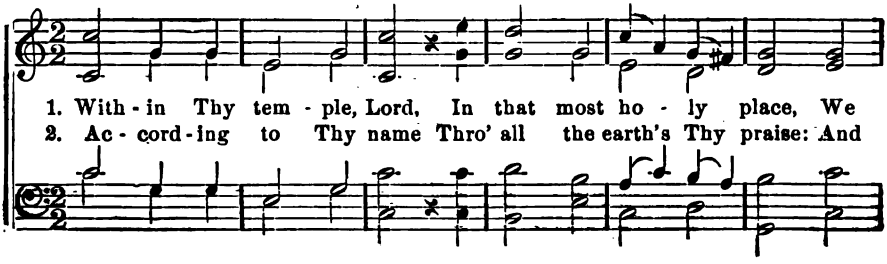
2 O Thou whose presence shone with dread,
To guard Thine ancient temple's shrine,
Lest some polluted foot should tread,
With soiling touch, the courts divine,

3 Descend again, to rest above
Our Holy Place, lest faith grow dim;
And set about our ark of love
The brooding wings of cherubim.

4 We ask not for the flame that broke
Forth at Thy prophet's stern command,
Nor for the swift avenging stroke
That smote, of old, the impious band.

5 Open our eyes, that we may know
Thy shining hosts encamping near,
And, through the threatenings of the foe,
Thine angel's trump of victory hear.

Psalm XLVIII.



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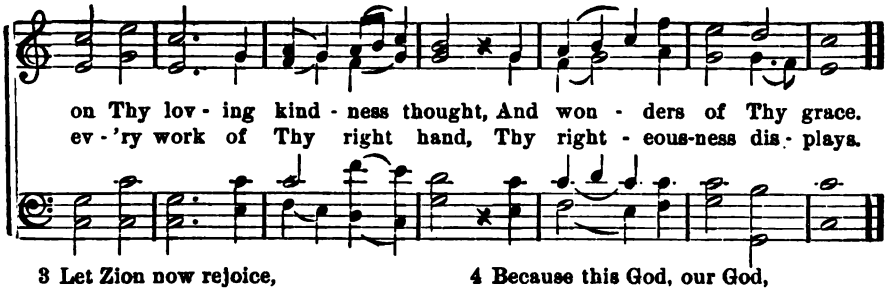
Psalm XLVIII.

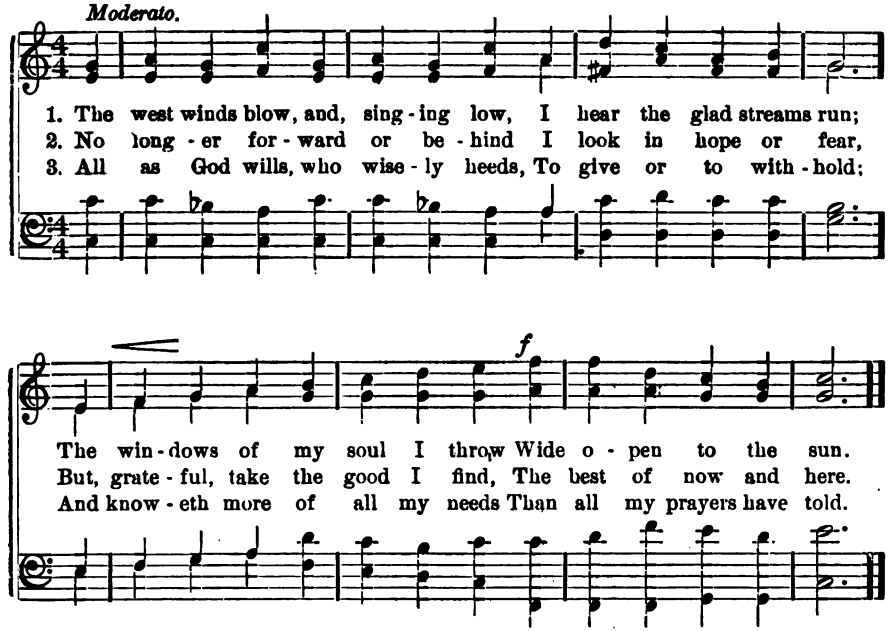


3 Let Zion now rejoice,
And Juda's daughters sing;
Let them with joyfulness proclaim
The judgments of their King.

4 Because this God, our God,
Forever will abide;
And till life's journey close in death,
Will be our faithful guide.

My Psalm.

JOHN G. WHITTIER. ANNA LEWIS KIMBALL.



4 Enough that blessings understood
Have marked my erring track;—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back;—

5 That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good.

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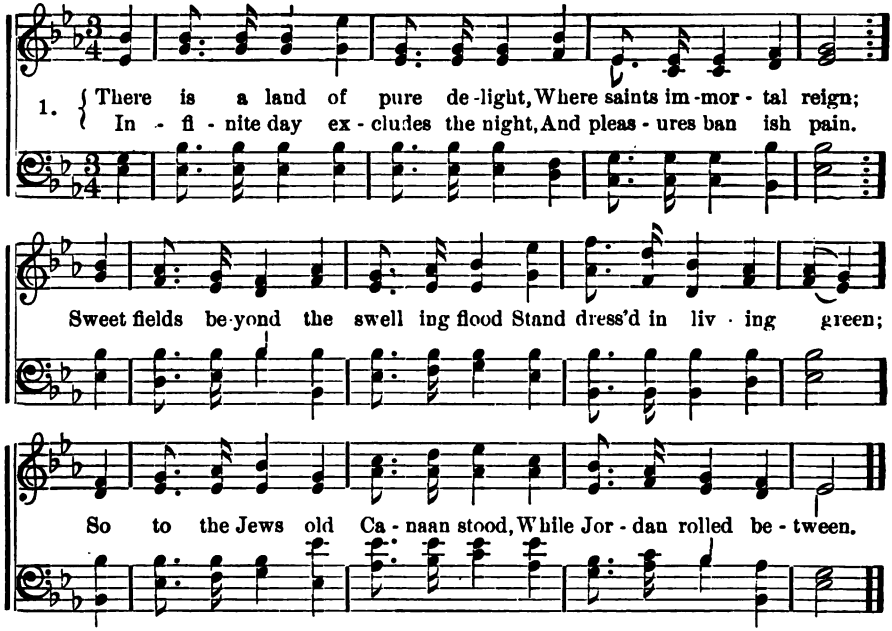
There is a Land of Pure Delight.

J. C. H. RINK.



2 Could we but make our doubts remove,
These gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unbeclouded eyes,
Filled with delight our raptured souls
Would here no longer stay,
Though Jordan's stream around us roll,
Fearless we'd launch away.

Eden Comes Again.

Tune, "Hold the Fort."

1 Lo! the day of God is breaking;
Light is in the sky!
See the world to life awaking:
Morning draweth nigh!

CHORUS. Hallelujah! Hallelujah!
Eden comes again;
Glory, glory in the highest,
God will dwell with men!

2 Now the powers of wrong and darkness
Lose their stolen crown;
Now the foot of the archangel
Treads the dragon down.

3 Ancient forms of woe and terror
Flee before the light;
And the cruel creeds of error
Vanish with the night.

4 He will give us songs for sadness;
Wipe our tears away;
Turn our mourning into gladness,
And our night to day. CHAS. G. AMES.

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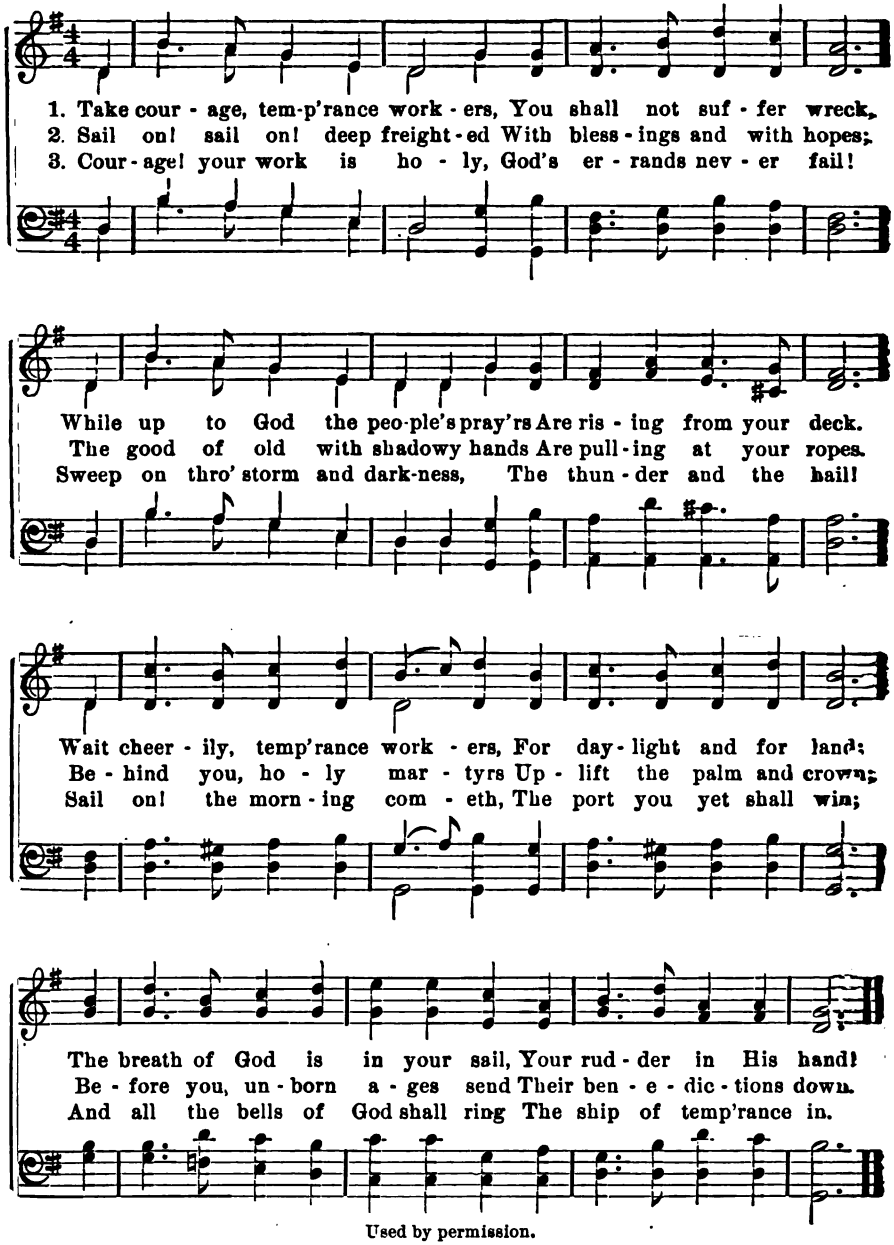
The Temperance Ship.

Adapted from
JOHN. G. WHITTIER.

J. P. HOLBROOK,



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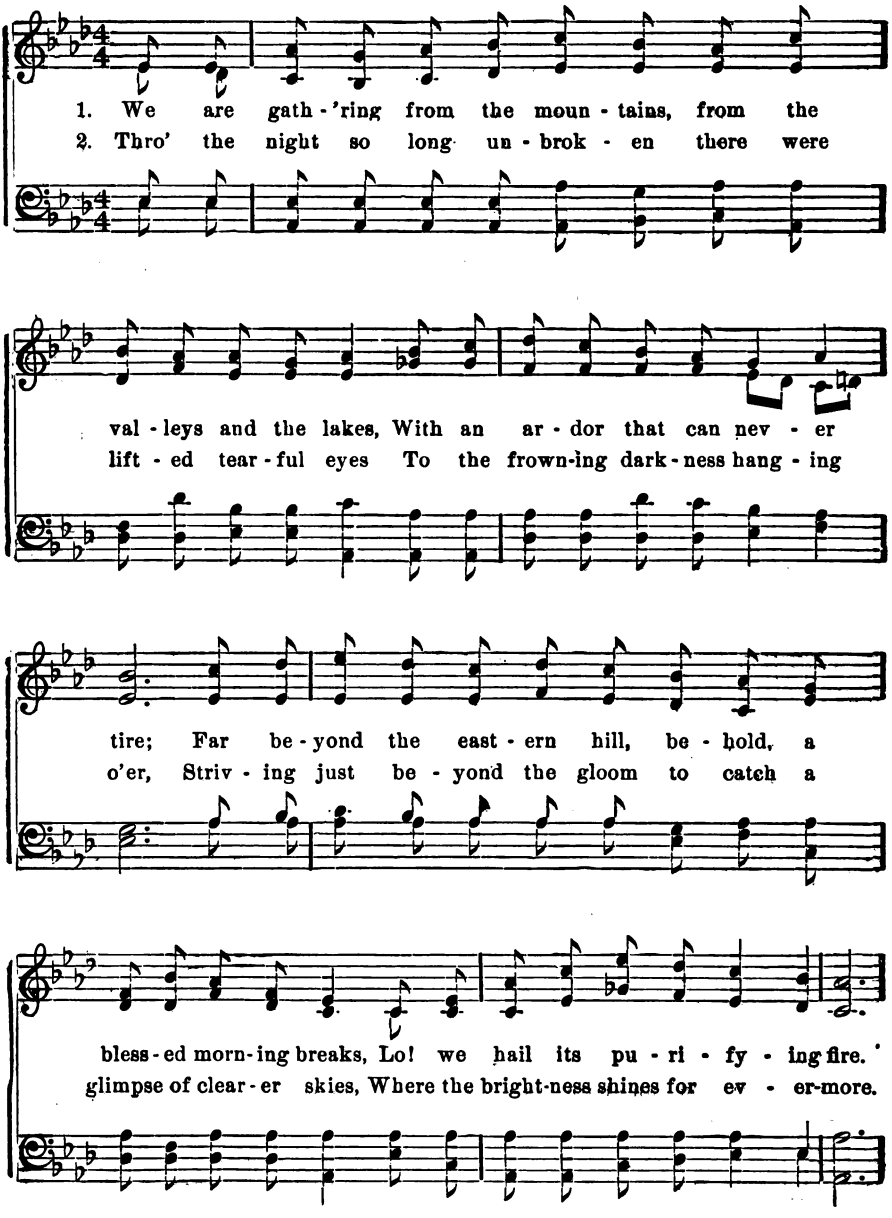
The Dawning of the Day.

HARRIET WARNER REQUA. ROBERT L. FLETCHER.



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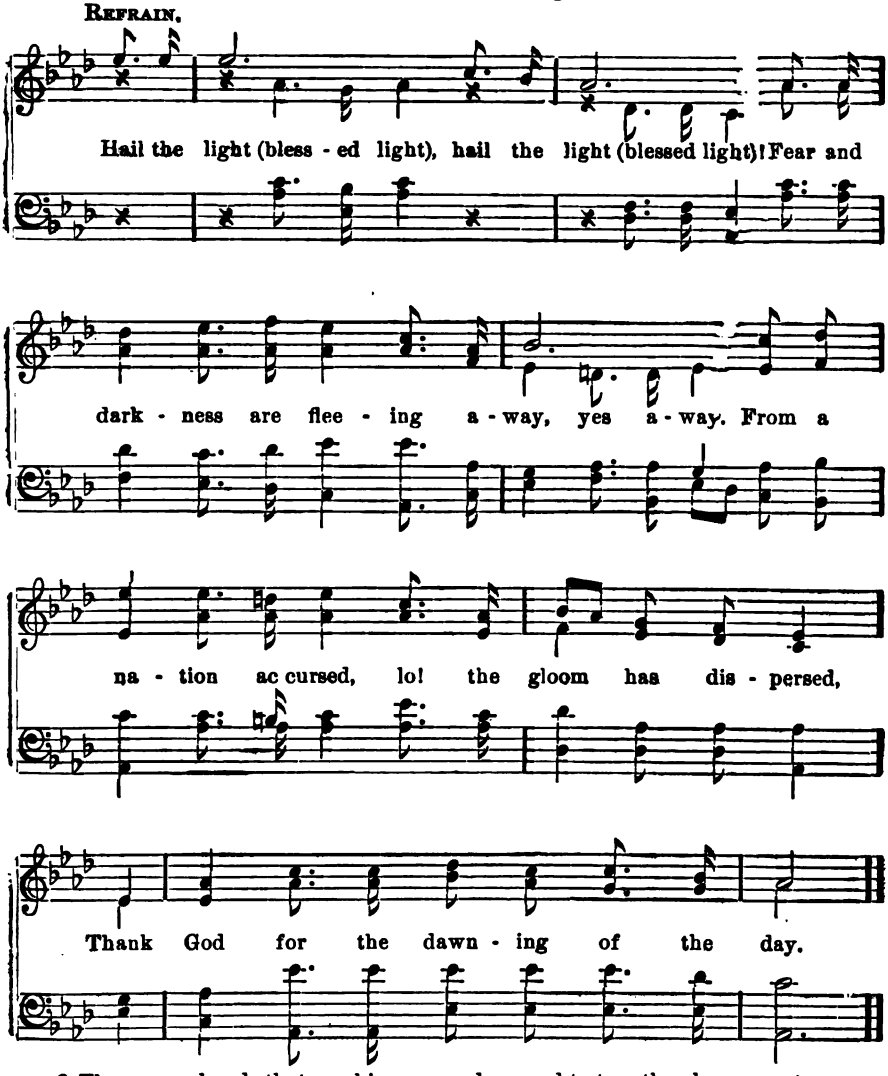

3 There were hands that reaching upward seemed to tear the gloom apart;
There were prayers that reached the Mercy Seat;
There was faith whose living tendrils touched the sympathizing heart,
There were answers dropping low and sweet.

4 God is coming to the rescue, He has spoken, we have heard,
Let the notes of triumph ring to-day!
And His trusty sword of vengeance gleams behind the living Word,
For His coming, Oh, prepare the way.

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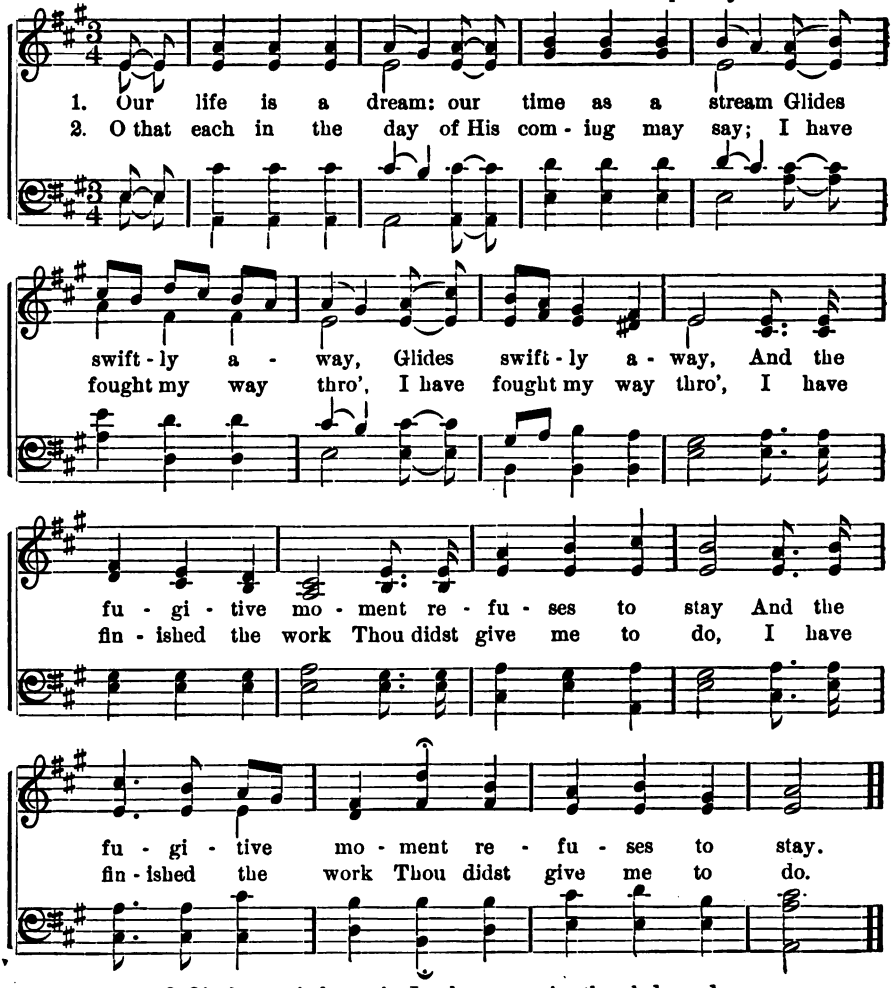
Our Life Is a Dream.

Tune:—"Isabel."

WESLEY. Adapted by F. E. W.



3 Oh that each from the Lord may receive the glad word
Well, and faithfully done,
Well, and faithfully done,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne,
Enter into my joy and sit down on my throne.

4 The arrow is flown: the moment is gone,
The millennial year,
The millennial year,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near,
Rushes on to our view, and eternity's near.

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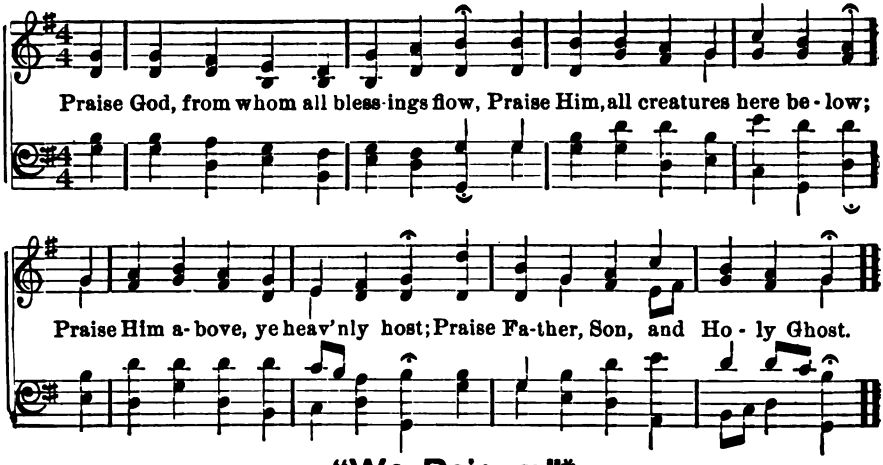
Doxology.

OLD HUNDRED.



"We Belong."*

Air:—"Long, Long Ago." Page 60.

1 Drops in an ocean of infinite might,
We all belong, we belong;
Rays in a prism of white, radiant light,
We all belong, we belong;
Strands in a cord reaching down from God's throne,
Links in a chain which now circles each zone,
Notes in the deepest of harmonies known,
We all belong, we belong.

2 Joined in God's cause, heart to heart, hand to hand,
We all belong, we belong;
Each one a part of the White Ribbon band,
We all belong, we belong;
Each but a unit, yet each counts for all,
What though our place and labor be small,
Our part be but to obey His great call,
We all belong, we belong.

3 Let the glad music ring out loud and clear,
We all belong, we belong;
Sometime far off, by His grace now brought near,
Yes, we belong, we belong;
One with our Lord in His passion to save,
One in that love conquering death and the grave
One by His grace who Himself for *all* gave;
Yes, we belong, we belong.

4 Lord, make us worthy Thy glorious call,
May we belong, we belong!
Fill our hearts full of Thy longing for all,
May we belong, yes, belong!
Open our eyes to Thy truth's shining light,
Thrill all our souls with Thine infinite might,
Then send us forth to shine through sin's dark night,
Till *all* belong, all belong. KATHARINE LENTE STEVENSON.

*The title and refrain of an impromptu poem given by Miss Margaret Winslow at the National Convention in Boston, 1891.

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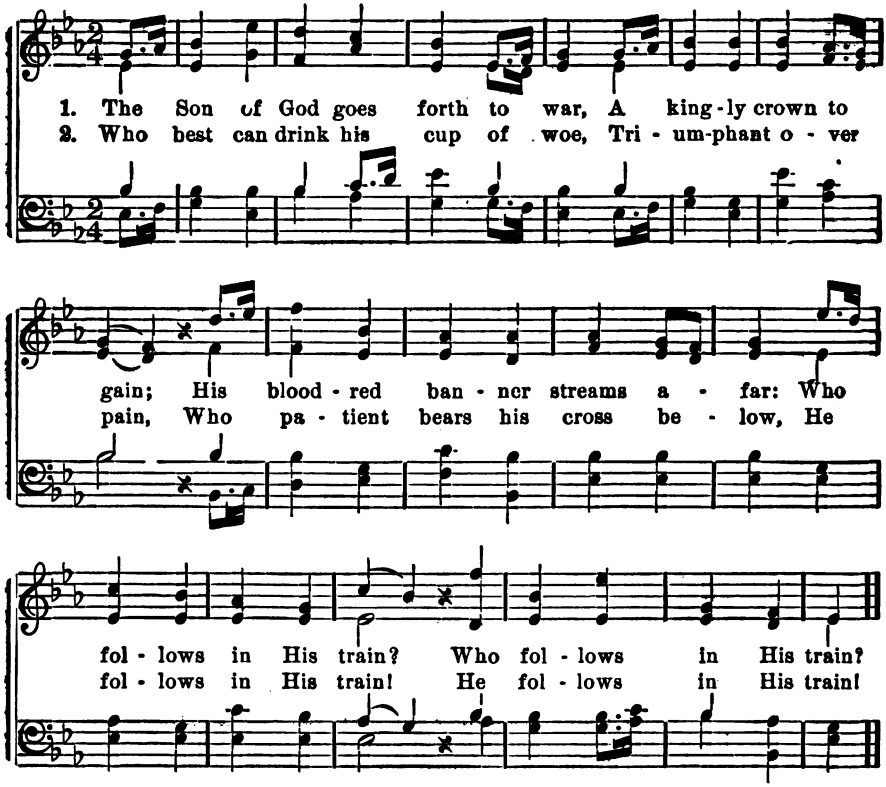
Who Follows in His Train?

REGINALD HEBER.

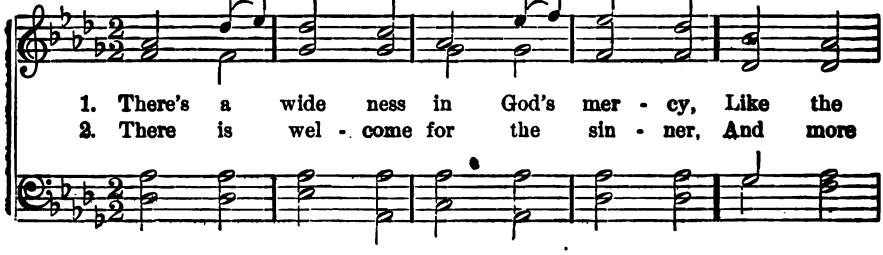


3 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the throne of God rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

4 They climbed the steep ascents of heav'n,
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God, to us may grace be given,
To follow in their train.

Wellesley.

FREDERICK W. FABER. L. S. TOURJÉE.



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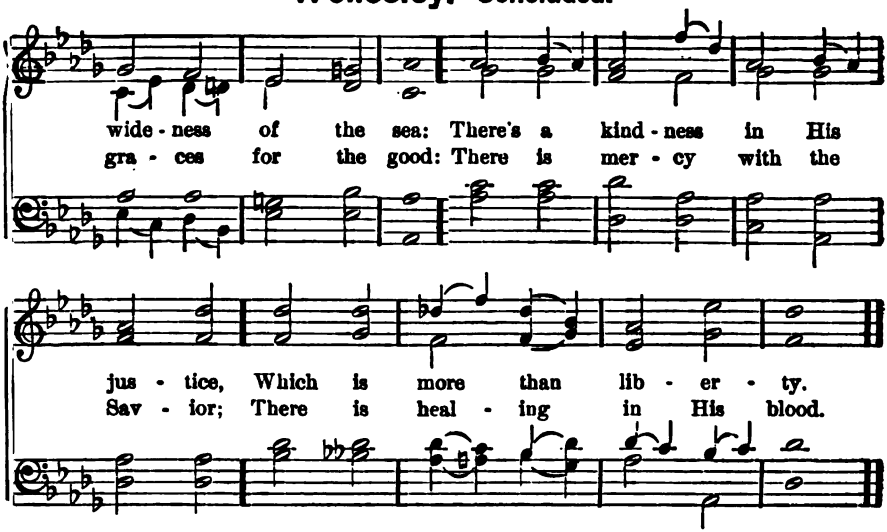
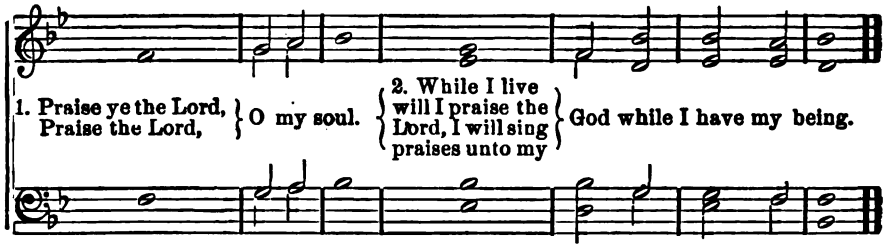
Wellesley. Concluded.



3 For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind;
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

4 If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Crusade Psalm. (CXLVI.) Anna A. Gordon.



3. Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there | is no | help.
4. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth: in that very | day his | thoughts | perish.
5. Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the | Lord his | God.
6. Which made heaven, and earth, the sea and all that therein is, which | keepeth | truth for | ever,
7. Which executeth judgment for the oppressed; which giveth food to the hungry, the Lord | looseth the | prisoners.
8. The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind; the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the | Lord | loveth the | righteous.
9. The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth | upside | down.
10. The Lord shall reign forever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations! | prai'se | ye the | Lord. A - men.

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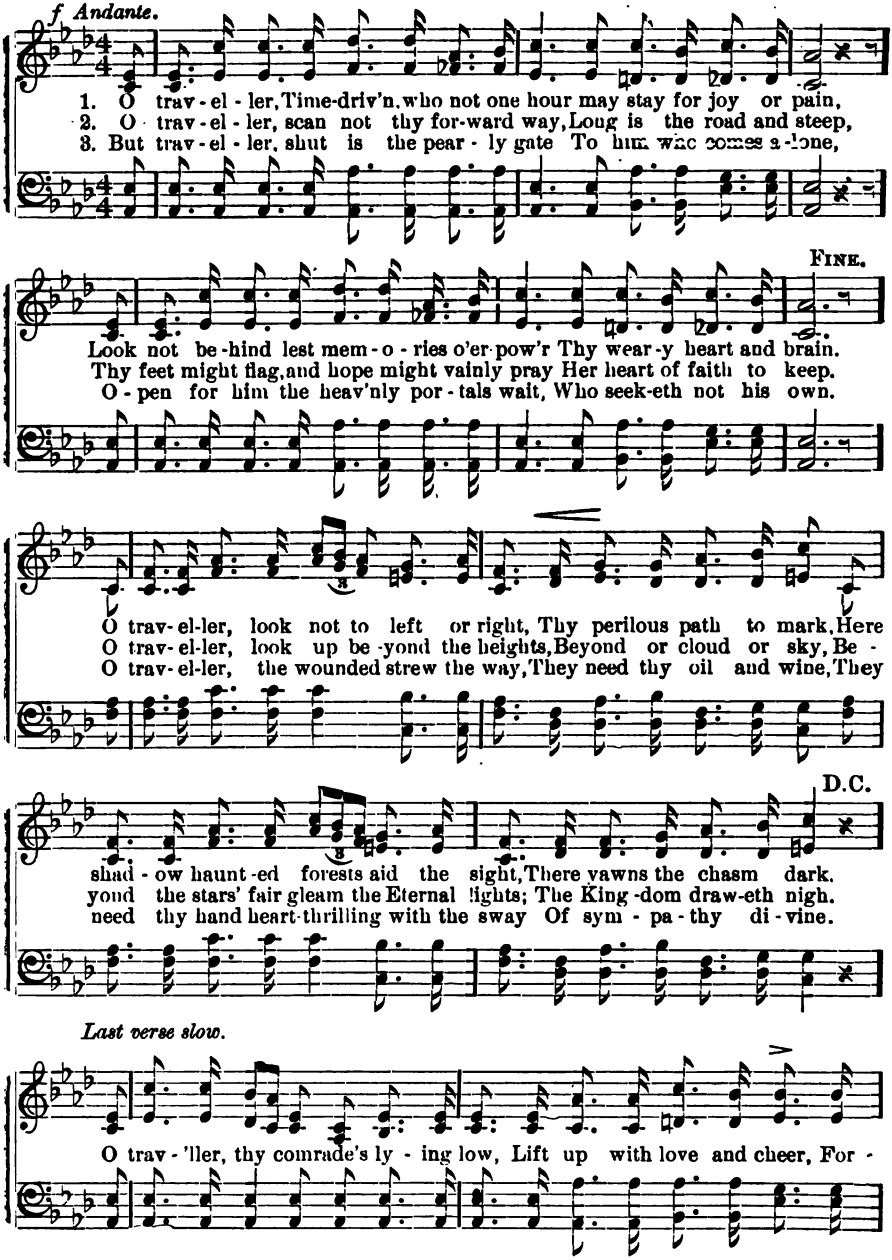
"Look up and Lift up."

FRANCIS E. WILLARD. Mrs. M. H. FIELD.

f Andante.



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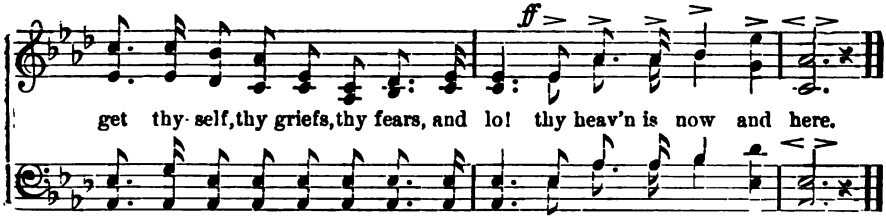
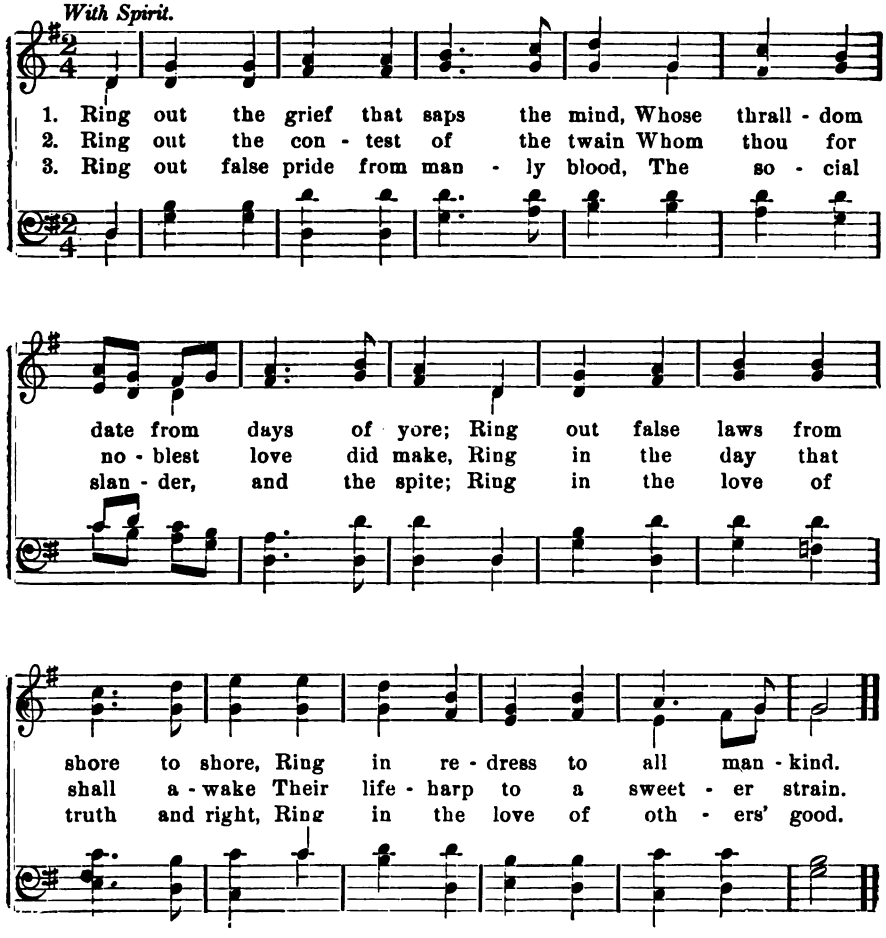


Ring Out.

FRANCES E. WILLARD. CLARENCE LUCAS.

With Spirit.



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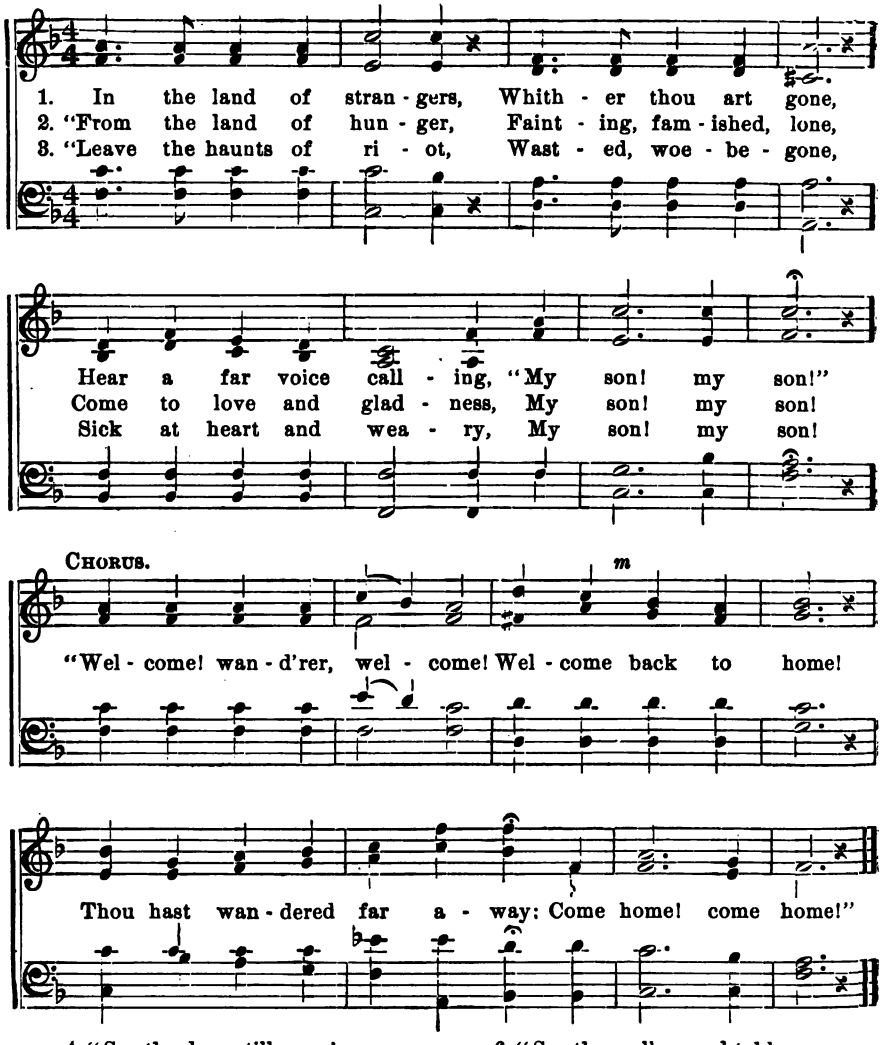
Welcome! Wanderer, Welcome!

HORATIUS BONAR. IRA D. SANKEY.



4 "See the door still open!
Thou art still my own;
Eyes of love are on thee,
My son! my son!

5 "Far off thou hast wandered;
Wilt thou farther roam?
Come, and all is pardoned,
My son! my son!

6 "See the well-spread table,
Unforgotten one!
Here is rest and plenty,
My son! my son!

7 "Thou art friendless, homeless,
Hopeless, and undone;
Mine is love unchanging,
My son! my son!"

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Motto Hymn of The W. C. T. U.

JAMES M. GORDON.

Tune: Italian Hymn.

I.—For God.

Thou great eternal Word,
As Life and Light first heard
In Christ the Son;
Who flesh was made, to dwell
Where sin had wrought its spell,
And by the cross to tell
The love of God.

II.—For Home.

A Home decreed to man,
Built on the Christian plan,
Within the heart;
Home cheered with song and prayer,
With pure parental care,
And love, in which all share,
And yield a part.

III.—For Native Land.

A Land of mellow soil,
The pride of all who toil,
Their own to be;
Of corn and cotton land,
Of streams and mountains grand,
In Union bound to stand,
By God made free.

Life for Winning Souls. L. M.

1 O Master, let me walk with Thee
In lonely paths of service free;
Tell me Thy secret; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care.

2 Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3 Teach me Thy patience, still with Thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

4 In hope that sheds a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way,
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

WASHINGTON GLADDEN.

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ROCK OF AGES.

1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath, and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone;
Thou must save and Thou alone;
In my hand no price I bring.
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

—*Toplady.*

A CHARGE TO KEEP I HAVE.

1 A charge to keep I have,
A God to glorify;
A never-dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky.
To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfill,—
O may it all my powers engage,
To do my Master's will.

2 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And O, Thy servant, Lord, prepare,
A strict account to give.
Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely,
Assured, if I my trust betray,
I shall forever die.

—*Charles Wesley.*

CORONATION.

1 All hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let Angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown Him Lord of all.

2 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To Him all majesty ascribe,
And crown Him Lord of all.

3 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng
We at His feet may fall;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown Him Lord of all.

—*Perronet.*

COME, THOU FOUNT OF EVERY BLESSING.

1 Come, thou Fount of every Blessing,
Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of Thy redeeming love!

2 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home.
Jesus sought me when a stranger
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

3 O to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, O take and seal it;
Seal it for Thy courts above.

—*Robert Robinson.*

Grace Before Meat.

I.

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here, as everywhere, adored;
Give us Thy grace and grant that we
May feast in paradise with Thee.

II.

We thank Thee, Lord, for this our food,
But more because of Jesus' blood;
Let manna to our souls be given,
The bread of life sent down from heaven.

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Responsive Readings.

PRAISE.

(Arranged by Lady Henry Somerset.)

Leader.—Sing unto the Lord all the earth: show forth from day to day his salvation.

Response.—My lips shall greatly rejoice when I sing unto thee, and my soul which thou hast redeemed.

L.—Sing unto the Lord, with thanksgiving: sing praise upon the harp unto our God.

R.—I will sing unto the Lord because he hath dealt bountifully with me.

L.—Sing unto the Lord ye saints of his, and give thanks at the remembrance of his holiness.

R.—I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live, I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Sing for the honor of his name: make his praise glorious.

R.—My tongue shall sing aloud of thy righteousness. I will sing to thy power, yea, I will sing aloud of thy mercy.

L.—Sing aloud unto God our strength, make a joyful noise unto the God of Jacob.

R.—Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for God is my defence and the God of my mercy.

L.—Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom: teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord.

R.—I will confess . . . and sing unto thy name . . . I will sing with the spirit and I will sing with the understanding also.

L.—And I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire: and they that had gotten the victory over the beast, over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.

R—And they sing the song of Moses, the servant of God, and the song of the Lamb, saying, Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou king of saints.

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GOD'S VIEW OF LICENSE.

(Arranged by Mrs. Alice J. Harris.)

OPENING HYMN.—TEMPERANCE BATTLE HYMN. (P. 53).

Leader.—Come, I pray you, and hear what is the word that cometh forth from the Lord.

Response.—Gather the people together, men, and women, and children, and thy stranger that is within thy gates, that they may hear and observe to do all the words of this law.

L.—Be not among wine-bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh; for the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty.

R.—Woe unto them that are mighty to drink wine, and men of strength to mingle strong drink; which justify the wicked for reward, and take away the righteousness of the righteous from him.

L.—And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.

R.—Now the works of the flesh are manifest, which are these: . . . . envyings murders, drunkenness, revellings, and such like; of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God.

L.—But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

R.—But they also have erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; . . . . they err in vision; they stumble in judgment.

L.—Wherefore come out from among them, and be ye separate, saith the Lord, and touch not the unclean thing.

R.—It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

L.—Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.

R.—At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

L.—My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.

R.—For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap

L.—Woe to him that buildeth a town with blood, and stablisheth a city by iniquity.

R.—Woe unto them that decree unrighteous decrees . . . . to take away the right from the poor of my people, that widows may be their prey, and that they may rob the fatherless.

L.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him, and makest him drunken also.

R.—Woe unto the world because of offences . . . . woe to that man by whom the offence cometh.

L.—For among my people are found wicked men: they lay wait as he that setteth snares; they set a trap, they catch men.

R.—Shall I not visit for these things? saith the Lord. Shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?

L.—Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter; fear God and keep his commandments, for this is the whole duty of man.

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R.—The Lord our God be with us as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us nor forsake us; that he may incline our hearts unto him to walk in all his ways and to keep his commandments.

PRAISE.

(Arranged by Elizabeth W. Greenwood.)

Leader.—Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all ye lands.

Response.—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

L.—Know ye that the Lord he is God: it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves: we are his people and the sheep of his pasture.

R.—Enter into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise: be thankful unto him, and bless his name.

L.—For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting; and his truth endureth to all generations.

R.—I will bless the Lord at all times: his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

L.—Great is the Lord, and greatly to be praised.

R.—Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands: Make his praise glorious.

L.—I will praise the name of God with a song. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock.

R.—Let my mouth be filled with thy praise . . . . all the day.

L.—And blessed be his glorious name forever: and let the whole earth be filled with his glory. Amen, and Amen.

R.—It is a good thing . . . . to sing praises unto thy name, O Most High. To show forth thy loving kindness in the morning, and thy faithfulness every night.

L.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name. Bless the Lord, all his works, in all places of his dominion: bless the Lord, O my soul.

R.—Seven times a day do I praise thee, because of thy righteous judgment.

L.—Ye that stand in the house of the Lord, ... praise the Lord; for the Lord is good: sing praises unto his name; for it is pleasant.

R.—Praise the Lord, O my soul. While I live I will praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

THE GIFT OF GOD.

(Arranged by Jennie A. Stewart.)

Leader.—Be ye followers of God, as dear children.

Response.—And have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them.

L.—And be not drunk with wine wherein is excess, but be filled with the Spirit.

R.—Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

L.—Am I my brother's keeper?

R.—Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink, that puttest thy bottle to him and makest him drunken also.

L.—Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.

R.—Love worketh no ill to his neighbor.

L.—If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.

R.—The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance.

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L.—They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness as the stars for ever and ever.

R.—Let him that is taught in the word communicate with him that teacheth in all good things.

L.—As we have therefore opportunity, let us do good unto all men.

R.—Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfill the law of Christ.

L.—And let us not be weary in well doing; for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.

R.—Prove all things, hold fast that which is good.

L.—Stand fast, therefore, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

R.—Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?

L.—If any man destroy the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are.

R.—Whether, therefore, ye eat or drink or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

L.—Praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit.

R.—Wherefore I put thee in remembrance that thou stir up the gift of God which is in thee.

L.—Neglect not the gift which is in thee.

R.—But be thou an example, in word, in conversation, in charity, in spirit, in faith, in purity.

SERVICE.

(*Arranged by Mrs. J. K. Barney.*)

Leader.—Serve the Lord with gladness; come before his presence with singing.

Response.—Serve in newness of spirit, and not in the oldness of the letter.

L.—Ye are bought with a price; be not ye the servants of men.

R.—If any man serve me, him will my Father honor.

L.—Without me ye can do nothing.

R.—I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.

L.—I have ordained you, that ye should go and bring forth fruit.

R.—He that abideth in me . . . . bringeth forth much fruit.

L.—Be not thou ashamed of the testimony of our Lord.

R.—Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only.

L.—Be ye clean, that bear the vessels of the Lord.

R.—Adorn the doctrine of God our Saviour in all things.

L.—Sanctify the Lord God in your hearts.

R.—Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit.

L.—Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.

R.—Come out from among them, and be ye separate.

L.—Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness.

R.—Whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.

L.—Let your loins be girded about and your lights burning.

R.—Redeeming the time, because the days are evil.

L.—What shall one then answer the messengers of the nation?

R.—That the Lord hath founded Zion and the poor of his people shall trust in it.

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CLOSING SERVICE.

(Arranged by Frances E. Willard.)

Doxology.—

Leader.—Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Response.—Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

L.—Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.

R.—Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

L.—Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.

R.—Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.

L.—Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God.

R.—Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

L.—Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake.

R.—Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

L.—Blessed is she that believed, for there shall be a fulfillment of the things which have been spoken to her from the Lord.

R.—Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.

L.—Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life and may enter in through the gate into the city.

R.—Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when he cometh shall find watching.

L.—If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them.

**Singing.*—"God be with you till we meet again." First stanza (p. 130).

L.—The Lord Jesus Christ be with thy spirit. Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

R.—The eternal God is thy refuge and underneath are the everlasting arms; and he shall thrust out the enemy from before thee; and shall say, Destroy them.

Singing.—Second stanza (p. 130).

L.—The Lord that made heaven and earth, bless thee out of Zion. The Lord is thy keeper.

R.—The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand. The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

Singing.—Third stanza (p. 130).

L.—The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil. He shall preserve thy soul.

R.—The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, even and for evermore.

Singing.—Fourth stanza (p. 130).

L.—The Lord bless thee and keep thee.

R.—The Lord make his face to shine upon thee and be gracious unto thee.

L.—The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee and give thee peace.

TEMPERANCE DOXOLOGY.—(p. 40).

*Between the stanzas of the hymn, during the Responsive Readings, the organ should be played *very softly.*

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COURAGE.

Leader.—Now after the death of Moses the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto Joshua, the son of Nun, Moses' minister, saying,

Response.—Moses my servant is dead; now therefore, arise, go over this Jordan, thou, and all this people, unto the land which I do give to them, even to the children of Israel.

L.—Every place that the soul of your foot shall tread upon, that have I given unto you, as I said unto Moses.

R.—From the wilderness and this Lebanon even unto the great river, the river Euphrates, all the land of the Hittites, and unto the great sea toward the going down of the sun, shall be your coast.

L.—There shall not any man be able to stand before thee all the days of thy life: as I was with Moses, so I will be with thee: I will not fail thee, nor forsake thee.

R.—Be strong and of good courage: for unto this people shalt thou divide for an inheritance the land, which I sware unto their fathers to give them.

L.—Only be thou strong and very courageous, that thou mayest observe to do according to all the law, which Moses my servant commanded thee: turn not from it to the right hand or to the left, that thou mayest prosper whithersoever thou goest.

R.—This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then thou shalt have good success.

L.—Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed; for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.

SCRIPTURE SELECTIONS FOR TEMPERANCE MEETINGS.

Ex. 14: 3-7; 13-15; 21-30.
Numb. 13: 23-30.
Ps. 27.
Ps. 37: 1-10, 35-40.
Ps. 46.
1st Cor. 13.

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THE CRUSADE PSALM.

• • •

Leader.—Praise ye the Lord. Praise the Lord, O my soul.

Response.—While I live will I praise the Lord: I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being.

L.—Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help.

R.—His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth; in that very day his thoughts perish.

L.—Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help, whose hope is in the Lord his God.

R.—Which made heaven, and earth, the sea, and all that therein is: which keepeth truth forever:

L.—Which executeth judgment for the oppressed: which giveth food to the hungry. The Lord looseth the prisoners.

R.—The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous:

L.—The Lord preserveth the strangers; he relieveth the fatherless and widow; but the way of the wicked he turneth upside down.

R.—The Lord shall reign for ever, even thy God, O Zion, unto all generations. Praise ye the Lord.

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